



THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LVIII. — DECEMBER, 1886. — No. CCCL.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

XVI.

THE POWERS OF THE AIR.

A KEEN enjoyment of nature was one of the ties that bound the pair, and there was much in the drive to-day to gratify their taste. Dismissing their graver cares at times, they reveled almost like children in the short respite thus granted them, and talked of the blue lake, the trivial sights and figures met with by the way, and of the wealth of the June roses.

Their last excursion together had been a very brief one, when the orchards were in flower. They recalled it now. It was the season of paradise upon earth, if paradise it ever be. How lovely the branches of fragrant blossoms had been, flung broadcast against the blue lake; how enchanting the rolling clouds, the pastures, and the grayish-green fields of grain ruffled by the breeze!

The country was now in the full luxuriance of summer. The clouds to-day also were particularly fine, and, as our friends drove onward, it was a part of their pleasure to watch them piled up before them in those stupendous heights and gorges, dazzling minarets and domes, or fantastic shapes of animal life, with which they realize the phantasmagoria of dreamland.

"Perhaps every one who can afford it ought to live only amid beautiful scenery," began Barclay, in a speculative way he had, which generally embodied nothing more than some ingenious, passing theory of the moment. "Perhaps he ought to pick out the most attractive spot in the whole earth, and spend his days there exclusively. If this should happen not to consist with the other alleged duties of life, so much the worse for them. I am inclined to think there ought always to be mountains in the prospect, for one thing," he went on. "That is like having a high ideal always on the horizon, even though you never reach it. We ought to establish ourselves where the hours of the day would pass along like successive stanzas of a beautiful poem."

"And how as to society in this elysium, provided it could be managed otherwise?"

"There ought to be absolute solitude," he declared positively; "that is to say, solitude *à deux*. The philosopher — he — I — for you see I speak for myself — ought to have only the dearest being in existence beside him, as I have now, and all the other billions of population might cease to exist."

Certain random verses of Theocritus he had once liked came into his head, and he quoted to her from the translation: —

"Not Pelops' realm be mine, nor heaps of gold,
Nor speed fleet as the wind, but by this rock
To sing, and clasp my darling, and behold
The sea's blue reach and many a pasturing
flock."

He accentuated the end with a caress.

He had a way of making love to her — a tenderness mingling with his manly strength, and heightened, perhaps, by his reputation for reserve with others, of which we have spoken — that inexpressibly charmed her. He had, for her, ways and epithets of devotion that lingered in her memory long after he had gone, and sometimes caused her to fall into moods of delicious day-dreaming, with half-shut eyes. There were times when her heart went out to him with such an ineffable expansion that it would have seemed positive pleasure to endure tortures for his sake. Nor, though kept apart in reality, had they been so in mind and soul, during their period of probation. They could not sufficiently embrace each other in ardent written words. The privilege of pouring out to each other in this way their long pent-up feelings was too precious a one to be foregone. Tender epistles had constantly been exchanged between them.

"I find myself like the lover in tradition, who went away from his mistress to write to her," wrote Barclay on one occasion. "I observe that I stay as long as possible, however, before going, and he no doubt did the same thing."

"I am sure the post-office is positively ashamed of *me*," said Mrs. Varemberg. "I should never dare face my letter-carrier in person, and I trust he has little idea of what kind of a person it is who sits trembling above-stairs while the missives are brought up by the servant, whom I have induced to be discreet about them, that they may not be too much scrutinized by the rest of the household. Do you suppose he could possibly find out who it is that deposits the principal contents of his letter-box at the corner?"

There had been letters and notes at irregular hours, and in all sorts of informal shapes. There had been some dated at midnight, others at two and three o'clock in the morning, and at daylight. The writers set forth their last waking thoughts at night or first in the morning, or took the occasion of many sleepless vigils to dwell upon some new phase or detail of their absorbing passion. There had been a long one, chiefly anxious and melancholy, from Mrs. Varemberg, in the journal form, some part of it being done in nearly every successive hour of the day. Once, when Barclay was absent from town, there had arrived from him three all together. These had been mailed by him at different times, but were brought, as it chanced, from the small place where he was, at the same time.

"I had no means of telling one from the other, at first," the dear recipient had told him, "so I opened and read them one by one. Then I read them again in their proper order, getting thus a double and unexpected pleasure from them, don't you see? And oh! then I read them over again a hundred times, as I always do, and kissed them, and thanked God for his goodness to me, and my heart was full to overflowing with my pride and delight in you and the love you bear me."

In this delicious intoxication, — which is said to be even sweeter to be possessed by than to inspire, — a rapture with pain in its pleasure, they wished well to each other with an intensity far beyond the poor limit of mere human expression or performance.

It was natural enough, on a day like this, that there should be iteration of these words of fondness, — forever trite, yet touched with living fire, — though formal propriety was imposed upon their actions by the public gaze. They passed from grave to gay. They began to formulate their plan of life. Barclay said they were no longer children, to

be kept apart by the caprices of others. He would seek David Lane, in a final interview, when he got back, — his ire awoke at the recollection, — and after that they would endure no further opposition. Florence must be his own; he insisted upon it. Let the world at last know it. They dwelt upon the future in detail. It had always been one of Barclay's ideas to build a house, and incorporate into it his favorite notions. They would do that. They thought they would arrange their life somewhat like that of the Radbrooks. They would not know too many people. They pronounced it frittering and destructive of the best objects of human intercourse. A part of their time they would reserve for travel. Paul Barclay wished to revisit with her some of the places where he had been so unhappy on her account, to remove, as it were, certain undeserved stigma he had attached to them. And, then, they both meant to be better, morally. It is one of the aspirations of such an affection that it aims to secure not only time, but eternity. They meant to keep their minds only upon high and noble things.

"I shall help you in all your projects and labors," insisted Mrs. Varemberg. "You must make a name, and be known far and wide for your abilities and your goodness of heart, just as I know them."

But oh, best of all! — oh, inexpressible delight! — they were to be always together.

"Every day, on my return," thought Barclay, with subtle thrills of rapture stealing over him, "I shall find her there awaiting me." He could only think of her as an influence to dissipate every sorrow and redouble every joy.

She thought in like manner of those comings-home, when she was to tell him all the events of the day, even to those of no importance. The prospect had the keener zest for her, from her previous unhappy experience. She dreamed

the sweet, feminine dream of the inseparable companion and friend, the strong protector who would banish fear. She would look her best, talk her best; she meant to tell him everything; she would prepare loving surprises for him. Ah, yes, much as he had seen, she knew some ingenuity would remain to her to do this. In his strength her weakness and trouble would disappear, her past would be forgotten.

"We will rule the world, my loved one, my sweet one," pronounced Barclay, in one of his moments of high enthusiasm. "Yes, we will yet throne it together, like another Antony and Cleopatra."

"Dear heart, I fear I shall play but a sorry Cleopatra to your highness's Antony. I often have to think what a poor, weak creature I am still; and, after all, I suppose even happiness will not imperatively cause one's health and strength to be restored."

"I will see to it; I take it upon myself," he returned, with the heartiest reassurance. "You are going to be young and strong and blooming again. Trust me with it; it is not longer your affair. We have most of life yet before us. All shall go well. Nothing shall keep our happiness from us."

"I have often thought of asking you to put me out of your life, even now, and to forget me," persisted Mrs. Varemberg, half despondently. There seemed to be something in the air that invited it. "Who knows what misfortune will yet happen? I distract you from your own best interests and from useful work. I am not worth it."

"You do not love me when you talk so. I have no interests but you. I could not forget you."

"If I thought you could I should die. I will try to be all that you desire. I shall not be what you ought to have, but you must have patience with me."

The business that brought Barclay to the vicinity of the little rural inland

lake was duly finished, and they turned homeward. The clouds they had so much admired, on their way up, had, for some time past, been acting rather strangely. The tops of all the battlements and peaks were blown off, and their general mass was driven about in confusion, as by strong upper currents, while the air at the surface of the earth was abnormally calm. There was a certain oppressiveness at intervals, almost a difficulty in breathing, that recalled to Barclay his feelings of the night before.

They had planned to stop a moment, in passing, at the new cottage of Fahnenstock, on the White-Fish Bay road, considering that it was exactly in their way. A peculiarly interesting family of *protégés* was assembled there just at present. Besides old Fahnenstock himself, — who, being a bachelor, could not very well attend to his own comfort, — it comprised the McClarys, whom he had brought there to keep house for him during the summer months. It was an excellent place for the babies, who were already fat and rosy. The young wife, whom we have seen pinched and faded, was recovering her spirits and good looks. The enterprising McClary had set up the little shop for which he had wished, near the upper city limits, and was now absent there. And then there was a spinster sister of Mrs. McClary, a person apparently of much executive ability and natural thrift. She had but lately come to these parts, having been blown out of both house and home, it was said, by some such catastrophe as a tornado in Missouri or Kansas, where her family had lived. It appeared that Fahnenstock was quite taken with this spinster sister, and the waggish thought that, after all his long years of bachelorhood, the two might yet make a match of it.

But even more important figures than these were a young bridal couple, William Alfsen and his wife. Yes,

Alfsen and Stanislava Zelinsky were at last united, and, as it happened, were passing a day or two of their honeymoon here. It had come about through Ludwig Trapschuh, furious at her for having given evidence against him at the trial, having made her life so unendurable that she had finally left her home and sought a refuge elsewhere. She had repaired first to Mrs. Varemberg, who received her kindly, and found her occupation, and a temporary abiding-place with the McClarys. During all this time, however, she would not marry her lover. With some curious ideas of the binding force of relationship, she obstinately refused him till the consent of her uncle, her guardian and the authoritative head of her family, could be obtained, and there was no prospect whatever that that irate person would consent. Her sighing swain was in despair; but circumstances had favored him, the obstacle had disappeared of its own accord, and they had married two days before the present. David Lane had seen to it that they had a handsome gift from him, disguising it partly as a subscription to the fund to Alfsen for his services in the great river fire.

The impolicy and fruitlessness of his opposition gradually impressed Trapschuh. Reports of the growing prosperity of Alfsen reached his ears. Still, he was not thoroughly humbled till he lost his place on the Chippewa Street bridge. Though no political proscription was declared, as has been said, an example was made of a few of those holding public office, who had been most prominent in the frauds, and the offense of Trapschuh had been so flagrant that no one could say anything in his favor. At the moment that he was coming out of the Board of Public Works, after hearing his sentence of dismissal, — it was only on the day succeeding David Lane's installation, — he met Alfsen face to face. He all at once assumed before him as humble an

air as Haman, after his overthrow, might have taken before Mordecai.

"I always bin friend o' yours, Billy," he said obsequiously, "though sometimes I guess may be you don't always know it. I never got no sure objections that you get married with Stanislava. She got pretty bad temper, that's so; but she can come back to my house, if she want, and you can get married with her any time what you like. I say, Billy, you could n't get a feller out o' work some kind o' good job, could you?"

Alfsen let no grass grow under his feet, but immediately proceeded to have this authorization confirmed in the presence of his sweetheart, and they had been married forthwith.

This case had made talk, among the rest, for Barclay and Mrs. Varemberg, as they approached the cottage. The opposition of Ludwig Trapsuh struck them both as a sort of parody of that to which they had been so long subjected. They recognized an echo, as it were, of the same note.

"I wonder if we shall have to wait till David Lane, too, is overthrown and wrecked, in some wholesale collapse, before we can expect to have his objections withdrawn?" suggested Barclay, with half-humorous lightness. "That would need a long delay indeed."

All the men of the house were, at present, away at their work; only the women were at home. But the women warmly did the honors of the place. They ran into the garden and plucked its fairest flowers, with an almost reckless hospitality, to press upon the visitors. There had been bushes of fragrant syringa and lilacs already in the yard, and the new tenants had added roses, and especially a double row of tulips, flanking the path from the gate to the door. These flowers, vividly glowing with their various hues of scarlet and yellow, were most trimly kept, and every foot of the small domain gave evidence

that pains were being taken to develop its utmost capabilities.

Hardly was this cottage reached, however, when there came on a sudden thunder-storm, that had been for some time threatening, and all were driven for a brief space in-doors. The rain — very slight in quantity — was accompanied by violent hail; the ingredient of cold, as it were, in the grateful glass of sherbet, which the summer day might fancifully be conceived to be. The flower-beds, so shapely but a few moments before, were much broken down, and presented to view numbers of the charming tulips sadly hanging their heads. Hailstones had fallen, on this occasion, of sizes variously estimated — according to the current way of measuring this product of nature — at from "as large as a hen's egg to as large as a man's fist." In the suburbs of town, at the same time, as was afterwards learned, one mass of compacted ice had fallen, estimated to be as large as a man's head.

When the guests came forth to resume their journey, the storm had passed over; the sun was shining, though through broken clouds, still in turmoil, and all nature looked fresher and greener for its late ablutions. The enterprising spinster sister of Mrs. McClary came out with them. Looking up at the heavens, while shading her wrinkling forehead with her hand, she felt moved to say, "'Pears as if them clouds looked like some we used to have down in our country. There's a kind o' curious feelin' in the air, these last few days, any way. Down there, we should 'a' called it kind o' tornader weather."

"But we do not have them, fortunately," said Barclay. "You must not let that make you uneasy here."

"No, of course not, but the wind's ben to the south'ard so long, — till to-day, when it come round, — an no rain, though the clouds has gathered up every day and tried to give some, that it's

looked to me more 'n once just as it used to down in Kansas, when we was expectin' one of 'em. But of course they don't get as far north as this," she concluded.

Getting under way again, Mrs. Varemberg and Barclay came presently to the spot, at no great distance from town, where Mrs. Radbrook was giving her garden-party, as mentioned by Mrs. Clinton. This was Ingebrand's on the Lake, a pretty spot, left much in its condition of natural wildness, which was patronized in a quiet way by people driving out from town. It was distinguished from Ingebrand's on the River, another resort of the same kind, much frequented by pleasure-parties of rowers, whereas there was but little rowing on the lake, which was generally esteemed much too rough and uncertain for that sport. A touch of romance hung about Ingebrand's on the Lake,—some legend of a countess who had once occupied the rural dwelling on the grounds, when it was a simple farm-house. It appeared that this Mrs. Radbrook was noted for originality in her entertainments, which she but rarely gave, and which were the more highly esteemed on that account. Following some little precedent derived from abroad, she had taken this pleasant spot to-day for her exclusive use, and promised to turn its attractions, together with those of the season, to account, in a charming *fête champêtre*. She had caused to be set up a number of pretty tents and pavilions, of gayly decorated canvas. In a large pavilion, open to the water, an attractive collation was prepared. The tents and waving pennants, with the summer costumes of the ladies intermingled, upon the background of the moor and varied shrubbery, made a gay and dainty scene, such as a Rossi, or some of his compeers of the Spanish-Roman school, might have painted.

Our friends had already met some representatives from the fête, taking

merry drives farther up the road. They had been adjured not to miss it, and now civilly stopped at it, but only for the very briefest moment. Mrs. Varemberg was in mourning, and had no need to plead any excuse for not participating further in the entertainment. Their presence together was gossiped about, as it would naturally be in such a company, but there was no severity in the tone. The true state of the case had begun to get abroad, as, in some mysterious way, such things always will, and people invested them with a certain poetry and pleasant interest. That is to say, it was known that Barclay was an old lover, that he had been unhappy, and that he had been true and high-minded as well throughout most trying circumstances. The critics at the Saturday Morning Club and the charitable guild now admitted that he was probably a man of flesh and blood, like others, and they secretly admired him the more for his stout fidelity to a forlorn, almost desperate ideal.

The two had left the fête but a little behind, when the threatening aspect of the weather impressed itself upon them. No engrossment with their own affairs could wholly withhold their attention from the amazing panorama that began to unroll itself in the heavens.

It was no ordinary storm that seemed impending. The entire masses of broken clouds had gathered and distributed themselves, as it were, into two hostile camps, over against each other, in opposite quarters of the sky. After gathering thus, a most turbulent commotion broke out among them, and they began to approach each as in battle array. Their rate of motion increased, and, as they drew near, lightnings darted from one to the other.

"Look! look!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Varemberg, in consternation. They had been urging their pace to the utmost, to seek a place of safety. Blasts of hot air had smitten their faces, fol-

lowed immediately by others so cold that they drew their wraps closer around them.

"Oh! oh!" cried Barclay, unable to refrain from manifesting almost as much agitation as his fair companion.

They were in the presence of the dread scourge of the tornado.

The spinster sister of the McClarys, whose words had, perhaps, seemed even to herself only desultory chatter, was right. One of those rare visitants had come far to the northward of its usual course, and, like some fell marauder, seeking new and untried fields to foray, was about to swoop down with ruin and dismay upon a locality that had never hitherto had to give a thought to this particular form of danger.

The great plain of the Mississippi Valley is the theatre where these mighty forces, the torrid winds from the equator and frigid airs from the poles, meet and struggle for the mastery. This vast unimpeded stretch, the inhabitants of which pay a woful cost in lives and treasure for the gladiatorial shows they witness, is the "battle-ground of the tornadoes." Here the detail of the phenomenon was the same as there. Rain had been lacking for a very long time past: a veritable drought had been threatened. The barometer, to-day, stood remarkably low. A swift current of wind in the upper air was blowing southward, while that at the surface of the earth was northward.

The sudden sharp exclamation of Mrs. Varemberg had been drawn forth by the meeting of the great opposing cloud masses mentioned. From their point of junction dropped down a strange and ominous funnel of dark and murky vapor. Some described it afterwards as shaped like a wicker basket; others, as like a snake, the head of which was held up in the sky, while the body writhed and lashed about below. At any rate, this definite form began to turn round upon itself, with a rapid gyratory mo-

tion, and at the same time to progress in a right line course, taking its direction towards the northeast. A violent boiling movement could be observed within it, and it was presently filled with flying *débris* of every kind, caught up by the suction into its destroying vortex. The small end of its funnel dangled just above the ground, and it had a way of striking and rebounding as if highly elastic.

The domes of Keewaydin were now visible, but no promising point of escape from such a peril appeared over a wide intervening stretch. The couple drew up, upon a high ground, the better to mark the route of the tornado, and thus determine their own. The dread scourge struck the city, here and there, as in selected spots, under their very eyes. It was like some stinging whip-lash of the gods, whirled with an avenging purpose. Wherever it touched, devastation followed. Turrets and steeples were seen to go down, and the fragments of roofs to whirl into the air. Bells struck of themselves, with a lugubrious sound. There was smoke, as from shells in a bombardment; but the thickest of this was when some of the flouring-mills along the river were wrecked, and the fine white powder choked the air.

There were no buildings easy of access for the refugees, and perhaps shelter ought not to be sought, at such a time, even in the most solid of buildings. It was uncertain what direction the desolating force might finally take. Its rate of progress, now faster, now slower, and again, for brief periods, coming to almost an absolute stand-still, could be plainly traced; but what rule was to be laid down, by novices, for this gigantic eddy of the atmosphere, that beats, like a greater ocean, on the whole round world? Mrs. Varemberg sat pale and trembling, with her hand clasped in her lover's. They saw much to excite a reverent awe and dismay,

but fortunately they could not see all that was passing in the town.

The tornado fell first upon the sparsely settled region below the city limits on the South Side. There it uprooted orchards, and beat down the soft earth of gardens and ploughed lands till it seemed as if they had been macadamized. It wrenched the very grass from the ground, as by ravening teeth. It was not a wide-spread and all-devouring force, however, but moved in a narrow and well-defined path. Its area of widest destruction was hardly more than three hundred yards across, while that of its greatest energy was, perhaps, a hundred. It was in evidence afterwards that at a quarter of a mile away one would not have known what was in progress, and only a gentle breeze fanned the brow. Next, it touched the line of the city proper, and, as if at a given signal, every chimney and turret went down.

Presently a minor funnel was seen to separate itself from the main one, and go whirling away on a new career. This followed the ravine of Sobieski Street to the right, unroofing or shattering to pieces the Polish houses. Had the addresses of certain voters been looked for now, they would have been found missing indeed. The house of Ludwig Trapschuh was rapt up into the air bodily, as if on the magic praying-carpet of the Arabian Nights; and the proprietor, not knowing it was in transit, — for in the few moments of the immediate passage of the storm-cloud all was Plutonian darkness, — attempting, in a panic, to step out of his own front door, fell headlong to the ground, a distance of some twenty feet, and broke a leg and various ribs.

All the ordinary operations of the law of gravitation seemed suspended. All movable objects flew, as if possessed by witchcraft, to an imperative centre of attraction: heavy benches and tool-chests rose from the ground, furniture

and bedding leaped from the doors and windows, to join in the mad carnival. A few hapless animals feeding in suburban pastures suffered wofully. Cows and horses were driven, dragged, and rolled, against their utmost resistance, — the hoof-marks in the ground showing, afterwards, the desperate opposition many had made, — and were found with bones broken, or beaten to jelly and left in a shapeless mass. Nor was it brute animals alone that perished; there were many human victims as well. One of the poor Polish women, among others, was found battered and dead, with her hair twisted from her head, and lying in a sort of rope beside her. The very soles of her shoes were torn from her feet.

Many corpses were naked, and so ecchymosed, — the surgical term came to be freely used, — discolored by numberless bruises, that they might have been taken for those of negroes.

Among the comic incidents, in this quarter, may be mentioned that of the graceless young Barney Trapschuh. He was sitting loaferishly on a fence at the time; he made a long excursion into the air, leaving shreds of his clothing on the roofs of houses and trees over which he passed, and, covered with black mud, was cast down in a distant field. This was a mud peculiar to the tornado: it was of the consistency of paint, and was forced into the eyes, ears, and nostrils, and even the very pores of the skin so energetically that it took weeks to eradicate it.

The lesser funnel reached the shore. It danced and spun there, for a brief space, among the sand-dunes, like another merry Pau-Puk-Keewis; then, as a parting bit of malice, wrecked a luckless shallop or two it found abroad on the water, and was finally dissipated in the lake.

The principal storm-cloud, however, kept on its original course. A tithe of its eccentric and virile doings could not

be described. It lifted one of the German turn-halls from its base, made it plough the ground for many feet, and racked it completely to pieces. It cut in two a railroad freight-house as cleanly as if with a saw, leaving one half standing intact. A row of boards, which had belonged to the other half, was found set up in a circle and firmly driven into the ground, some four miles from the original point of departure. It did not respect even the *Johannisberger House*. It raised up one end of that worthy caravansary so high that the terrified inmates, who had taken refuge in the cellar, reported that they had glimpses of the prospect without, between the sills and the foundations; but to make amends, it set it back again nearly as good as ever.

The tornado did not think all objects alike deserving of its vengeance. It seemed to pick and choose, and struck at notable points, as if to decide the day by the fall of certain leaders, as in mediæval times.

"There goes *St. Jude's*!" exclaimed *Barclay*, as they saw its prominent spire enveloped in the fog, and, the moment after, a distant jangle of bells came to their ears.

And so it was. A small, panic-stricken congregation had assembled in the church of the *Rev. Edward Brockston*, — much as the early inhabitants of Britain fled to their sanctuaries for refuge from the fury of the Northmen, who descended periodically on their coasts, — when the whole massive structure was rapt from over their heads, fortunately doing the inmates but little harm. With a few mighty gyrations, the edifice was wrenched into a tall pyramid of interwoven iron, timbers, stones, and bricks, a more impressive monument of the resistless power that had done it than any of the others left behind. Next, the ruin of one of the mammoth grain elevators could be distinguished, and the yellow wheat from it floated on the river

and bay for many days thereafter. The *Chippewa Street bridge*, in the vicinity, — though this they could not see, — followed suit. It was twisted, like the church, into a chaotic mass of materials, and the whole unceremoniously dumped into the stream. When it came to be rebuilt, it may be here mentioned, it was on a new and handsomer model; for a sentiment had arisen for making these so necessary but unsightly bridges, of which the lake towns are full, somewhat more in keeping with the comely buildings and effects of street perspective which abut upon them.

The very river-bed itself was exposed to view, and a heavy column of water was lifted from it and precipitated over the most proper district of the city, the trim *Seventh Ward* itself. The sides of many buildings in that quarter were so encrusted with river slime, weeds, and shells that they took a decidedly venerable and submarine aspect. The case might have recalled the story of the turbid *douche* given by the offended elephant to the tailor who had pricked his trunk with a needle.

The storm-cloud, which had once or twice wavered towards the city hall, and again away from it, was now plainly seen to swoop down upon that important structure, as if finally to claim it for its own. How could the building fail to succumb? *Mrs. Varemberg's* filial thoughts flew in terror to her father. At such a moment every resentful impulse vanished before the dread of his personal danger. She stretched forth her hand mutely in his direction, as to save him.

The turbulence and obscurity cleared away from the point in question, and the civic building was seen still standing. There was but one change, but this a notable one, — the twinkling *Golden Justice* had disappeared from its dome.

"It stands firm, but I do not see the *Golden Justice*," said *Barclay*, straining his eyes painfully.

"Yes, it is surely gone," said his companion. "There is not a trace of it. It is too bad, is it not?"

Little time was afforded for comment on this or any other phenomenon. The tornado, either satisfied with its achievement or having met with a foe beyond its strength, had the look of intending a new departure. It made one, in fact. It greatly increased its rate of speed, and shaking off the dust of the town from its feet, as it were, advanced upon the suburbs and the open country northward. Our lookers-on recognized two men who came breathlessly running up the slope. These were Fahnenstock and Alfsen, making for their cottage, to be present with the inmates in time of danger.

"Fly, fly for your lives!" they shouted, in voices hoarse with alarm, to those who lingered. "It is coming this way."

Barclay had already turned the heads of the trembling horses away from the tempest. A decisive move now seemed necessary. He lashed Castor and Polux to their utmost speed, hoping to reach a certain cross-road, at a little distance, which turned to the left. Following this, they might traverse the path of the danger, now that they distinctly knew what it was, and place themselves out of its reach on the other side. Looking, fearfully, back over their shoulders, however, they saw the tornado advancing by gigantic leaps and bounds. It was evident that the cross-road could not be reached in time. They came to a place where a score or more of fugitives from Mrs. Radbrook's fête were huddled confusedly, not knowing what to do next. It appeared that the fête had been overtaken by panic. The principal pavilion had been blown down, by a sudden gust, upon the very heads of the banqueters, turning the revelry into a sort of Belshazzar's feast. Many had fled, with a blind purpose of reaching town; but arrived thus far, they had stopped, and

were awaiting the issue in terrified suspense.

The destroying force had at first followed the line of the Keewaydin River; then broken away from it, and veered more to the eastward. Woe to any pleasure skiffs abroad on the quiet, sylvan current that day! Woe to the vegetation, the gardens, the summer chalets, along the pleasant banks! The very bluffs shook under its heavy tread. A roar as of ten thousand moving railway trains, momentarily increasing, filled the air.

The couple alighted, and Barclay, loosing the horses from the conveyance, quickly secured them to a rail fence, near which all stood. Fahnenstock and Alfsen had time to come up and join them. The monstrous funnel cloud, looming perhaps five hundred feet in the air, was so near at hand that its texture could be plainly studied by any bold eyes that dared to gaze upon it. Part of it was fleecy white, as if the sun were shining in the midst of it; but the greater part was murky, lurid, or of a greenish hue, like the thick, unwholesome smoke of the chimneys of factories or of chemical works.

"To the lake! to the lake!" cried some alarmed voice. Forthwith, a general stampede took place to an open field. Most of the fugitives hurried to its verge, above the lake shore, and there threw themselves on the ground. Barclay tenderly aided the steps of her who leaned upon him, and urged their pace to the utmost.

"Courage! courage!" he said, reassuringly. "A moment more and we are safe. It will not follow there; I am sure of it."

"I am not afraid," she responded more than once. "You are with me."

Perhaps through the minds of both there passed the same thought, that if this were to be indeed the end of all things, it would be sweet to die together. They would mitigate with their

warm hand-clasps the chill and dreary way to eternity.

The noise of the tempest increased to an awful roar. Drops of a warm, viscid, loathsome mud fell in their faces and on their clothing. Green leaves, rent from their parent stems, were thicker in this blast than are withered ones in autumn, and intermingled with them were broken twigs, blossoms, dead birds, and wraiths of mist. A semi-obscurity enveloped the refugees, while a vast wall of murky blackness seemed about to overwhelm them. Bulky objects, brought from afar, the impact of any of which would have brought certain death, fell around them. There were found on the ground the figure-head and part of the fore-castle of the brig Orphan Boy, the cupola of the Johannisberger House and the refreshment-booth of Coffee John, a great section of the metal cornice of the city hall, and the tongue and wheels of a heavy baggage wagon. Though the wall of gloom at no time wholly overspread the party, it was night instead of day around them. It seemed a time of almost Apocalyptic terrors. The books of judgment were about to be opened, and all the vials of wrath poured forth.

Old Fahnenstock began to pray aloud, possibly with a trace of exultation, even in the midst of his terror, that his appalling forecasts were at last about to be realized.

"O all ye lightnings and clouds," he said, "bless the Lord; praise and exalt him above all forever!"

"I am here," murmured Paul Barclay, meanwhile, to his beloved companion.

"I do not fear," she returned.

If she trembled, it was with some involuntary physical tremor, but with none of the mind or heart. She rested her head against his shoulder, and they waited in the darkness.

"We are but as the chaff of the threshing floor, before thee," Fahnen-

stock went on, sonorously. "He made the midst of the furnace like a blowing wind. Thy kingdom hath consumed all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever."

The tornado wrecked many large trees around the field in question, so that their upper portions were found, afterwards, literally whipped to shreds. William Alfsen, who was a little in advance of the rest, and nearer to it, was violently seized by a wandering gust, whirled twice or thrice round a sapling to which he clung for support, and thrown to the ground. With this, however, it seemed to have reached its farthest point. It was perhaps checked in part by a stout quickset hedge, bordering the other side of the high-road, with which it wrestled furiously, and over which it paused for some time, as if recognizing an enemy rather worthy of its steel. A woful snapping and crackling, such as might have been made by fire, was heard in this hedge, and also a loud, sucking noise as the plants were drawn bodily from the ground. They were particularly old and tough, and it was estimated by competent judges that a greater force was required to uproot them thus than if they had been the strongest oaks.

The air again grew lighter. The baffled or capricious visitant distinctly turned aside, struck a new course, and began to move off to the north-westward. The little group of fugitives dared not at once rise from the ground, or credit the reality of their deliverance; but when it was certain, they exchanged the most joyful words and hand-shakings of congratulation.

The danger over and dazed faculties grown calmer, it was observed that the sky appeared to threaten rain, and soon all was haste and confusion to be back again in town. Barclay found the horses he had tethered to the fence severely maimed by falling débris, and rendered wholly unserviceable. He was casting about to make some dispo-

sition of Mrs. Varemberg, when the Radbrooks drove up and offered her a vacant seat in their carriage. They had waited not far from the scene of the fête itself, and had escaped with perhaps less inconvenience than any of their friends. Having seen Mrs. Varemberg safely bestowed, Barclay, left to his own resources, set out to walk. He had proceeded but a little way, when he was overtaken by a man in a light spring wagon, who offered to take him in. It proved to be Welby Goff, of the Index. Mr. Goff was in a very affable, chatty mood, and apparently anxious to find some one to talk to about the doings they had both witnessed.

"I've been canvassing a nursery and garden-seeds place, out this way," he said, by way of explaining his presence on the road. "I struck it for an article and advertisement, and got 'em, too. After that, I was just going to start over Wauwatosa way, where I've had a party on the string for some time, when I saw this coming, and turned round. I've watched it all along the road, and had solid comfort out of it. I knew from the first it was n't near enough to do me any harm."

"You are a person of judgment."

"Judgment? A newspaper man has to be. He's got to see how close he can run to some lively new sensation, all the time, and then stand out from under, before it has a chance to fall on him."

"We shall see some curious sights when we get to town," suggested Paul Barclay.

"It will be a circus, and no mistake. I would n't miss it for a farm. I've seen some of the biggest things there is, in my time, — I generally make it a point to keep posted on all the biggest things in every line, — but probably this will lay way over any of 'em."

"You don't let it depress your spirits, I see?"

"Well, hardly. There's not much

depress about this; it's the biggest chance to pick up news items that was ever struck. You want to look out for the extra Index, these next few days, — that's all. It will make your hair curl."

The retreating tornado moved slowly and in ever-widening circles. As if fatigued with rapine and too heavily gorged with all the spoil it had gathered, it was throwing out, over its upper rim, as it were, a continual rain of the smaller articles it had carried up to so great a height.

"Chucks 'em out in a kind o' lazy way, now that it has n't any more use for 'em," commented the amateur in large sights, in terms that well enough described the phenomenon. "A fellow could probably pick up stuff of a good deal of value, if he had any time to attend to it," he went on; "but I've got to get back to town."

His eyes were actively on the alert, however, among these objects, and he could not forbear getting down, now and then, to forage a little. He made a pretext of tightening a buckle or adjusting a strap on the harness, as often as he did so.

There were, indeed, marvelous items to be told of this day. The Index was to revel in them, and the Johannisberger House to have stories — besides its own — for its gossips for many a year to come. Miracles of delicacy as well as incredible force had been wrought. Locomotives had been raised into the air and mill-stones broken asunder, at the same time that the fragile jars of colored liquid in a druggist's window had been spared, though buried under the most jagged rubbish. There were startling anecdotes to be told *à propos* of letters, of legal documents, and of a packet of bank-bills wrenched out of a safe. One of the parties to a certain lawsuit was as good as served with a process of court that properly belonged to him. A long-remiss debtor, in She-

boygan County, had had his account — brought by the wind from the wrecked place of business of his creditor — thrown into his door-yard. Conscience-stricken, as if at the direct interposition of Providence, he at last hastened to town and paid it. A tin-type likeness of a pretty girl, whisked from her home, was found stuck by a sharp corner into the bark of a tree, far away in the country. It happened, too, that it was found by a man of romantic tendencies, who was greatly interested in the circumstances, and hunted up the original of the picture, and with such good results that a marriage eventually took place between the two.

But all this was in the future, and yet to be collected, wondered at, and dilated upon.

The newspaper man got down finally to pick up a packet of official-looking documents that lay in the road. A part of them had become loosened, and were about to blow away. They eluded his grasp, as he first stooped for them; but he went after them, and secured these with the rest.

"No great find here," he said, sardonically, after looking them over, as he walked back to the wagon. "Latest news from fifteen years ago. Here's a copy of the old Keewaydin Advertiser, — ain't even published now. Did you ever see it? Here's a venerable old Chamber of Commerce report. These must be some of the documents that were deposited in the statue on the city hall. I recollect when she was dedicated. They've come quite a journey."

He tossed them all carelessly into Barclay's lap, while he went round to the other side, to give a blow, with a stone, to a bolt, or large rivet, that had begun to shake itself loose there.

Paul Barclay turned over these papers with a certain reverence and a decided interest. The random prediction of the old weather-vane maker, ridiculous as it was, had come true, after

all. The Golden Justice had fallen, and scattered her contents broadcast, and here was the bulk of them, tossed at his very feet. There was no doubt as to their identity; each was plainly marked with a stamp showing its origin. Here was the copy of the school census, here the Chamber of Commerce report, here the copy of the ancient Examiner, here — Suddenly he uttered a smothered exclamation. He had come upon something very different from all the rest.

He brushed away most of the others with an involuntary movement, and devoted himself with all his eyes to a paper bearing in a plain hand the inscription, *The Confession of a Repentant Man*. Below this was labeled as a secondary head, in an equally legible writing, *Being a True Account of the Connection of David Lane with the Disaster at the Chippewa Street Bridge, and the Deaths of Christopher Barclay and Stanislaus Zelinsky*.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion, who had again mounted to his place and was seated beside him.

"I thought we were going to get another jolt," said Barclay, and quickly changed the subject. The wreck of a once beautiful dwelling, that lay close at hand, afforded a ready diversion. A part of its material was piled up like veritable cord-wood. The ornamental trees in its spacious door-yard had been torn to strings by the fury of the gale, and a few pitiful rags of clothing fluttered from their bare stems. Barclay screened his paper from observation among the others, and managed to read it piecemeal. He read it twice more, without exciting suspicion, studied every sentence intently, and then secreted it about him.

How violently his heart beat as he read! What new light this strange history, so miraculously brought to his knowledge, cast back over all the past! How many things it explained!

And now what should he do? Had the instrument been delivered to him as the means of a just retribution? Was he to arise, like another Hamlet, and signally revenge the slaying of his father, and the unmerited suffering that had so long been poured out upon himself?

Whatever may have been his meditations, at the conclusion of them his eyes gazed lovingly in the direction in which Mrs. Varemberg had shortly before disappeared, going towards her home, and he had involuntarily almost stretched forth his hand after her, as she had towards her father, from the hill-top.

"Where shall I set you down?" his companion asked him, after a time, arousing him from reverie.

"I will not take you out of your way," returned Barclay.

"It's all the same to me. One place is as good as another. There will be items enough everywhere."

"At the city hall, then, if quite convenient."

Meantime, the acute disturbance in the air, that had wrought so much havoc, had grown heavy and sluggish in its movements, and was fast losing its distinctive character. It proceeded now at some little distance above the ground, to which it seldom descended to do further harm.

During the time of its most furious energy, it had absorbed into itself forces of every other kind, but now some crinkled lightnings began to play in its track, like satellites celebrating the triumph of their truculent monarch. It ceased entirely to be a hurricane, and then it swept on some twenty miles further across the country, as a violent storm of rain and hail. The wind at Keewaydin shifted round and blew from the north, and such of the wounded as still lay unattended where they fell began to groan anew, with their stiffening wounds.

The cold was so severe that a thin

surface of ice formed on the water of ponds, and the same night the heaviest hoar frost known in years grievously damaged all the fruit crops.

XVII.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

David Lane had returned, as we have seen, to his office, to await the coming of night, for the renewal of his attempt.

While there he busied himself with his papers, received visitors, and attended to the usual duties of his routine. Ives Wilson dropped in, and talked awhile on the happy results of the late election. He was getting up a column of city hall notes, for the nonce, in the place of Welby Goff, having a fancy for setting all departments of his paper in turn an example of the way in which he would manage their respective specialties.

The next visitor was of a less ordinary sort. This was Schwartzmann, the sculptor of the Golden Justice, who came to pay his respects, being about to start for Europe. He had some artistic commissions to execute there for David Lane, among others.

"Do you know," said he, in the course of familiar conversation, "that the Justice up on the dome pleases me about as well as anything I ever did? There are some mighty good things about that figure, if I do say it myself. I've just been looking at it again, taking it in from different points of view. There's a go about it that I'm not always certain of getting even when I want it."

He had a sort of business-like and at the same time impersonal and almost naive manner in praising his own work that relieved it of offensiveness.

"But where could one have found such another model as I had?" he went on. "Your charming daughter has changed since then. She is more *spiri-*

tuelle and even lovelier than before," — disclaiming any disparagement, — "but just that precise union of soul and physique she then possessed, and which go to make up the true goddess-like type, I expect rarely to meet with again."

"Yes, she is changed," assented her father.

The conversation served to bring vividly before him anew his daughter's features, her situation, the Golden Justice, the dizzy height to which he must climb, the whole painful ordeal awaiting him. Why did the talk, the actions, of everybody in the world, even the most inconsiderable, now seem to harp on this single string?

"I don't know as there's more than one small detail I'd alter if I was doing the work over again," pursued Schwartzmann. "I think now I should put the figure on a sort of cone-shaped base, instead of that globular one, and, say, a few feet lower. If she should ever have to come down for anything, I'd like to make that change."

A furtive suggestion of hope, such as he had indulged on some former occasions, flitted through the mind of the mayor. Might he not possibly encourage Schwartzmann to lead a movement for having the Golden Justice taken down, to be set up again on a cone-shaped pedestal, some feet lower? The fancy was but a passing one. Ah, no; the emendation proposed would be looked upon by the hard-headed spirits of economy as the veriest trifle. They would appropriate no funds for such a purpose.

Schwartzmann presently took his departure. The mayor was immersed to the eyes in his papers, when the same gust of rain and hail we have seen devastate the flowers at Fahrenstock's cottage smote against the city hall. The hail broke some lights of glass in the dome, and was heard rattling briskly down upon the tessellated marble pavement of the rotunda. The janitor, hear-

ing it, anxiously hastened up from his basement region to lend his aid where due, not unlike a stout beaver who comes to the top of the water when his dam is threatened by the trappers.

The sun shone out anew, but presently the air grew obscure and yet more obscure. Even David Lane, preoccupied as he tried to be and had been, could not long remain unaware that some portentous atmospheric disturbance was impending. As the tornado drew near, the mayor heard a distant sound like the roar of the sea, which gradually increased in volume. Hasty footsteps were heard in the halls without, and voices speaking in alarm. The roar grew nearer and louder, till it became an infernal din. David Lane rose and hurried to look out of his window.

For one brief lurid instant he had a vision as of chaos come again. Trees uprooted in the square, twisting around one another like serpents or strands of rope, were coming towards him, on the wings of the furious gale. The atmosphere, choked with dust, torn leaves, miscellaneous small débris of every kind, resembled turbulent clouds of dark smoke. The shock of the mighty force impinged upon the *façade* of the building, and, at the same moment, all was enveloped in the blackness of night, which the tornado carried in its bosom. A riven tree trunk had burst through the window, carrying sash and frame with it, and, drenched with mud and weeds as it was, lay in the midst of the floor like a snag from the current of the Mississippi. The city hall rocked to its foundations. The lights were extinguished. The plastering of the room was thrown down in large sections, and electric sparks played upon its ceiling and walls, like scintillations from an emery wheel.

The mayor, in this pandemonium, had turned away with an instinctive impulse to escape, and groped his way to the door of the apartment. As he found it and laid a hand upon it, before he

had time to make any effort of his own, it suddenly flew open, yielding to resistless, expansive force from within, and struck him a violent blow. He was hurled backwards, and fell, stunned and bleeding, to the floor.

As he lay thus prone, in a half stupor, he knew not how long, his fancy renewed the scene, of years long past, at the Chippewa Street bridge. He thought that it was by the collision with the propeller *Pride of the West* that he was once more hurled down, crushed, and suffering in every fibre. Then he thought he was again awakening from his heavy sleep, as in the morning just past. The traces of havoc around him struck on his sight at first like a part of his troubled dreams. But then, with an effort, he remembered where he was, the convulsion of nature that had passed over, and all that had befallen him. His first anxious thought was for the *Golden Justice*, and the mission yet awaiting him. All was now still. It was light again. The great building no longer vibrated. He seemed to have been lying there in his stupor a very long time. In reality, it might have been some three quarters of an hour.

He rose from the floor, gathering his battered frame painfully together. "Surely," he said to himself, "the dome has gone; the statue can never have weathered it." And he thought with sinking heart of the possible fate of the papers he had made such herculean efforts to obtain.

As he sallied forth, the inmates of the building, who had fled in a general stampede, were cautiously venturing back again, and marveling aloud to find that so little damage had been done their offices and the structure as a whole. David Lane overheard one of them saying to another, —

"The yellow gal from the dome looks as if she were laid out for her wake, eh, piled up there among that lot of trees. What kept the whole upper works from

coming down with her is more than I can see, blest if it ain't!" It was thus that the *Golden Justice* was designated, as is perhaps the irreverent way of the Americans with their statues generally, — which, to be sure, do not often deserve greater consideration. David Lane knew well what was meant. "Oh, my prophetic soul!" he might have exclaimed. His worst premonitions were verified. The *Golden Justice* was down. And now those papers, — could they be still intact in their box? or into whose hands had they already fallen? The people who were coming in tried to detain him, to tell him of their individual experiences and inquire his own, to demand his theories, to ask directions from him; but he pushed them aside, and went on his way.

It was twilight now. Rather the diffused storm-clouds, a mass of which had settled in the west in heavy leaden strata, which the sunset penetrated only in a few dull red bars, had created an artificial twilight. The mayor looked back and up at the city hall. The tornado had either found it too stout an antagonist, or had not well planned the attack. It had been shaken as with a mighty hand, it is true, and in certain spots had taken on a ragged, half-archaic appearance; one of the lesser domes of the wings, a great iron column from one of the porticoes, and liberal sections of its iron cornices, for instance, had gone; but, in the main, it had stood the ordeal. After some profitable days' work by the ingenious race of contractors, it would be about as good as ever. Its central dome did not appear to have suffered in the least; the cupola, or lantern, upon it was intact; only the *Golden Justice*, on its apex, had gone.

The eyes of the man whose destiny was so much bound up with hers roved wildly, pathetically, about. He soon caught a trace of the figure. A gleam from her shining surface came to him from above a formidable mass of wreck-

age. Going thither, he found her lying as in state, a little inclined, her head supported on the ruined fountain. The uprooted tree trunks, as they had been tossed together, inclosed her on three sides in a bristling *chevaux-de-frise*, resembling somewhat an early Indian redoubt.

The tempest had used a certain consideration or gallantry in dealing with the statue; respected, as it were, the very charming person it represented. It had brought it down lightly, leaving the comely features calm and smiling still, and little distorted by fractures. The chief damage appeared about the lower portion of the drapery, where it had joined with the supporting pedestal. Here considerable portions of the metal had been rent away, exposing the mechanical devices of the interior construction.

David Lane, bending above the figure, discerned plainly the trace of his tampering with it the night before. He saw, breathless with anxiety and dread, that the metal box of the receptacle was shattered, as if by lightning, and its precious contents were missing.

His forces deserted him, and he seated himself, bowed with dismay, upon a projecting fragment of the débris. "Alas!" he said, "it has been carried away by the four winds of heaven. From what quarter will detection overtake me?"

Later, he tried to argue with himself: "Why may it not have fallen in the lake, or in some ploughed field, some swamp or piece of lonely woods, where it will rot undisturbed, and no human eye ever rest upon it?"

He searched the vicinity with eager eyes, but no vestige of any of the papers appeared. They had probably been loosed and taken flight like a flock of birds while still far aloft. He was roused by the voices of Schwartzmann the sculptor and Ives Wilson the editor who had climbed over an end of the

rugged barricade. The latter was rapidly possessing himself, note-book in hand, of all the striking details of the sights and scenes around him, having sent Welby Goff off on a more distant mission. Like his subordinate, whom he had well trained in his own manner, he was brimming over with interest, not to say enthusiasm. He meant to make the Tornado Edition of the Index the event of his life-time.

"As to the statue, the head is unharmed, you see. It can be set up again, about as good as ever, at no great expense," Lane heard Schwartzmann saying; "and this time, I would like it to have a little different pedestal."

"Here is a curious thing," said Ives Wilson, stooping to examine it. "Here is a place that looks as if it had been regularly cut out with a saw. A brace is cut, too, — looks as fresh as if done yesterday. It beats everything what pranks the lightning can play."

"If it was done by the lightning, yesterday is rather an ancient date, is it not?" said the first speaker. "But the fact is that tornadoes have nothing to do with electricity. It used to be thought necessary to account for their capers, but the idea is exploded. They are purely an atmospheric force."

Wilson disputed this, Schwartzmann reaffirmed it. They caught sight of David Lane, and deferred their controversy to him; but he evaded them, and renewed, instead, his disconsolate quest about the vicinity for some trace of the missing document. He set out — perhaps beside himself, and not quite conscious of all he did — to pick his steps first away from, and then towards, the Golden Justice by many different paths.

This, then, was the end of all his diplomacy, his arts, his indomitable perseverance, his sufferings, his feats of physical strength. He was betrayed by the very elements. He would have called back the pledge he had given to justice, but the opportunity was taken

from him. As if the wish to do so had but served as a signal, the secret was placed forever beyond his reach and recall. It was launched into space, published broadcast to all the world. The wretched evil-doer was now to face the obloquy of the world, and to be visited, as well, with the condign punishment of the law due his crime. He could formulate no plan for his next immediate actions. Could he ever meet his family again? He hardly even thought of the perils they also might have met with in the tornado. That convulsion itself was all but forgotten. Should he fly and hide his shame in a foreign dominion? No, he could only dumbly await his fate.

Paul Barclay alighted at his house in the city hall square. His inquiring eye missed the *Golden Justice* from her accustomed place, and, ranging around, soon caught a glimpse of her, as David Lane had done, lying on her funeral pyre, or amid the stockade-like heap of rubbish. He thought good to hasten at first to see how his relations, the amiable Thornbrooks, had passed through the dangers of these exciting times. He found them well and unharmed; the hurricane had passed by them, on another side of the park. He then repaired to his room, hurriedly made some much-needed changes in his damaged attire, sat down and read the confession over again, word by word, with the most sedulous care, and once more sallied forth.

He did not yet know what he should do with the document so providentially conveyed to his hands. His ideas were still in a whirl over this most singular of situations. It was now likely that he would see David Lane; indeed, it was with that object that he had come hither. What should he say to him?

But his thoughts continually mingled together the father and the daughter. He had suffered a grievous wrong, his

life had been marred, his mother and sisters had been bereft of their mainstay and comforter. What punishment did not the perpetrator of all this, the cause of so much suffering, deserve, in spite of his *bizarre* attempt at satisfaction, in spite of his having committed himself to an ideal justice? These had been his gloomy ponderings, at first, as he rode along to town. But now he did not seem a man struggling wholly with bitter resentment. He had permitted himself even a speculative interest. It was all so very long ago, this story. What a strange revelation into the character of David Lane was it not! Was Barclay, then, recreant to the memory of his own dearly loved parent? Ah, no; but at present the sweet affection by which he was held gave to all other opinions and feelings, even this, an exceeding remoteness. No doubt, too, the scenes of devastation and death through which he had passed by the way, and the recent memory of the mighty force of nature, so dwarfing to all sublunary things, had their effect upon his state of mind.

He directed himself towards the overthrown *Golden Justice*, in which he had held so tremendous a stake. His interest in it was now fully accounted for, above and beyond all past explanations. He descried David Lane pursuing his wistful search, and quickly divined its object. The latter, raising his head at the sound of approaching footsteps, suddenly discovered in his presence the one man of all others who should have been far from him at such a time, — the man with whom fate had brought him into such astounding relations. Surely, however, it was but a coincidence at best. It would be too miraculous to suppose that Barclay had already become possessed of his secret. It would come, no doubt, but not so directly as this. For the time being, and until the blow should fall, this visitor might be regarded like any other, in whose eyes he, the mayor, was still the honored citi-

zen, the figure of unimpeached standing, the model of probity and integrity. He thought that the younger man would recall only the match with his daughter, to which the pair were awaiting his consent. Alack! his consent or his refusal,—what did it matter now? All honorable proceedings in the world were henceforth to take place without him.

"It has been a terrible day," he said, to make talk, not daring to evade this new-comer as he had the others, "but the worst is surely over."

"You have lost something? You seem to be searching," began Paul Barclay, in a vibrating voice.

"I searching? I have lost — Oh, no," stammered the other. "There are many articles of value scattered about, but, but — one has not time for that as yet. I have much to do. I was examining the state in which the city hall was left. The damage is not extreme. It is nothing like so great as I had expected. It might have been much worse."

Still his eyes involuntarily sought the ground, over which they wandered, at moments, with such a feverish energy as if they would have burned the spot on which they rested.

Barclay paused. The gaze which he fixed upon the averted head of the man before him was full of commiseration.

"She came down, as my weather-prophet predicted she would," he said, as they stood together beside the fallen *Golden Justice*.

Schwartzmann and Ives Wilson were still to be heard, at the further end of the inclosure, continuing their argument.

"You don't suppose anybody has been cutting up the image, for the value of the metal, since the storm, or climbed up there to do it before?" demanded Wilson.

"Well, no, it is n't very likely."

"The way of it was this," went on the editor. "The opening was made and the brace broken by the lightning

beforehand. That let in the wind, and gave it its powerful purchase inside the figure. If it had n't been weakened by the cutting of the brace, it would n't have come down at all. It stands to reason. You can see for yourself. Notice how that light cupola stood it, if you don't think so."

Barclay's vision of the night — the man, with a ladder, crouched against the pedestal in the fitful flashes of the storm — once more came before him. He could no longer doubt that it was real. David Lane, too, had heard the words. His very effort to escape, and that alone, had brought the image down.

"I don't believe it was ever done by lightning," persisted Schwartzmann.

Upon this the two walked away, disappearing through a gap in the *chevaux-de-frise*, at the other end of the unwieldy bulk, where they had been posted.

"I must go and look after my — my house. I have not been near it yet," said the mayor, apologizing for a move as if towards withdrawal. He had roused himself from his preoccupation, and perhaps really harbored some such intention. But with what front was he to present himself again at his home? Would that he had died, rather, by the fury of the hurricane!

"Your daughter is safe and well," said Paul Barclay.

"She is safe? You have seen her?"

"Yes, I have but just left her. She has met with no harm."

"Thank God for that!"

There could be no doubt of the fatherly interest that spoke in such a voice. He still continued, however, his movement to withdraw. He pleaded, also, public duties that would soon demand his attention. Barclay watched him depart a few steps; then, reluctantly, —

"I spoke of a loss. What if I had found the object of your search?"

"A loss?" said the mayor, turning sharply. "Have I not said" —

But his glance, which had risen to

meet that of Barclay, discovered something stern and mysterious there. It fell again before it, and he left the sentence unfinished.

"Give yourself no further concern for its destination. I have found it," said the younger man.

"Oh, no, you have not found that for which *I* was looking. It may be so later, but not yet, not yet. You speak of other things."

"Shall I describe it to you? Was it not a certain document which had been sealed up in this dismantled statue? Was it not indorsed in a most legible hand, The Confession of a Repentant Man?"

"God! *You* have found it? You know all?" cried the mayor, with a shudder of indescribable anguish and dismay.

"Was it called further, A True Account of the Connection of David Lane with the Disaster at the Chippewa Street Bridge, and the Deaths of Christopher Barclay and Stanislaus Zelinsky?"

"How can it be possible that it has come into your hands, — you who should have been the last in the world" —

Barclay silently drew forth the paper, and extended it towards the other, for the conviction which the sight of it must overwhelmingly produce. The character and superscription were plainly visible.

David Lane fixed his eyes upon it with a pitiful intensity. Then he opened wide his hands, with an involuntary gesture of self-abasement and overthrow.

"What will you do with me?" he asked simply.

It is not the habit of Anglo-Saxons, trained to abhorrence of "scenes," to express emotion in the melodramatic way. When something important is in progress, they do not necessarily saw the air, nor violently contort their bodies. An impassiveness of manner even may take the place of demonstrativeness. The voice, instead of being raised, is as likely to be sunk yet lower than usual.

So any spectators who might have looked on would by no means have divined the tragic nature of the interview in progress between the two men. Flushings and paleness would not be repressed, it is true, and there were crispation of the hands, and some subtle penetrating tones that seemed to vibrate from the very inmost strings of being; but, for the most part, they faced each other, and talked with apparent calm of the momentous situation in which they found themselves involved. David Lane, indeed, broken by his previous labors and terrors, had small force remaining for effort of any kind.

Paul Barclay did not directly reply to the question last put to him, nor as yet exhibit his purpose. He led on his interlocutor to speak of the history of the affair.

"You have made some attempts to relieve yourself of this heavy burden?" he finally asked. There was a definite significance in his words, and yet he was hardly prepared, even now, to hear so complete a corroboration of his vision as that laid before him in reply.

"Yes, last night I endeavored to recover the confession. I climbed to the dome, and had reached the box, when my forces failed me. But for the wind and rain I should have succeeded. I made the opening and cut the brace of which those men were speaking."

"I knew it."

"How could you possibly have known it?"

"I was awake, and, from my window, saw a man on the dome. I learned that you had passed the night at the city hall, and I found the paper. Then all was explained."

"I should have gone back and finished the work to-night," said the mayor mournfully. "With the paper once more in my own hands, I should have been free. It would have been better for all of us. But Providence willed otherwise."

"And had you made no efforts of the same kind before?"

"Never. There had never been the same overpowering stimulus, nor had there been an opportunity. But at last I could endure no more. It was for this alone I became mayor. In no other way could I have remained in the city hall by night without awakening suspicion."

This was yet a new revelation to Barclay. The involvement in the affair of the destinies of a great city and its inhabitants, the struggles and uncertainties of the political contest through which they had just passed, gave to it an enlarged and more dignified aspect. It took the air of some strange epic, with vast ramifications, centring round the fortunes of himself, David Lane, and Mrs. Varemberg. He saw David Lane, broken with age and infirmities as he had never been broken before, bowed in humiliation before him, the younger man. The pathos of such a situation, the recollection of what the labors of the past night must have been, and the thought of the many and varied tortures, even if deserved, of all the years gone by combined with his affection to sweep away from his heart the last lingering traces of resentment. Even the crime itself seemed to him the unreasonable act of one, for the time being, of some weaker, less responsible order of humanity. He was all ready to say, —

"It is the motive that is to be judged, and not the consequence. Surely you have suffered enough." But before he could open his mouth to this purport, David Lane anticipated him, with, —

"I await your orders. You will exact ample expiation: it is your due."

"Yes, I shall exact ample expiation."

"I am ready. I shall make no complaint at whatever you please to demand," rejoined David Lane, with a melancholy smile.

"Give me, then, your daughter's hand

in marriage!" exclaimed the young man passionately.

"My daughter's hand? You can still demand her?" returned the other, with a wholly astounded air. Was this the punishment for which he had sullenly braced himself? "You do not hate us unutterably? You do not let this weigh with you?"

"There has never been a moment from the first when this wretched secret would have weighed with me. Oh, why did you not make it known? I loved her more than life, more than family, more than any and all other interests whatever. There has never been a moment, if the guilt were a hundred fold worse, when it could have diminished my loving regard for her, or induced me to bring discredit upon one whose fair fame and standing were bound up in hers. If you would have been really safe, why did you not tell me? It was that way most of all that safety lay."

"Believe me, it was not my own safety I consulted," protested the mayor, with tearful earnestness. "Ah, what a lamentable error! Each successive step of it led to the next. I thought it a matter of conscientious duty to keep you apart. Believe me, it was but a misguided desire for your welfare and hers that prompted it. I dreaded what would happen when you should one day come to know, and found yourself indissolubly bound to poor Florence."

"Let us talk of it no more. Come, let us go to her," said Barclay, persuasively, passing his arm through that of David Lane. It is doubtful if the elder man could have sustained himself on his feet, so weak had he grown, or even risen from his seat, without this aid. He let himself be taken possession of, and even went on a little way in this fashion; but then, all at once, he demurred, and drew back with horror.

"No," he said, "I cannot go, I cannot meet her. She was the dearest in the world to me, and I sacrificed her

health and her happiness. My treatment of her was infamous. How shall I face the scorn and bitterness of my daughter when she knows the kind of a father I have been to her?"

"She knows nothing, and never shall know," said Barclay, and his manner had the solemnity of that of one registering a vow. "I had already thought it all over. It is best for her own peace of mind and happiness, best on every account, that no word of this should ever be spoken to her."

"But how can it be, if others — if justice — surely — do you mean that the paper will not be given to — will not be disclosed to the public?" exclaimed David Lane, gasping and confounded at the possibility of so amazing a consummation.

For his sole reply, Paul Barclay slowly began to tear the confession into fragments, and scatter them about him.

David Lane grasped his hand with the warmth of excessive gratitude.

"It is your secret and mine," said Barclay; "let it rest forever with us alone. It seems that you have suffered as much as we. Justice must be satisfied. Let Florence Lane be the bond of forgiveness and union between us."

"Oh!" cried the other abjectly, "for this I will be your slave. I will do whatever you wish."

At that moment, Mrs. Varemberg herself was seen approaching, from a conveyance that had stopped at the curbstone. She came on with a light, gliding tread, very quick and elastic for her. She had paused at home only long enough to throw over her tempest-tossed attire the first enveloping mantle found at hand, an ample gray wrap, and to add to this a gray Tyrolean hat with a white wing in it. The gray, with the dash of white, gave her, in the gathering dusk of evening, — such a fleeting fancy passed through the mind of Barclay, — the suggestion of a lonely heron visiting some haunted spring.

The site was that, by the fountain, where Barclay had once called her the princess of the pearls and diamonds. As she drew near, he was scattering to the winds the last fragments of the destroyed confession. David Lane precipitated himself upon the hand that did this, and pressed it to his lips in a fervor of reverent gratitude.

"I will be your humble slave forever," he said. "Henceforth I will be and do whatever you shall command."

Tears of joy filled his eyes, at the thought that he was not to be disgraced in the sight of his daughter.

Mrs. Varemberg saw that something of no common import had taken place between the two men. Nor did it seem to be of an unfriendly nature.

"You are safe, you are not harmed?" she cried, addressing her father in a voice full of anxious affection. The Radbrooks had broken their harness in driving to town, and she had been delayed; but on arriving at home and finding her father not there, she had hastened at once to seek him.

There was still a certain constraint in the manner in which he received her, but her lover came to her, and took her tenderly in his arms. It was done openly, in the presence of the other. There was no need of concealment, then, no opposition any longer?

"Our troubles are over, my darling," said Barclay, in answer to her wondering looks. "You are to be mine. The last obstacles have vanished."

"You are friends?" she exclaimed, looking from one to the other, while prayers of gratitude welled up from her heart. "You are reconciled?"

"Yes, we are friends. Let us speak no more of it; there have been troubles enough in this tragic day — And yet our happiness, dearest, has sprung out of the very midst of them."

He drew her a little nearer to her father, who took one of her hands also, so that they were all three united.

"We had misunderstood each other, — that is all," said David Lane, embarrassed, offering the only explanation of the past that was given.

"Ah yes, you had misunderstood each other," she murmured, glad of any consummation that had ended it all, and oblivious as yet of details.

"That will happen, even where intentions are of the best," Barclay hastened to add, with all his cheerfulness; "and, once begun, such things are often hard to set right. But luckily it is all over, and now we are going to be as happy as we can, all three together. Tornado or no tornado, this will always be the most blissful day of my life."

Nor had Mrs. Varemberg's spirits wholly deserted her. She soon began to examine with interest the fallen statue which lay in the midst of them, the subject and basis of their conference. "One can no longer exclaim, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians,'" she said, quoting lightly, "but rather, 'Her magnificence is destroyed whom all Asia and the world worshipped.'"

"Not so; she is in an excellent state to set up again, — better than ever," rejoined Barclay. "We have just heard Schwartzmann say so."

"Well, I do not find myself too beautiful on so mammoth a scale. Thirty-six feet of loveliness all at once is rather paralyzing. I feel as if I saw myself distorted in a vast magnifying mirror."

"For my part," said Barclay gallantly, "I could find it in my heart to be in love with her were she a hundred times as big. There never can be too much of even the poorest imitation of so sweet a model."

The fair, helmeted features did not seem to indicate, even in their fall, broken hopes or gloomy prospects. They smiled up a definite reassurance, instead. It was as if the trio consulted some beautiful sphinx, who foretold for them yet a prosperous destiny.

People now began to come and seek

them, and invade the stockade, which had hitherto screened their interview in privacy. The mayor was in demand to put himself at the head of affairs. Urgent measures of relief were necessary. Loss of life and tragic devastation had taken place in many quarters of the city, particularly, perhaps, on the outskirts, and messengers were now beginning to arrive from those districts in hot haste, with pressing appeals for aid.

Mrs. Varemberg seemed aroused most keenly to the duties of the hour, all but forgotten for the moment in the engrossment with their own affairs. "We will go with you," she said to her father. "We will celebrate our new-found happiness by doing something for these sufferers around us. We will help you. You must make us your lieutenants."

All three went to the mayor's office. There were ambulances to be sent forth, ruins to be cleared away, food, clothing, and shelter to be provided. Medicines and surgery were needed for the injured, and decorous burial for the slain. David Lane, in his enfeebled condition of mind and body, would never have been equal, unaided, to the heavy responsibilities thus suddenly thrust upon him. It was really Barclay who assumed the heat and burden of the day, while Mrs. Varemberg, up to the furthest limit of her strength, acted as private secretary, full of sympathy and resource. And all opened their purses liberally as well as their hearts.

In considerate labors like these their new existence began. It was not a question of the toil of one night or one day alone, but of several. Such terror had been struck by the tornado that many of the people anxiously watched every passing cloud and puff of air, and sat up at night, ready dressed and with lanterns burning, dreading a return of its devastations. The excitements of such a time already took something away from the sharpness and vividness of the troubles of our friends. Their

future at once commenced to blend imperceptibly with their past. It is a rapidly moving world, that does not stop long in amazement before any crises, even the most stupendous, nor in wondering at any individual fortunes. And so, in their own consciousness, as in the actual fact, their fate began to be woven again into the general pattern, from which it had a little departed. Or rather only departed in seeming; for if we pick up a portion of the web, and screen our eyes momentarily from the rest, it is not that we have discovered a separate and complete pattern, but that we may see by this close inspection the strangeness and richness of the design we call life, in all its parts, and thus perhaps come to the better understanding of the whole.

Shall it be told here, or is it best only inferred, that Paul Barclay went on in the career of enlightened political usefulness he had marked out for himself? He rebuilt his factory, and incorporated into it all his original favorite ideas, so that its fame spread far and wide. His popularity, obtained by his able and sympathetic efforts in relieving the suffering caused by hurricane, soon made him the mayor of the city in his turn. He next served in legislative bodies, by degrees approaching the highest. It was thought that few were better equipped than he, by reason of his sound reading and excellent judgment, or few more desirous, through his good heart and progressive views, to play a useful part in all current industrial questions that fell within his sphere. He, would seem, too, one of those to whom the country might best turn as a resource in the greater economic problems of the times, the vast conflicts of capital and labor, the antagonisms of social classes even with arms in their hands that loom on the horizon, as a threat to free institutions and even to civilization.

And as to Florence Barclay, the Mrs. Varemberg and Florence Lane that had

been, if ever combatant in the rude battle of life had tender nurse to bind up his wounds, if ever philanthropist and rising public man had worthy consort to grace his home, and win to his measures yet more ready support by the engaging charm of her presence, surely it was Paul Barclay, in the sweet model of the *Golden Justice*, which came to be set up, to gleam once more as the symbol of impartial right, over Keewaydin.

The new relation that sprang up between Paul Barclay and David Lane was a strange one. There was now manifest as warm regard as there had once been hostility and estrangement. The mayor's daughter was greatly touched by it, and with an innocent self-complacency ascribed it solely to her own influence; her heart swelled with gratitude at the thought that the affection of both for her had brought them thus together, and joined them in bonds of enduring amity.

By no word or implication of the younger man's was the secret ever referred to, though David Lane, in the earlier days, would often have fallen into his self-accusing spirit, and renewed the expression of his remorse. Paul Barclay would have none of it, but put down, with a friendly insistence, all painful recollections from the past.

Thus the reunited household lived in an atmosphere of perfect harmony and peace. But David Lane did not long survive, to enjoy this seemingly blissful condition of affairs. He was gnawed within by his self-abasement and repentance, and perhaps but suffered the more for the forced suppression of them. Within two years he passed away from their midst, leaving to his daughter the sincerest regret, unalloyed by any stigma upon his memory.

At the beginning of her married life, she had asked her husband, it is true, "How was it that our happiness rose out of the very calamities of that day?" But

Barclay had put her off with a careless manner, and as often as the subject was referred to made use of that kind prevarication of which perhaps the recording angel makes his lightest notes. He let it appear that there had never been any real difference between her father and himself, save some bickerings by reason of differing ages and temperaments, and possibly now and then an unfortunate manner on both sides. He thought he had imagined much of it; and that he had not been happy in his way of proposing for her hand, in the first place. The tragic experience of the tornado had naturally made their quarrel seem petty, and reconciliation

had been easy when it chanced that opportunity offered. With this, the topic was dropped out of sight, and soon well-nigh wholly forgotten.

It was only after long years had rolled by, and all possibility of shock or pain had departed from the story, that Paul Barclay at last disclosed it to the wife of his bosom. He could not bear to be permanently separated from her, united as they were in the most perfect confidence in every other way, even by so pardonable a reticence. They sat by the monument of David Lane in the grass-grown cemetery, and the listener's tears flowed as if at some far-off, pensive, fanciful tale.

William Henry Bishop.

MADONNA PIA.

Ricordati di me, che son la Pia.
Siena mi fe; disfecemi Maremma:
Salsi colui, che, inanellata pria,
Disposato m' avea colla sua gemma.

Purgatorio, Canto V.

To westward lies the unseen sea,
Blue sea the live winds wander o'er.
The many-colored sails can flee,
And leave the dead, low-lying shore.
Her longing does not seek the main,
Her face turns northward first at morn;
There, crowning all the wide champaign,
Siena stood, where she was born.

Siena stands, and still shall stand;
She ne'er shall see or town or tower.
Warm life and beauty, hand in hand,
Steal farther from her hour by hour.
Yet forth she leans, with trembling knees,
And northward will she stare and stare
Through that thick wall of cypress-trees,
And sigh adown the stirless air:

"Shall no remembrance in Siena linger
Of me, once fair, whom slow Maremma slays?
As well he knows, whose ring upon my finger
Hath sealed for his alone mine earthly days!"

From wilds where shudders through the weeds
The dull, mean-headed, silent snake,
Like voiceless doubt that creeps and breeds;
From swamps where sluggish waters take,
As lives unblest a passing love,
The flag-flower's image in the spring,
Or seem, when flits the bird above,
To stir within with shadowed wing,

A Presence mounts in pallid mist
To fold her close: she breathes its breath;
She waxes wan, by Fever kissed,
Who weds her for his master, Death.
Aside are set her dimmed hopes all,
She counts no more the uncurrent hoard;
On gray Death's neck she fain would fall,
To own him for her proper lord.

She minds the journey here by night:
When some red sudden torch would blaze,
She saw by fits, with childish fright,
The cork-trees twist beside the ways.
Like dancing demon shapes they showed,
With malice drunk; the bat beat by,
The owlet sobbed; on, on they rode,
She knew not where, she knows not why.

For Nello, — when in piteous wise
She lifted up her look to ask,
Except the ever-burning eyes
His face was like a marble mask.
And so it always meets her now;
The tomb wherein at last he lies
Shall bear such carven lips and brow,
All save the ever-burning eyes.

Perchance it is his form alone
Doth stroke his hound, at meat doth sit,
And, for the soul that was his own,
A fiend awhile inhabits it;
While he sinks through the fiery throng,
Down, down, to fill an evil bond,
Since false conceit of others' wrong
Hath wrought him to a sin beyond.

But she, — if when her years were glad
Vain, fluttering thoughts were hers, that hid
Behind that gracious fame she had;
If e'er observance hard she did

That sinful men might call her saint, —
 White-handed Pia, dovelike-eyed, —
 The sick blank hours shall yet acquaint
 Her heart with all her blameful pride.

And Death shall find her kneeling low,
 And lift her to the porphyry stair,
 And she from ledge to ledge shall go,
 Stayed by the staff of that last prayer,
 Until the high, sweet-singing wood
 Whence folk are rapt to heaven, she win;
 Therein the unpardoned never stood,
 Nor may one Sorrow nest therein.

But through the Tuscan land shall beat
 Her Sorrow, like a wounded bird;
 And if her suit at Mary's feet
 Avail, its moan shall yet be heard
 By some just poet, who shall shed,
 Whate'er the theme that leads his rhyme,
 Bright words like tears above her, dead,
 Entreating of the after-time:

"Among you let her mournful memory linger!
 Siena bare her, whom Maremma slew;
 And that dark lord, who gave her maiden finger
 His ancient gem, the secret only knew."

Helen Gray Cone.

THE OBJECT OF A UNIVERSITY.¹

ON a dull morning of the early winter, when the light snow was tracked only by the bell-ringer and watchman, as the morning service at chapel had closed, a group of hurriedly dressed students had entered the recitation room of one of the two universities which our civilization calls venerable. There were some fifty students sitting restlessly on the long benches; the lights burned with the dimness which no art can avoid, against the struggling dawn; the tutor sat alone, in a box high enough to survey the

class. The energy of the whole was pitted against an hour. Each student ran in advance over the page while another recited. The tutor, when each was called, was busy with an estimate of the value of the recitation, of which his book was to give the gauge; or, with the force of habit, marked at a low figure the boys whose dullness had grown familiar, and those singled out for some honor at a higher figure. He was to ascertain how well each could recite. The student had ceased from the study of cer-

¹ An address delivered in 1883 before the Massachusetts Society for the University of Women, Boston. This posthumous publication is without

the benefit of the author's revision and adjustment to the needs of a magazine.

tain subjects for certain ends, and learned to study only to recite. His aim was to accumulate a certain amount of knowledge for immediate use; it was to spend two or three hours, as the phrase went, in a "little cram" for the recitation, and to close at the end of the term with a general "cram" for the examination. For the tutor, it was an inquisition, and not an instruction. The method was one which tested most the freightage of the memory. It often honored dullness; it gave distinction to mechanical habits of thought; it aided no enthusiasm; it discouraged the study of subjects. It looked not out on life, nor beyond the lesson for the day. It made the noblest literature a mere adjunct of the grammar. The tutor was not a teacher. The student was led to one aim, which was to make the best show of the stock of learning he had on hand; and for this he was to conceal his ignorance and take brave risks in showing what he could venture. The tutor was conscientious, and one who watched the motions of his countenance could see how much of the hour was occupied in estimating the relative value of the stock in learning which was displayed. But the three hours of recitation were the best of the day, and for three years afforded almost the only intercourse which the student had with the faculty. The recitation was looked forward to by the student as something better to be avoided, and when closed was regarded with relief as a good riddance. The subject may have been the lofty rhyme of Aischylos, "of tragedy with sceptred pace;" or the story of the building of Rome, which should hold the ear of all the centuries with the soft measures of the Tuscan flute, and invest the periods of archaic history with the noblest moral significance; or the banquet of Plato, with its prophetic voices, containing, as Goethe said of his poem, more than the author knew; or the story of the tragedy of philosophy in

the dying Socrates: yet these served only to illustrate the uses of the grammar, and it was indifferent whether their unity was perceived, though that be the condition of art. There was no effort to give the student a knowledge of the literature which for a whole year should engage him, and still less to give some thought of the spirit and purpose which penetrated it. It was the study of the dead languages.

But again, in later years, it was my fortune once to attend a recitation at another school (kept by women in an old city). It was the early forenoon; the fresh morning hours had been given to undisturbed study. The recitation continued for forty minutes, as the mind could not well stand longer its effort and movement, and it was not to become a strain. There was no pause or diversion. Each passage was translated, each topic was stated by a student, — and this secured the only advantage of the old recitation in cultivating clearness and readiness of statement; but, beyond that, each imperfect statement was supplemented by the more perfect statement of the teacher, each passage was retranslated, each allusion explained, the illustrations of art brought back the spirit of the old literature; and further, each student was free to ask questions of the teacher, and encouraged in showing his own ignorance. It united all the advantages of private tuition and the instruction of a class. There was no thought of measuring the comparative excellence of one scholar against another; the only thought was of the excellence of the work itself, or the excellence of the subject. I came away with the impression that a recitation is one of the fine arts.

I might from my own experience draw the same contrast between books and experiments, and lectures and examinations. It is true that books are not of the first consideration. The text of Aischylos which Milton used

was scant; but who would mind the text and page, if they had Milton to construe Aischylos? So, too, the Eton Latin grammar is a dingy book, written in Latin, not to be rated in a list to-day; but with this book were trained the scholars who gave to Eton College a distinction beyond any school in England. The scholar to-day has an advantage, though we have no Latin grammar to compare with the better English grammars, and no texts so good as the better German texts, with their foot-notes and thumb-marks and varied illustrations.

So I might draw the contrast of a lecture and an examination. There have been few lectures yet in our colleges which have had an enduring influence upon the thought of the people, or even shown adequate appreciation or respect for it. And we have lecturers to compare with those who have crowded the halls of universities in Europe; and there are in none of our universities the avenues which would give admission to those men.

But recitations are followed by examinations. They have the utmost value in the methods of study; they concentrate thought, they open the view of a subject as a whole, they disclose the unity in great ideas. Iteration, also, has a singular power in forming the habits of the mind. These objects should always be considered in an examination, and in the study which is the preparation for it. Examinations should be frequent; they should never be so far apart as not to sustain each other and increase the volume which gathers accumulative force as it moves on. They should not be simply to ascertain how much the student knows: this is one object, though here it is more important to enable the student to measure his own knowledge, and as well his own ignorance. But to have an examination primarily to give a relative rank and degree to the student is to regard the student himself

as the object of experiment. It is, as Dr. McCosh says, the device of the little child who is pulling up his flowers and fumbling at the roots to see if they be growing.

But examinations, besides being frequent, should cover a whole subject, and be both oral and written. I recall an instance when a class in a venerable university was examined through two weeks of summer on the study of two years. It was the inventory of a vast and miscellaneous stock. The writing of the voluminous pages required of the student, as well as the reading of piles of manuscript books by the tutors, imposed too much unprofitable work on the busy world. The effort was followed by a reaction, in which the materials accumulated for use on a single occasion were as quickly dispersed. It is evident that examinations should conform to the subject; and though they may have, for instance, when applied to the *Iliad* or the *Politics* of Aristotle, less of the style of a stated observance, and should be constantly going on, yet it is important that an examination on the *Iliad* should be on each book as a whole, and then on the *Iliad* as a whole. So in geology, it should be in cosmical, in structural, in physiographical geology, for instance, and then in geology as a whole; for we can never know a work of art nor any science unless we learn to contemplate it in its unity and totality, since that alone gives to us in a more or less perfect form an insight into the ideal which is the presupposition of every art and science. The study of isolated sections, often arbitrarily made, is simply the degradation of literature. It can only tend to produce an uncouth habit of mind. But I recall an examination in a book of the higher mathematics, in perhaps the most famous school of engineering and mechanics in Europe, which was brief and oral, where each student was asked only one question, an exercise held perhaps fortnightly; and this was

followed, when the subject was closed, by a written examination of a general character and embracing the whole. It made an examination what every movement in a university should be, a work of intellectual discipline.

But I have thus detained you because a book, a recitation, a lecture, and an examination are the elements which go to the making of every university; and however far it may advance, however vast and splendid its attainment, its value at any period will always depend upon the perfect uses to which it has brought these primary elements.

There is one other element which I will name, which has a physical expression, though more than a physical significance, and that is an atmosphere. The new geology begins with the atmosphere, which is the envelope of the earth, and in which we appear as the fauna and flora in some deeper sea. It is true that the term may apply to any institution, and every form of communal life. But the illustration will serve my thought; it is more than a mere environment; that is presumed, and there cannot be too thoughtful consideration for it, and for all that will aid toward its perfection. There can be no means and uses in nature and art, within human control, which a university should not aim to secure and shape in its more perfect environment. But there is also a spiritual environment, and there is with this an atmosphere. It may be elevating and expanding as the wide and liberal air, or it may be stifling and depressing. I do not know how to define it, or how to say of what elements it is composed; but I know it is formed of light, and to it belong ministries of life; it becomes the source of a subtle strength of character; from it is drawn the sustenance of a more robust life. It does not regard the mind as a figure to be moulded by it, in a certain pattern, to make a good fit for sects and schools and parties, like the idol of the tribe,

but as a power that is to grow, and to grow after its own development, — and for this it brings the amplitude of its own freedom. Hence there is nothing which it so carefully avoids as the pale negations which are indicative of the absence of life, and tend at last to a mere vacuity; but it cherishes all elements that aid toward a larger growth, it tolerates no narrow confines, it welcomes sources of vigor from the four quarters of the globe, and heeds not, though “winds blow south, or winds blow north.” It recognizes the fact that all growth is calm and steady, as it is noiseless and ceaseless; it is, in the poet’s line, “as a star, unhasting and unresting.”

These elements, a book, a recitation, a lecture, an environment, an atmosphere, are never to be lost sight of.

Before I pass to consider the object of the university, it is well to consider briefly its history. This history is the exposition of the more or less perfect realization of the idea of the university. It illustrates, as no mere theory will, the character of the institution and the conditions of its development. It aids toward averting the assumption that an individual can mould and fashion the university wholly after his own design, and without regard to its aim and development in the past; and it shows that this attempt, instead of being an advance toward a larger apprehension and organization of the university, tends to become merely destructive. It implies that there can be no identity or even correspondence between different forms of the university in different towns or lands. It instantly tears down that which has been carefully and slowly built up, until, in the phrase of Shakespeare, “unfenced desolation leaves it as naked as the vulgar air.”

In the ancient world there was no university. There was none in Greece, though it may be said with a certain truth that where Plato taught, or where

Aristotle gathered about him a company of scholars, there was the university; their philosophy had the universal for its end, but it did not conceive of its realization in the life of humanity. Thus in Greece virtues were reserved for heroes. There was no university in Judea, although there was the power of a physical distinction, as a tribe, and in a civilization determined by physical conditions this power may again appear; in Rome, with the inheritance of Grecian thought, rights were not the rights of man, but of station, and so of man for a certain station.

There was not in Judea, nor Greece, nor Rome the recognition of the universal as an end, which, in its physical and historical and spiritual import is the characteristic of the modern world, and is involved in the principle which is the most powerful in modern civilization,—the unity of humanity. It was not until another age that there should come the institution of the university, with its always ampler development, although in it the work of the Hebrew and Greek and Roman was (even in the restoration of its fragments) to have an immortal renown, and to aid toward the attainment of a universal end.

I will not trace the rise and growth of the university in the Middle Ages. There had been schools of law and theology, but these were to train men for a special pursuit. The university can scarcely be dated earlier than the twelfth century. It arose, says Mr. Bain,—and the statement is significant,—“in the separation of philosophy from theology,” and “the foundation was in philosophy.” It is here to be noticed that it had its ground in the recognition of an object which was distinct from any and every special pursuit. The position was won against a specialty which had the oldest and widest claims. The University of Bologna became eminent in jurisprudence, as it yielded to the tendency of the Latin mind. But the University of

Paris taught nothing except philosophy. From this as a centre, universities were organized in the greater towns of Italy and Germany, and at Oxford and Cambridge in England.

I can but briefly present the growth of the university in America. This has increasingly an intimate relation with the university in Europe,—in England, and France, and Germany, where, since the days when Fichte advised the foundation of the University of Berlin as a national institution, it has come to have a higher and ampler development. With the years the inter-communication will become more intimate, but the university in America will not be a copy. It will not be a reproduction of Oxford, or of Jena, or of Paris. Even in each university in America there will be a certain distinct character, and it will have the qualities of individuality. This will come increasingly with its higher organization. Smith will not be like Wellesley, nor Yale like Harvard. And I may add that the university in its higher form illustrates the power of organization. It is slowly attained. A Christian missionary said to me that the missions in the East would have been straitened, and in some instances abandoned, but for the support, in the financial crisis which followed the war, of the women's missionary societies. The women, he said, learned from their work in the Sanitary Commission the power of organization. It gives one a better hope for the world that this power of organization should be born of charity.

With the beginning of the history of the United States, in the colonial age, there was the building of a school for learning. There was the tradition of an education which had another purpose than merely to serve special and private ends. The new Cambridge followed the old Cambridge, as that had sprung from the University of Paris. This was the germ. The first college was not to be merely a school to adapt a certain

number of men to pursue more successfully their private ends and execute their selfish schemes, although, it is true, the first college was founded primarily as a training-school for a single profession; it was a school of theology. This commemorated the piety of its founders; it was the fulfillment of the love which called them. The purpose was carefully guarded, so that the freshmen studied Hebrew and the seniors geography. There was little attention given to the law. The early magistrates of the towns of the United States were few of them lawyers. They were a noble body of men, and they did their work well, but they shared Cromwell's notion of the civil law when he pronounced it "a tortuous and ungodly jungle." They did believe in a righteousness which was at the foundation, and was manifest in the order of human society; hence this, in the simple conditions of life in this early age, may have better served. It was not until a more varied civilization opened before the people that there was adjoined to the faculty of theology that of law and of medicine.

The university, then, was represented as an institution which had in one connection schools of theology, law, and medicine. This was very nearly the reproduction of the notion of the Middle Ages; but then it was found that these schools in local contiguity, existing in the same community, did not constitute a university, and it was sought to form some inter-relation between them which should be more than the institution of separate colleges of law, theology, and medicine on the same street or in the same city, where often they were in an attitude of distrust or indifference each toward the other. There was at the same time arising within the college itself a school with even narrower limits than that of law, or theology, or medicine, — a school of physics, which trained men to be surveyors, or engineers, or

chemists, in the mechanic arts, in architecture, or even in veterinary surgery. These branches of instruction were sometimes formed into a separate school, but often, with a more confident assumption than the older professions, took possession of the college itself. It was conceived that in this there was the more perfect attainment of the object of a university. The studies which jostled each other for their places so confidently brought with them an ethics which was a mere utilitarianism, and a politics which was a mere secularism. Thus the university, with its vast endowments of charity, came to be regarded mainly as an institution which might better train a certain number of men for business. Thus, at last, the conception of the university itself has disappeared, and the isolated schools of law, theology, and medicine are measured against another, — the new-comer with stout shoulders and sturdy tread, though not very far-sighted, who is disposed to identify the horizon with his own vision, and has obtained possession of the university itself. There may be in this certain transient advantages, but there are also more serious defects. It is, in fact, little more than the application of an atomic and mechanical theory to education, and we may come to look back upon this period as not very far from the barbarism of thought.

I pass now from this brief survey of its history to consider the object of the university. Is it for research? Is it for invention and discovery? This has been the object set forth in the most recent theories. There are to be endowments for research. The faculty is to be engaged in the invention of arts and in investigation. It is for experiment. The theory does not go so far as to regard the students themselves as objects of experiment. It does not, in fact, stop to think much about them, in its eager assertion that it has found the true object of the university to be re-

search. Now, the attainment of new truth, the result of some single discovery, is of so great value to the world, it adds so largely to the material progress, and, through the material, to the spiritual progress of the race, that if this could be effected through the organization of any institution it would justify the amplest endowments. But there is an original element in the finest research, the spirit which sets sail for unknown seas, which is more than the investigation of a topic in history or the solution of a problem in mathematics, and this the university may impair as well as encourage. It can rightly only know its value in its fruits, and the university may well be slow to learn the wisdom of Hamlet, "and, therefore, as a stranger give it welcome." But while research may be held as some coign of vantage and is incidental to its object, it is yet not primarily its object. The object of the university here is to instruct the scholar in the best processes and methods; it is to qualify men for research; it is not itself for research. It is to furnish to its students the last and best results in every science; it is to give them the most perfect equipment for the widest research, and then to send them forth. But for the adventure of thought, for invention and discovery, the world is before them. The most that the university can do is to give them the facilities for instruction in every subject which, through the attainment of an ideal unity, can be formulated as a science.

But the university is not the world; it cannot rival the world. It can prepare the student for research, but it is only in limited lines that it can furnish the facilities and field for this. Thus there are certain lines of research which can be conducted only by the state, and can allow no other control. The wider research will increasingly fall under this direction. And the most advanced examples of it in the fields of nature

and history have been apart from the university. The work of Darwin in the study of nature had in its inception — and it may be rightly, as an unfounded hypothesis — the support of no university. The most valuable studies in archæology, in the illustration of the Homeric poems, have been conducted against the theories of every university. The most extensive contribution to the study of Latin has been made in the new Latin dictionary by a scholar who has no connection with any university. If investigation be limited to the laboratory, no university can afford the means which are open in the arts and inventions of the world. There are in no university the means for research in these departments which are found in the shops of Thomas Edison at Menlo Park and the Bessemer steel works, or the offices of the Western Union Telegraph Company; and all the Bessemer steel works are subject to the constant study and experiment of the rare genius of the machinist, whose patents alone give to the works their great value and income. But I do not wish to carry this subject too far. I only desire to enforce the position that the most which a university can do is to bring to the student a process and method to qualify him for research.

It may be concluded, then, that the first object of a university is to educate the scholar, to discipline his mind in those studies which have an ideal end. There is an ideal end in every science. Thus there may be a science where design and thought, what Darwin calls "the provisions of nature," are manifest in their simplest form. There may be, for instance, a science of building a stone-wall; there can be no science of stone-heaps. It follows, then, that the object of the university is not to train men in specialties. This is the work of special schools, and these schools, in various forms, may advantageously be grouped around a university; but they are not

the university, and the end of the university is not attained in any one of these schools separately, nor in several of them, nor all of them together. The university is not to train men in those occupations which represent that which is necessary to subsistence in life, to aid in the production and distribution of that which is required for its material ends, but it is to keep before itself the realization of an ideal, in the larger life and freedom of thought in which man is lifted above necessity. It is the conscious apprehension of this purpose that alone enables men to become the leaders of society. The university is to train, not the helots of society, but the captains.

There is thus one study which is distinctively to be recognized in a university, and that is the study of human society, sociology, — the study of social institutions and laws and relations. This is illustrated in the noblest literature. The poems of Homer are of the utmost value for the study of archaic society. The plays of Shakespeare are of the highest use, not only in their profound apprehension of the laws which are at the foundation of society, but in the lessons we may learn from them of our relations to our neighbors. It is in human society that humanity attains the conscious recognition of a universal end, and therefore it becomes distinctively the study of the university. For society does not exist simply as a physical organism. It is this, and so much is ascertained and defined in the economy which deals with wants, with physical necessities, and with the organization of society for production and exchange. But it is also an ethical and a spiritual organism. Thus Homer and Shakespeare in their larger realism apprehend it, and only thus can the poets give to us any representation of it. A society in Leipsic recently offered a prize for an essay On those Ethical Conditions which are beyond Question in Human

Society. But there is one condition which is beyond question, and that is that the ethical is inalienable; without it society will fall to pieces.

There has been, it is to be noticed here, a change in the theory of evolution, which already has a history. At the outset, it was simply the evolution of force, in lines of necessity, and this was to determine economic and social conditions. To those who intimated that this was hard, the reply was that they were sentimental or idealistic. But latterly evolution has come to have a conception of an evolution of character, and of moral ideals, and through a moral organism, and in this human society is formed.

Again, the object of the university is the scholars. It is all adrift if it does not keep this constantly in view. There may be, with the increase of endowments, an imposing character and influence, but it will not go well if the scholars who are gathered to the university are not made to recognize the fact that it is for them. Vast and splendid, as we come to think of them, are the resources of Nature, — her endowments in the crystals that fill her caverns and the gold that veins her hills, in the trees that grow in limitless forests, the flowers and grasses of meadowlands; but Nature takes her foster-child, and from the first, in the reflective spirit of childhood itself, is saying to him, "All things are yours." And from Nature, that seems to distrust sometimes the pedagogue, and does not respect him, the university may learn a lesson. The young scholar comes up from the country, where haply his early years have passed in that undisturbed growth in which, through the association with simple imagery, repose brings strength. The years upon the farm and the onlooking life of study in the village are closed as he is ushered into the university. There, the long and elaborate list of studies does not impress him very greatly. He

is sure that he will come to know them, more or less; he is sure that in geology there is nothing beyond the tilt of the rocks and the scarred cliffs that mark the line of the rivers and the trend of the hills at home; he is sure that botany can add no lustre to the flowers he gathered for some young girl with whom he walked through the meadows. He knows that he can read no poet whose measures are softer than are those of Virgil; he knows that in the humor, the tragedy, the life, the infinite variety, in the figures that come to him like the catastrophe in the old comedy, there is a subtle power which no grammarian can interpret. But apart from the list of studies which he is to pursue and the books he is to read, there is the university itself. He is awed as he gazes upon the long line of buildings, and passes through the spacious halls, or looks upon the storied wealth of the library or the museum. The affectation of familiarity or indifference which is often attractive to him, and constantly betrays itself, does not conceal his ignorance nor his admiration; so that it may be long before he learns that simple truth which was the characteristic of Abraham Lincoln, who of all things could not endure that one should ever think he knew what he did not know. But the young scholar is impressed alike by the imposing buildings and the eminent men, representing so high attainment; he is awed by all the elements which have given to the university its renown; he is often overborne by it. It comes in its vast organization to be regarded as a weight upon him, and not as existing to furnish stepping-stones for his advance. He is buried under it, and as with some living form imbedded in the rocks, it does not matter much how massive are the strata over it, or how imposing are the names they bear. So, it may be, not until his college course is nearly gone, that the young scholar comes to know, as he counts the time passed, that

the university exists for him and his uses. It may be slowly that he learns that Harvard, for instance, exists for him, rather than he for Harvard. I recall a university which counts its library amongst its advantages; but it has no directory to indicate the special excellences of its books. No effort is made to encourage or instruct any student in its uses. The faculty avail themselves of it, and are subject to no rule in its use, "only to take as many books as they want, and keep them as long." But the students come and go, while its costly possessions are known only to a few, although one of the constant aims of a university should be to teach a student how to use books and museums and libraries: these are his tools.

So, one of the first objects of the university is to enable the young scholar to know that the university is for the scholars, and not the scholars for the university. But it is slowly that we learn the law of human uses which pervades the highest forms. The institutions which are necessary to order and freedom have their fulfillment only in the order and freedom of man. The world has not known, the world will not know, an historical line and precedent so imposing as that which formed the ancient Temple; however, there was One who without concern, said, in looking on it, "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." It was the witness that human society is the enduring temple.

I will notice now, as they give us the advantage of a side-light, some more obvious defects in the American university. The first is that its methods have been those of an abstract system, without adaptation to the conditions of life, and therefore have allowed neither breadth nor freedom. It has presumed an evolution, but through mechanical, and not vital, forces. Thus, the sentences to be construed as examples in

an English school-book are fresh and interesting, when those in an American book are dry, — like the abstract laws in ethics or obvious remarks. So, the not verbose but stiff and forbidding character of the American books for the higher forms has been a constant subject of criticism by English writers. The brave architect who built the new college of science at Oxford filled the wide panel over the main doorway with the figures of owls and apes and parrots; it conveys a lesson never to be lost sight of.

The question is often discussed as to whether it would have been better had Shakespeare gone to the university. If it had been to spend four years with the study and construction of merely formal propositions and abstract systems, if it had been to spend four years with pedants, certainly not. If it had been to forget for one moment that real life is the great school, if it had been to overlook the fact that life is the book which we are to learn to read, certainly not. It would have been no gain to one who of his own education said, —

“In Nature’s infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.”

But we are coming to recognize that Shakespeare did not abide with ignorance; that he laid every department of thought in his own age under contribution for his own work. He learned his art by the light of the stage lamps; but in politics, in law, in history (and eminently in the history of his own country) were the subjects of his study; and then in his profound ethical spirit there was that ardent patriotism, which every university as it becomes national will cherish, which left him bereft by no weak cosmopolitanism, and was to find profound expression in those impassioned words which the pale abstractions and economic theories in politics wholly eliminate: —

“This little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea;

This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England;
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.”

For to talk about a national university is easy; to assume that it is national because it is located in a certain geographical position, that it is made national by noting the points of the compass, is easy; but to be a national university, — that is difficult. It will be only as it is pervaded by a national spirit, and by its duties and obligations, and only so does it come to have in its life and purpose a universal aim.

Here again is the evidence that a university is not to train men for specialties, equipping each for greater success in the pursuit of his own private end in life, but it is to train men in those studies which bring before them the universal end. Thus it becomes a school in politics, and the true order and foundation of the family and the nation are subjects which it can avoid only as it fails of its own conscious aim and end, for they are involved in the ethical life of society.

There is another defect which I will name, — and it needs only to be named: it is the tendency to conform to the fashion in thought. It is simply to adopt what is going. It is the new book and the new hypothesis, not yet even formulated as a theory. This excludes that which has been tested and already come to have a permanent value. The young scholar grows restless. He is led to read the last new book, the last new poet. The editor of a university magazine told me that the larger number of papers offered for publication were on the prose writings of Arnold and the poetry of Morris and Rossetti; not the prose of Milton, nor the poetry of Spenser, or Wordsworth, or Shelley. In the lecture room the student is engaged with new and improved theories. It is true that every age must write its own books and will have its own theories, but the first object of the univer-

sity is to engage the student with the best books, and the knowledge of those principles which are to be held against all theories. The university which is swayed and moved by the latest fashion of thought in literature or history, or ethics or politics, need not complain of the restlessness of the age, nor that it is so agitated by the tumult of politics as to have no time to study the principles of politics.

Another defect, never to be wholly overcome, appears in the failure adequately and constantly to recognize moral ideals. I do not mean that it is servile towards social distinctions, or allows them to be recognized and perpetuated in the university, nor that it is obsequious; but it should offer constantly the excellence of moral ideals, the excellence of truth and beauty. These should be maintained in their austerity. There is thus an ascetic element in all true methods of education. The ideals of truth and the moral excellence which it involves should be so strongly asserted that all social distinction which is based upon the circumstance of life would come to be held in indifference in comparison with them.

There is still another defect in the fact that the distinctions are often founded in a low conception of human nature. There is a constant appeal to emulation. There are certain relative positions in rank, described by the formal notions of rhetoric of some ancient grammarian, as orations, dissertations, or colloquies, and grades corresponding to those. But, to borrow a phrase from the arena, the neck-and-neck race of certain contestants through a course of four years is often a weak and pitiful exhibition, and not always justified by its results in actual life. It is singular that a scholar so observant as Mr. Spencer should have found the one subject for warning, in his study of the intellectual life of this country, in the tendency to overwork. But it is not restricted to mature life,

and is a danger to be guarded against in schools and universities, with their eager ambition; in the long run it becomes a hindrance to the best work and the largest intellectual development. That the tendency to overwork is confined to a small section does not diminish the danger. So it is confined in the world, and in the university it is aggravated by the fact that often the work through these years is done within the limits of a mechanical system, which allows no elective action. There should be the means of instruction in every science, and when thought, through its application to facts, is formulated into a science, then to exclude it impairs in that measure the scope and fullness of a university. Its work is imperfectly done; but the object still is discipline, and not the mere acquisition of information. It is not the mere accumulation of facts in learning, gathering them as so many pumpkins are gathered into a cart, but it is the discipline of the mind, so that it will concentrate as in a crystal its clear light upon any subject.

The university in this representation becomes not more restricted, but larger in its scope. It is not itself to educate men for specialties, but it should aim to group about it schools of instruction in the various arts and professions: in theology and medicine and law, in mechanics, in architecture, in agriculture, in music, in sculpture, in painting, and in teaching and journalism, two professions which I name for their wide influence. To call them pedagogy and newspaper writing only illustrates the singular lack in the creative power of words in modern thought. But the university itself is not to be identified with any one of these schools, and the one rule which is to determine their institution is a strictly practical one: it is the measure in which they meet human wants and human uses. It is vain to found the most splendid school of agriculture, if there are not students who can make its uses service-

able, or if the farm shall be the better school; to found the most complete school of trade and mechanics, when these can be better acquired on the exchange or in the shop. The law is simply practical; and these schools may gather around the university. They are not to trespass on it, nor to subvert it to their ends. They should be sustained and cherished by it; and here also — and it is a rule of the first moment — it should give its chief aid to education in those pursuits which do not pay in proportion to their importance. Thus, it should foster the study of the school of architecture, of music, of sculpture. It should foster especially a study like astronomy. It was Comte who regretted the invention of the telescope, since it diverted the attention from the earth; but it is interesting to notice how the world has been circled, by the governments of the world, to watch the transit of Venus, though the knowledge thus acquired could not affect the legislation of any congress, in any country.

But these schools, as I have said, do not, though they serve the uses and the arts of men, constitute the university.

The university is to train men in that larger freedom which will enable them to apprehend in all thought the universal end. It will cherish the names of eminence on its rolls, but they will have been trained in a culture too large to bear the imprint of a distinctive type. There will be no signature by which a graduate of one or another can be recognized. There are no patents in thought. There are, for truth, no trade-marks; as an old writer said, "Buy the truth, and sell it not." Thus, we do not care to ask at what university Chief-Justice Marshall graduated, — the first lawyer of the modern world, who, if it had been lost, out of his own thought might have rewritten the Magna Charta; and who can discover, by reading those marvelous romances, at what university Hawthorne was a graduate? The question here

arises, What is the relation of the education of the university to genius? It cannot produce genius, but it will respect it. It will allow no method which is alien to it. It will cherish and study its works, and strive to bring its scholars into their spirit and aim. While it has been given to no one man of genius, in his highest products, to represent humanity, his attainment is in the measure in which he advances toward that; and the study of the work of genius is consonant with the university. For there is no power so typical of our common humanity as genius. The charm in Shakespeare is that he knows common men and their lives; and genius is of the *gens*. It is the flower which has grown in better soil and been fed by ampler air, but of the same stock. It is this flower of humanity which alone discloses to us the genius itself.

One other question meets us here, though the answer has been already indicated, — as to the scope of the university. Is it to be solely the education of the intellect? It is to be this, primarily; this is to be involved in all its methods and aims. But it cannot, if it would, be this exclusively. We are done with the old analytic notions of the mind. There has followed a synthetic representation which alone is true. While the aim is the education of the intellect, there is also to be in connection with this the education of the affections and the education of the will. I do not mean that education is built on emotion; better on principles. But the intellect is impaired by weak will and disturbed emotion. Hamlet was a scholar. There was infirmity of purpose. They say it was Ophelia's fault. When Hamlet turned to her for sympathy and its marvelous support, she failed. But then, with her the mind, as Shakespeare shows us, was overborne, and education should bring the whole into harmonious action. The intellect is impaired and the best results in its activity prevented by in-

firmity of purpose and every defect of will; education is for life, and life itself is the great school, and as it is formed in the relations of the family and the nation, in all education there is to be the recognition of these relations.

Let me throw together some illustrations of these defects: one of pure and one of applied science, one of political tradition and one of political evolution.

Take in speculative thought the study of Aristotle, the one name which was to become most closely connected with the history of the university, and whose writings held its prophecy: the history itself is interesting, the way in which in one age he has been the teacher of the university, and in another his domination has been overthrown. But Dante calls him "the master of those that know," and Bain says "he has been the educator of all Europe." He is the eternal school-master. The one man who in the ancient world came nearest to the training of the university was his great scholar, Alexander, who traveled with a copy of the *Iliad* as his companion, and pursued research, and filled notebooks with the memoranda of science. But from Aristotle we have yet to learn. While some of his distinctions have served to confuse thought, others are of inestimable worth. The mere history of the intellectual development of Europe cannot be read without him. There is facility for the study of this master now in every university in Germany. Oxford, within recent years, has published three or four good books upon him. But every scholar knows that the study of Aristotle has not passed far beyond the work of the grammarian in any American university.

Take, again, in practical thought, the study of architecture. No people, within the same period, ever built so many buildings and with so good material as our own people; but we have had no school of architecture. The characteristic of our architecture has been the destitution of

thought; and while some of our university buildings are excellent, the most are those by which one does not care to stay long. But a thorough course in Aristotle, or a school of architecture, cannot be founded at once. The architect, however, may learn from Aristotle that thought is a virtue, and ignorance wastes the wealth of Ormus or of Ind at barbaric cost.

Look at the study of political tradition. No people have ever had so noble a political tradition. The distinction of the civil corporation and the nation, the transition from a confederate to a national principle, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States are so great. Mr. Gladstone has said, "The Constitution is the greatest work ever produced, at one time, by the mind of man." But, at the beginning of the war for the Union, the text-book most used was that of Mill, with his negative notions of liberty. So, again, perhaps, the most original mind the country has produced was that of Chief-Justice Marshall,—so great that he entered the Supreme Court when it was a mere form, and gave to it substance and content. Story said that he formed the law out of his own consciousness, saying, "It must be so and so." How great was the integrity of that mind! So, too, Madison was a man of the highest philosophic genius in politics. Some of the most important statements in recent German political science are repetitions of the thought of Madison, though not said so well. But our universities fail adequately to present the work of these two men, though it may be said that it is only in the reflective periods which have followed the war that the greatness of the work of Marshall has been seen.

Consider, again, the study of political evolution. It is true this is open to the most varied presentation, but its importance in the education of those who are to lead the people justifies it. The sub-

ject which is prominent is the civil service reform. It is difficult to overstate its value. The great elections of the year have indicated the clear judgment and purpose of the people. The people are right, we said. They are an understanding people. But no one who, to use a figure, "lays his ear to the ground" can fail to notice that the subjects which the people are occupied with are the rise and growth of the great corporations. These attain necessary ends and are of necessary value, but are connected with unprecedented individual fortunes; are hastening from precedent to precedent; retain the greatest lawyers; arbitrate as to their territory; and — I will not add counts to the indictment, but the people dread the growth of a power which they cannot see clearly the way to control. Here is the work for a leader. The study of institutions alone will justify attention, on the part of a university, to this subject in the political evolution.

The object, then, of the university is — the application of thought to life. We are to recognize with Aristotle that thought is a virtue, and the excellence attained by a nation, in every department, however wide apart, — in theology, in music, in architecture, in politics, — is in the measure in which this principle is recognized.

This object illustrates the true law of tradition. The university is to gather up all that is best, all that in thought is its best achievement, all that in science is its best attainment, and is to give them to its scholars. It is to make them "heirs of all the ages." The most that it can do is to give them all that is best in the inheritance of the past. They have not time in the university (if one is not always to live there) for hypotheses which are unformed, and not yet theories, and theories which are without evidence.

The inquiry now is open to us as to the method of education: Shall it allow

any difference? shall it have one aim for men and another for women? shall it admit a quantitative distinction? Ruskin says, "That is the best picture which gives to us the largest number of the greatest ideas." Shall it then give to the one or the other fewer and smaller ideas? But we have no quantitative measures here. Light may be hid under bushels, but it cannot be put into them. Shall it differ, then, in its aim for men and women? But we have found that this aim is no specialty. It is the knowledge and realization, through all literature and art and in every science, of the ideal; in the larger sense the knowledge of the truth.

But does the ideal differ? does the truth differ? Is the ideal without unity? is the truth at variance with itself? As men and women look upon the same picture of the world, or read the same book, is it to reflect one idea to the one, and another idea to the other? There can be, then, in this, no difference in education, none in its aim, none in its subjects, none in its spirit. But it may and should differ in its methods, for these, always in themselves imperfect, are of worth only in their application to life; and the older and, in a measure, the current systems are so abstract and formal, so strictly mechanical, that they miss wholly the one law of method in education, and that is adaptation to life. This demands that there should be brought to the application of methods the most careful and patient results of practice and use. It is tested by experience. The aim, then, is to give what is best in all the past, and the question of the best method is determined by adaptation to life, of which experience alone is the test.

But it is only with a qualification that I use the expression, the education of man or woman. There is beneath it the fallacy that would stop the moving world, and leave one hemisphere always in night. There is no ground for the

phrase, the education of man or woman ; none for the rights of woman. The true and eternal ground for all rights and freedom is in the spiritual life and oneness of humanity. Apart from this there is no ground for rights, no recognition of duties. The true expression is of the education of humanity. In this there is the conception of the real universal, the fulfillment of the object of the university.

There is in this the dawning of the new world. The Galilean gospel — that which was called the gospel sixteen or seventeen, and it may be eighteen, centuries ago — has gone up to Jerusalem ; it will go to Athens and to Rome. There may be no regret, then, that the Temple is destroyed, that the Academy is closed, that no Parthenon or Colosseum longer represents the round world. The university is the witness to the building of that temple of humanity

which alone is sacred ; it is the recognition of the truth of the Academy ; but in a universal life and the conception of Rome, her institution of the *totus orbi mundi* has vanished in the coming of a larger world.

In this is the law of the education of humanity. It is the recognition of its ground in the human consciousness. As George Eliot has said, "the conquest of modern speculation is that the world arises in consciousness." These are the walls of the celestial city ; there is for a system of education no other boundaries.

It is the education which is founded on the human consciousness. It has, therefore, no cause to envy the Academy at Athens, or the Temple at Jerusalem, or the Forum at Rome. It is the coming of the light which is the life of the world. It is the dawning of a Christian civilization over the buried East.

Elisha Mulford.

THE STRANGE STORY OF PRAGTJNA.

I HESITATE to tell this story. I am afraid it will not be believed. Indeed, I hardly know how to believe it myself. As the years pass since the period at which these things happened, I find myself recalling them with a curious wonder whether they did really take place, or whether they may not have been an optical illusion or a nightmare.

But here is the old Indian signet ring which he gave me, and the sash, like nothing that men weave in this modern world ; and before me is what I wrote about the matter while my recollection was still fresh and vivid. No, it cannot have been an illusion.

Moreover, there is a special reason why I should no longer keep silence. As I crossed to England last year, I fell in with my friend M——, who has been

going deeply into theosophy. Now I am no theosophist. I regard the whole thing as a mere guessing caricature of the ancient systems which it professes to interpret. But still, as I conversed with him, — or rather heard him converse, for these "chelas" hold you like the Ancient Mariner, — I could not help thinking how curiously close some of its guesses come to things which I myself have known. Indeed, there is so much interest, in the present day, in what seem like occult forces that any contribution to their study may possibly be not without use. So here are the matters which I have to tell, and let them pass for what they are worth.

It all happened during my stay in India in the year 186—. My traveling fellowship had taken me there to study

the primitive monotheism which underlaid the exuberant superstitions and idolatries of the later Brahmanism. My friendship with the great Indian reformer, Keshub Chunder Sen, gave me the *entrée* to high-caste native circles not usually open to foreigners. I was there, too, to learn, and not to teach, and so was admitted to intimacies with some of the most learned Pundits and Vaidikas who, if I had been a missionary, would have passed me by with contempt. From one to another I was sent on, bearing a few mysterious words inscribed on a short piece of bamboo, entirely unintelligible to me, neither ancient Sanskrit nor modern Hindi, but which were at once an open sesame to interest and confidence. I must not stop now to recall the results of all this inner study, important and curious as they were.¹ Suffice it that they led me far across the country, from Calcutta to the Punjab.

I was at a little town on the Sutlej, in the province of Ararat, when the incident occurred which I have to relate. The native ruler, the well-known Boojum of Ararat, had received me with almost patriarchal hospitality, — and in passing let me say that I never could look upon his dignified figure without regretting that his title should have been made so ridiculous by Mr. Carroll's use of it in his nonsense-story, *The Hunting of the Snark*.² For the rest, this little principality of Ararat — an entirely different location, of course, from the Ararat of Bible tradition — was a pleasant place for a few months' sojourn. Far to the west, beyond the vast distances of interminable jungle, rose the dim blue wall of the almost impassable mountains which form the great natural boundary of Afghanistan. One solitary break in that great wall, a mere notch in the distant line of blue, indicated the pass by

which, twenty-two centuries ago, Alexander the Great came into that Wonderland which India was then even more than it is now.

In the principality itself time passed much as all time passes to the foreigner in India. During the scorching mid-day I kept in the deep shelter of the *kotwāl* to which I had been assigned, usually with my native teacher; but in the early mornings, and in the afternoons when the cool air came from the snow-clad ghauts, I was exploring the country round. Next to my special subject of the primitive religions, I was interested in the traces, in which India abounds, of an older life and a different civilization. Here on the slopes bordering the great river were ancient mounds and earth-works which especially aroused my curiosity. No one seemed to know any tradition about them. The country people simply referred them to the Jinns. I, however, could not help suspecting them to be remains of the great Alexander's encampment. I knew that it was to this river he had come, and that it had formed the farthest point of his advance, but of his actual presence at this particular spot there was really no evidence. One slender trace, however, of ancient Greek occupation did appear to me to point towards my theory. In the local shrine, there was preserved a curious brazen jar, evidently very ancient, round which was an almost obliterated inscription in Greek. Poring over it day after day, when once the attendant priest had come to trust me sufficiently to allow it in my hands, I at last made out a number of the letters, though with wide spaces between for conjecture. The letters still visible stood about as follows: —

TIΣ.....ATO BA....XΩB.....
OΞI TIΣ.....

¹ By those interested in such matters, they may be found, *Ind. Theo. Rep.*, 1868, Art. 3.

² *Boojum*, or *Boodjum*, is in reality allied to the

word *Budh*, which gives us "Buddha," the Wise; a kinship analogous to that which traces the title "king" to the same root as "know."

At first I could make nothing of it. It looked, however, as if it might have been a cinerarium, and by the shape of the letters it was evidently archaic Greek. But how came such a barbaric combination of letters as XΩB in a Greek inscription? It could only be a proper name, yet there was no Greek name to which it could belong. It had more of a Hebrew sound. But stay! might not that supply the very explanation needed? It came to my mind how Alexander's army had kept gathering allies and followers from the various countries which he subdued on the line of his great expedition, and had he not passed through Judea? The story of his approach to Jerusalem is familiar, and of the high-priest and all the Temple retinue marching forth to give him peaceful welcome. Not so well remembered are the concluding lines of the story, in which the historian tells that many of the Jews joined his army and went on with him to his wars.¹ Then I looked again at the inscription, and saw that between the BA and the XΩB there was just space enough for the name to have read BAP IAXΩB, — son of Jacob! So it all flashed upon me. This was some Hebrew officer or official, following in the train of the great king, who had died on the long march, — might it not have been at the Oxus, so accounting for the following word? Doubtless the body had been burnt, and they were carrying along his ashes to deposit in the sepulchres of his people, on their return, when some mischance had caused the precious casket to be left behind in the spot where, centuries afterwards, it had been dug up, rusted and its lettering almost illegible. I would not rely too much on such conjectures, yet, found here in this far-away district, any Greek inscription, however it might be interpreted, was significant, and I could not

¹ The words of Josephus are: "And when he said to the multitude that if any of them would list themselves in his army, on condition that they should continue under the laws of their fore-

resist the conviction that I was indeed on the very track of the great conqueror.

I had been in Ararat about two months, when one day the head *padji* of the *màng*, or village commune, came to me, with a mysterious face and many salaams. Would the Sahib come — now — quickly? Something had been found. I could not quite make out all he said, but the word "stone" was clear, and of course all my antiquarian instincts were at once on the alert.

He led the way to a small patch of millet in the midst of the tope, or sacred grove which surrounded the local shrine. I had often noticed this little patch, and wondered why they grew millet in such an unlikely place, for it was evidently exhausted ground, yielding no crop worth gathering; but the priest told me that they had always grown millet there, and that it had been handed down that they always must do so; and by the way in which he spoke he seemed referring to some ancient usage which might have been going on from the time of King Asoka. They had needed a well, however, and as it was for temple use it had been decided, after long questioning and incantations, that it might be dug there, and the coolies had already sunk some six feet when they were arrested by a large flat stone. It extended under the whole space of their excavation, except in one corner, where a straight chiseled edge showed that it was not some flat outcrop of rock, but that it must have been placed there, with the further suggestion that there must be something underneath.

Curious and excited, I waited, the priest standing by, while the edges of the pit were widened so as to clear the stone, which then lay a simple, smooth, square flag, some five feet either way.

Then came that moment which every fathers, and live according to them, he was willing to take them with him, many were ready to accompany him in his wars." (*Antiq. Jud.*, XL viii. §6.)

antiquarian knows so well. We held our breath as the coolies lifted. But the stone did not stir, though it seemed but some four inches in thickness. They brought great wooden bars, to use as levers; but still only a little fragment of the stone chipped off, and the mass remained immovable. The coolies became frightened. It was held down by Jinns; it was the doorway to the nether world! Not another stroke would they give. The evident fact, however, was that it was cemented to something below, and my curiosity rose higher than ever. Jumping down upon the stone, I cleared the earth a little further from the overlapping edge, and began with one of the rude native tools to feel my way to the cemented joint.

The coolies fled in terror. My friend the priest held his ground, but evidently trembling, for the soil was sacred, and had only been meddled with at all with many misgivings. Meanwhile, I went steadily to work, and chipped away; and by and by, as I kept feeling my way along the joint, I perceived by a slight movement that I had loosened the whole mass.

I hardly know how to describe what met our eyes when, after great efforts, the priest and I at last turned up the stone against the side of the excavation: a square opening, formed of upright stones like the covering; a mass of black hair falling upon discolored stuffs that might once have been white; a human figure seated cross-legged there!

"A mummy!" I exclaimed. But it was not a mummy. The flesh was flesh; dark enough, and perhaps the flesh of a corpse, but not a mummy. It was a *face* that was underneath that mass of falling hair. The eyes were plastered over; so was the mouth. What looked like mould projected from the nostrils, but it was only some substance with which they had been stopped. The hands were crossed upon the lap; but they were unmistakable flesh, not those

ghastly reminiscences of hands that they unfold from the mummy wrappings. In a word, it looked like a corpse that might have been buried a few days before; but I had seen that millet growing for two months, and I was certain in my mind, from the way the priest had spoken of it, that that land had never been disturbed in his time, — and he was an old man.

Suddenly there flashed into my memory something that Keshub Chunder Sen had told me. We had been talking of Indian conjurers, and of the wonderful things related of them. He had seemed reluctant to say anything, but at last, pressed by one of his most intimate friends, he said that he had himself witnessed one of the marvels which had been mentioned, — the entombment of one of these conjurers, though I noticed that he did not use that name nor speak of the matter lightly, as we had been doing. It came back to me, — the very account he had given of how the man had in some way turned back his tongue so as to close completely the aperture of the throat, and as he lost consciousness his attendants had plugged every orifice of the body with wax and carefully prepared cotton, and washed the whole frame with some kind of preparation that, as he described it, had suggested the idea of collodion; then, placing him in a sitting posture, they had closed in the tomb with hermetical cementing, so as to prevent the possibility of any air passing in or out; and lastly — and I remember still how we all shivered as he told it, for he spoke very seriously — they had filled in the earth, and sown corn all over it, to grow there, the place not to be disturbed till the corn should be ripe, for which, he said, the Rajah undertook to answer with his guards. We had hardly known what to think when the great Hindu reformer told us this; he evidently spoke of it in such good faith, and yet it seemed so wild an impossibility.

But here was the very thing! In crises of intense excitement the mind works fast, and more rapidly than I can write it I saw that here was just what he had described, a man who had been so entombed — and left; only, this — I hardly dared to call it a *man* — must have been there not months, but centuries! Instantaneously, however, came the reflection that if a man could suspend animation, and still *live*, for half a year, there was really no limit to the possibility of such suspended animation. It seemed too wonderful to dream of, and yet I could not resist a sudden wonder whether a return to life might in this case, too, still be possible. Meanwhile, I dispatched the priest, who was glad enough of any excuse for getting away, to the palace of the Boojum, about half a mile off, to inform him of our curious discovery.

I had intended to await his arrival before attempting anything, but it soon occurred to me that perhaps even such a delay, with exposure to the air, might be fatal to any lingering conditions of revival, and so I resolved to begin there and then to do what I could. Climbing down into the hole, I carefully removed the plasters from the mouth and eyes and nose, and drew out the plugs of cotton and what seemed like wax from the nostrils and ears, and had before me a face that wore a singular expression of passionless repose, like the best types of the statues of Buddha. Still, all was motionless. No sign of life. The flesh was flesh, — that was something, — but as cold as that of a person who had been drowned. The thought of drowning brought its own suggestion. It was not in vain that I had taken a course of Dr. C——'s "emergency lectures," and though I dared not disturb the body so far as to lift it out and lay it upon the bank, I could at least attempt some means of artificial respiration even in its sitting posture. Very gently I raised the arms, and moved them to and fro, so

as alternately to distend and compress the lungs. Even in doing so I became aware of some obstacle. The tongue! I remembered Keshub Chuander Sen's account of the tongue being turned backward, and with almost trembling eagerness I opened the mouth, and, inserting my finger (as I have more than once done with a choking child), I found it as he had described it. With considerable effort I at last got my finger sufficiently far back, and hooked back the obstruction. Strange, the mouth was actually moist! Stranger still, in pushing back the arms to do this, I had done what should have distended the lungs but for that stoppage of the throat; and even as I drew back the tongue to its place there was a little gurgling rush of air, like the sound of one drawing breath, and as I repeated the alternating movements there came what appeared to be distinct respirations. I dared not leave off for a moment. The priest returned, and with him the Boojum and his native physician, and without rising or turning round I bade them bring hot water and cloths. But the temperature was not 110° in the shade for nothing, and before many minutes had elapsed, before the priest could return with the cloths, there came a long, deep sigh, a slight tremor of the limbs, even a faint movement of the eyelids, and the man was unmistakably — alive!

Alive, but like one waking out of a long sleep or faint, the life returning before the consciousness. The eyes still remained closed, though the lids lifted a little now and then; and the body, still sitting, made slight occasional movements, as if automatically seeking to find its balance.

We could only sit by, and watch, and wonder. We did not dare to speak. After a while the native physician took a tiny vial from the fold of his turban, and wetting his finger just touched the lips. It must have been some strong essence, such as is still known to certain

of those Indian sages, for almost immediately all the movements became stronger. The vitality was unmistakable. Slowly the eyes opened. I shall never forget that strange look, as of one out of another world, which met our gaze, first with a meaningless fixedness, but gradually changing into a mute questioning. There was a movement of the lips as if to speak, but no voice came. Again the eyes closed, and the old insensibility seemed to be returning, but another touch from the physician's vial produced even more marked results. There was an effort to rise, but though the limbs moved it appeared to be without any adequate control by volition. The return to life, however, was now so manifest that we had no longer the same fear of touching him; so as gently as possible, the Boojum and his physician helping me, I lifted him up, and, stretching his limbs into a natural position, we laid him in the palanquin, and, carrying him to the palace, gently bathed him with tepid water and placed him in a bed.

It would take too long to describe in detail all the process of that wonderful resuscitation, — the first administration of food, just moistening the mouth with water and then with milk, the gradual coming of meaning into the eyes, the evident perception of sound, the tentative movements of feature after feature and limb after limb. To say that I have never seen anything like it is nothing. I had never even imagined anything like it.

It was not till the third day that there came any sound of speech. But it was speech entirely strange to all of us. It was nothing like the modern Bengali or Hindi. Neither the Boojum nor the priest could recognize it for any of the dialects of the Punjab. And yet as he spoke — very slowly and laboriously, for every power seemed, as it well might, to have lost all natural habitude — the sound gradually took forms which I fan-

cied I might have heard before. Suddenly it dawned upon me that if indeed he had first lived in some very far past, it would be the language of that past that he would remember. I repeated one of the best known couplets of the Bانشि-
dād, which I was translating as I watched beside him; yet though he listened, no look of answering intelligence showed that he understood. But as I took up the old sheet from which I was quoting, and his eye fell upon it, all at once a gleam came into his face, he half rose in the bed, and grasping the sheet with an eager hand began to read it. But what a difference from the sounds which I had uttered! — the difference between the conventional Latin of an Eton boy and the roll of the same sentences as they may have really issued from the lips of Cicero. It was Sanskrit; only, Sanskrit not in the artificial pronunciation which Orientalists have made out from the formal recitative of fifty generations, but Sanskrit in the strange, rich accents of a living tongue. Our wonder deepened into bewilderment. It was more than two thousand years since Sanskrit had been a living tongue in anything like its old purity, and here was a man talking in it, and struggling to make himself understood.

I handed him a pencil and my little writing-block. I saw him glance inquiringly at the pencil; then he tried to make a mark with it, evidently expecting it to be used as a graver, and his surprise at the black color of the letters was curious to see. He was an apt learner, however, and it needed very few strokes to teach him its real use, though always afterwards, when hurried or excited, he would begin pressing it in, as if he were denting with a *stylus* into the fine-grained wooden tablets on which ancient Indian MSS. are written. There was no uncertainty now. His Sanskrit was legible enough, however unintelligible his pronunciation of it to our vitiated modern hearing. In clear characters,

though slowly and tremblingly, he wrote, "Where am I? Are the armies departed?" and as he handed it to me, he pronounced the words as well.

"What armies?" I asked in return, venturing to try his own new, or rather *old*, pronunciation.

"The armies of the great king, the mighty Liskandros," he answered; and even amidst my amazement it did not escape me that this Oriental of Alexander's own day had exactly the same inability to pronounce the Greek "Ξ" (*ksi*) as the Oriental of to-day, whose equivalent for Alexander is always "Iskander" or "Skander."

"Did you not know that Alexandros was dead?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "Tell me, — how long, how long?"

Very slowly, and writing the number in the Sanskrit numerals, I answered, "It is more than two thousand years since Alexandros and his armies returned to Hellas."

Never to my last hour shall I forget the fixed, eager look with which he heard my words, and then pored over the paper to make sure that he had heard the length of time aright. Amazement slowly changed into horror; there came a long, deep groan, and then, closing his eyes, he lay quite still, — so still that I touched his lips with the reviving stimulant which the native physician had left with me.

"No!" he said, opening his eyes, and slightly moving his head. "No! Let me die! Let me die!"

It was very touching. I let him lie more than an hour without speaking, or even making any movement to arouse his attention. I felt almost as much awe as he did, as it grew upon my mind that this man to whom I was talking must be one who had been in the train of Alexander the Great, when, in the years 327 and 326 B. C., he had pushed his conquests even to this very spot in the heart of India.

He did not die, but it was many days before I could question him and gather his story. The functions of life only slowly regained their use. Sometimes it seemed as if the rekindled spark of existence would flicker out again, while any excitement of talking was succeeded by such exhaustion, almost collapse, that I encouraged him to lie there quietly, and only now and then to speak, as memories or questions came naturally into his own mind.

Gradually, however, I learned something of his history. He had been a high official in the court of one of the ancient princes of India, and at the same time one of the most advanced proficients in the secret wisdom of his race. When the great king came down from the west with his conquering armies, his terrible fame going before him, and prince after prince sending eagerly to offer tribute and to beg for friendship and alliance, this man — Pragtjna, by name, I found — had been sent as an envoy from Goradjata¹ at once to negotiate and to study and bring back reports about these strange "children of the dying sun," as it seemed the Indian races called the foreign western peoples. Perhaps, too, there had been tacitly included in his mission the idea of awing the barbaric mind by the high wisdom and extraordinary occult powers which belonged to the proficients in the ancient philosophy of India.

So he had traveled with the great king's court and staff, had learned to speak the stranger's tongue, — indeed, after a while, I found it as easy to converse with him in Greek as in Sanskrit, — and had been, I gathered, a favorite guest in the great encampment which, curiously confirming my antiquarian impressions, Alexander and his generals had had in this very neighborhood. He had read the Iliad, — the king, he said,

¹ I have never been able to identify this province, but cannot help suspecting that we have some trace of it in Goojerat.

had lent him his own favorite copy, annotated by Aristoteles, — and had studied Plato; but the mythological heroics of Greece seemed coarse and barbaric to him beside the great Hindu epics; and he evidently did not think much of the Greek philosophy. It was merely tentative and speculative, only playing about the first principles of real knowledge, clumsy and bald compared to that high and subtle wisdom which in India, he claimed, had long passed out of the speculative stage into definite and established knowledge. It was curious to hear him speaking of Plato as simply dabbling in hypothetical ideas of things with which the esoteric thinkers of the East were familiar as the great controlling facts and forces of being. As I listened to him, I gathered that the ancient philosophy of India must have been vastly nobler than anything extant to-day, and it occurred to me that a great deal of the modern Indian jugglery, of whose wonders we hear so much, must be a traditional faculty, acquired in those earlier times, but merely empirical now, — a playing with forces the real significance of which has long entirely perished.

It was through that ancient wisdom that his own strange fate had come about. For once, he told me, he had been discoursing before the king concerning the subtle relations of soul and body, and of the powers which the wise ones of his race possessed over life, being able to suspend the bodily life indefinitely, while the soul still lived on. At last the king, who, he said, had evidently been taking too much wine, had cried out that, by Father Zeus, his assertions should be put to proof. So had taken place as a verification of philosophy what to-day is merely one of the feats of Indian jugglery. A cavity in the earth had been dug, and Pragtjna, after just such careful preparations as Keshub Chunder Sen had described, had been “interned” there, — exactly as

we found him. He had indeed demurred to any very prolonged trance, he told us, and Liskandros had replied that a moon would do just as well as a cycle. So, though millet was sown over the spot, the king swore that when the new moon came again the place should be opened, and if Pragtjna were found still living it should be publicly proclaimed that in philosophy the Greeks were only the little children of the Brahmans; and then the sacred word — “*ÖM*” — should be spoken over the king, and the awful Brahm alone be thenceforth worshiped throughout the world which he had conquered.

There Pragtjna’s part of the story ended. He knew no more. It was my part to tell him the rest of it as it stands in the pages of Arrian: how a great dread had sprung up among the army, and a mutinous resolve to go no further (ah! Pragtjna remembered that well, but Liskandros had been so headstrong that he, Pragtjna, had not believed the remonstrances would turn him back); that, at last, however, as suddenly as he came, the king gave orders for striking the camp, and, not liking to return the way he came, had marched down the river, and by and by, dividing his forces, some by land and others by the rivers and the sea, had struggled back to his own land, only to die, a little later, at Babylon. For the rest, it could only be conjectured that in the haste and confusion of so great a departure the buried philosopher had been forgotten. And so the planted millet had grown, and been reaped, and sown again, and yet again; and the slow centuries had passed, a whole world’s history had rolled onwards for two thousand years, and still that strange buried secret had remained undiscovered — that life suspended, as it were, between two worlds — until that day when accident (but is there any accident?) had once more turned back the key of awful fate and reopened the door of life.

And now comes an ending of my story as unexpected and as strange as its beginning. I hoped it was to be a prolonged intercourse which had thus begun. As I sat beside the bed of this man, while he was slowly regaining the strength and use of life, I often amused myself with thinking of the various ways in which, when he should be fully recovered, his unique experience would add to the world's knowledge. To talk freely with one who had seen Alexander the Great, to be within the link of one life with Aristotle and only two lives from Plato. How many mistakes of history would he be able to correct! How he could discourse to us familiarly about all that old-world life, the details of which we try to spell out from cups and weapons and any smallest fragments we can discover! Still more I longed to question him about the thoughts and feelings of people in that ancient world; for I have always a suspicion that there were differences of moral perspective that make us unable really to penetrate to their spirit. Then I pondered over the intense interest of showing him this new world of ours. Together we would visit Europe and America. In imagination I introduced him to learned societies, unfolded to him the marvels of steam and electricity and printing, anticipated the wonder of his first look through the lens of microscope and telescope. Even his vivid pronunciation of Greek and Sanskrit brought now and then an amused sense of the confusion it would work upon the conventional systems of the schools.

All these hopes, however, were destined to failure, and in place of the interesting story which might have grown out of their fulfillment I have simply to record a conclusion of this curious episode as disappointing as it was marvelous.

It was about seven weeks before Pragtjna was strong enough to move about freely and naturally, able to ride

with the Boojum or to share in my walks. To say the truth, indeed, the Boojum was a little shy of him, as if half afraid and suspicious of something uncanny about him. Pragtjna, moreover, on his part, seemed to prefer being with me, — a relic, as I could not help fancying, of the attraction which he had felt towards the old Greek conqueror. Indeed, I never could divest his mind of the idea that the English domination which he found existing in modern India was in some way the result of that victorious invasion which he had witnessed, and in the midst of which his former recollections of the world had ceased.

As his health returned, however, and I looked to see him recovering the natural tone of interested life, a curious change began to come over him. I could see that he did not feel at ease. The fact was, the world was too strange. I imagine he felt hampered by the consciousness that all about him knew his curious history, and felt him to be a different being from themselves. He said one day that it would be easier if he could begin the world again in some great city, where he could take his place as a being of to-day. He seemed to feel that with us he must always be a mere object of curiosity. How could he be like other men? He was but in the prime of life, and yet who, for instance, would wed with one of whom so weird a story could be told? I can understand all this now, but at the time I only saw that he was growing moody and silent. If he had confided his thoughts to me, I would have gladly helped him to the new start in life which he desired, in some place where his identity might have been lost. But the deep, reserved Hindu nature, the same, it seemed, twenty centuries ago as now, held him just as surely as it held those silent, deep-eyed native servants who waited upon me, so watchful and ready and supple and obsequious, but yet never for an instant betraying what was really passing in their minds.

It appeared to me that each day, instead of bringing us nearer together, brought more and more of this subtle estrangement. There was little outward manifestation of it. Pragtjna was still with us, always courteous, ready to converse on any subject that we started, and yet I could see that his mind was really occupied with thoughts of which we knew nothing. For one thing, I perceived that he was examining the plants about us with a curious interest. Some he took home with him, and with these he was often busy, experimenting, dissecting, and distilling them. He spoke of them as for medicines, but I have since thought that he may have been trying to recover the secret of some extremely powerful gas. At least, only in some such way can I even conceive of any *natural* explanation — and I cannot entertain the idea of any other — of what I have to relate.

We were standing together, one day, on the flat garden roof of the palace, — Pragtjna, the Boojum, the native physician, and I, — when Pragtjna, aroused by something that I had said about modern progress, began to extol the ancient wisdom of his race. “Now, they are mere parrots,” he said, “repeating things they know not; but in what you call the old world, they were philosophers. The very powers of the world were at their command. They could kill and make alive; they could be visible or invisible; they could be or not be.”

“So say our enchanters,” said the Boojum.

“Speak not to me of enchanters!” cried Pragtjna, with a tone of vehement contempt. “What are these mirror tricks, these basket tricks and rope tricks, that you tell me of? Why, your enchanters are only as those apes would be,” pointing to some in a neighboring mango-tree, “if they should learn how to let off your fire-arrows [as he called our guns], or to tick off a word or two on your lightning wire!”

The Boojum and the physician shrank back a little at the vehemence with which he spoke. For myself, I was interested. “Will you not some day manifest to us those more wonderful powers?” I said.

“It shall be now,” he answered.

With that he stripped off, with a sudden gesture, his long black robe. To our surprise, he stood before us girded with a long rope, wound round and round his body, outside his tunic, from his arm-pits to his loins.

“Behold my ladder of life,” he said; “by this will I climb back into that *irvaya* [*nirvana*, the *n* always silent in his pronunciation of it] which you disturbed.”

To our astonishment, he began unwinding the rope, and coil after coil fell upon the ground. It was not an ordinary rope. It looked as if made of some fine membrane or parchment closely compressed, and with a strong thread twisted round it. It seemed interminable in its length. By the time it was all unwound there could not be less than a hundred yards lying upon the ground.

“Ah,” I thought, “now I am going to see that curious rope trick of which Major — has given so lively an account,” and I determined to watch it very closely.

Even as the thought passed through my mind, he took up one end of the rope, and first putting it to his mouth and whispering to it, — or perhaps he was biting something off, — he threw it lightly up into the air.

I confess that even my nerves were a little shaken, skeptic as I am, as the rope-end, on his letting go of it, instead of falling back to the ground, *continued to rise*. Coil by coil it slowly spiraled into the air. As it receded, instead of growing smaller, it appeared to swell out almost into the dimensions of a cable. But at the same time it became less clear to sight, as if losing itself in a mist. Higher and higher it mounted,

however, until there were only a few coils left upon the ground. Then quietly taking hold of it, Pragtjna, also, was lifted from the ground, and, as he rose, drew the rest of the rope up after him. So he rose and rose, and soon he too was in the mist-like dimness in which the rope was lost, and in a moment more he had entirely disappeared.

"Well done, Pragtjna!" we cried, finding a sort of relief from the strain that was upon our hearts in trying to treat the whole matter as a show; and we waited for him to reappear.

We waited in vain. All that we could see was a sort of mist floating in the still air; and then, far up the sky, it seemed to enter a stratum of wind, and began moving rapidly to the north. And we stood and watched it moving on till it was lost in the distance among the clouds on the horizon.

And that is all.

We never saw him more. We never could hear anything more of him. Whether, somehow, he found his way to some distant city, — for of course his talk about climbing back into nirvana was a mere blind, — or whether he drifted northwards till he was finally lost

among the Himalayas, with their awful wastes of everlasting snow, who can tell?

P. S. I reopen this paper to add a little item which may possibly be suggestive.

I was sitting with the chief engineer of the Patagonia, on my voyage home, when our conversation turned upon the enormous waste in our present reliance upon coal and steam for motive power. "Why," said he, "think of the undeveloped forces which only wait for man to find out how to handle them! Do you know that you can put in a hand-bag dynamite enough to take this ship from Liverpool to Boston and home again, if only the force in it could be controlled and properly dealt out?"

As I thought of this afterwards, I could not help wondering whether there might be substances of expansive quality similarly beyond all our present knowledge, but known to that ancient wisdom in which Pragtjna was such an adept, and whether in some such substance of almost infinite buoyancy might lie the explanation of this marvelous ending to my narrative.

Harvard B. Rooke.

THE DREAM OF RUSSIA.

For a thousand years, Russia has had a vision of Constantinople as the centre of Russian power. Her first descent upon it was made in the ninth century, while still a heathen nation; and her latest in the nineteenth. Can any parallel instance be found, in which a nation has held fast to one great idea for a thousand years, through all vicissitudes of fortune, and all changes in government, religion, and civilization? It has been called the dream of Russia, — is it not a marvelously prophetic dream?

Into the early and partly legendary period of her plans for reaching the Bosphorus we shall not enter. The first decided and solemn announcement to the world of her intentions was made in 1472 by Ivan III., when he married the Princess Sophia, niece of Constantine Palæologus, the last of the Greek emperors, and assumed the double-headed eagle of the Byzantine Empire as the symbol of the Russian. This bold assumption of right to the Byzantine throne was the more worthy of admira-

tion from the fact that Mehmet, before whom Europe trembled, was the occupant of that throne; it was the distance and obscurity of the claimant that secured his safety. But he made the claim; and for five centuries Russia has prosecuted it with serene and invincible courage. She was then an unknown, insignificant power, but just casting off the trammels of the Tartar domination, and slowly gathering the elements of that mighty strength of which she alone was conscious. She is now the terror of the world. Her territory was then about 740,000 square miles; it is now more than eight millions! Every square foot of it has been won by the sword and stained with human blood.

The first time that she came into direct conflict with the Turks — although she had had fierce and bloody wars with the Crim Tartars, vassals of the Sultan — was in consequence of a Turkish attempt to occupy Astrakhan in 1569. Selim II. had a Grand Vizier, Sokolli, who was the unsuccessful De Lesseps of his day. He determined to cut a ship canal, so as to unite the Don and the Volga, at the point where, one by a detour to the east, the other to the west, they approach each other within thirty miles.

The proposed canal was to connect the Black Sea, the Sea of Azoph, and thereby all the great maritime highways of the world, with the Caspian. This grand design of Sokolli may not have been entirely commercial in its intent. If successful, it would enable the Sultan to reduce the Shah to a vassal, and to form a strong northern border to his empire. Sokolli made preparations equal to the greatness of the venture. But, for its safe prosecution, it was necessary to take possession of Astrakhan, near the Caspian. The Russians, clearly apprehending the political designs of the enterprise, defended the place with such courage and solidity, and attacked the expedition with such determination,

that they held the post and drove back the Turks.

The Mohammedan historians affirm that the soldiers and workmen retreated rather from the place than from the Russians. The summer nights, in that latitude, were so short that between the evening service of prayer, two hours after sunset, and the daybreak service there were but three or four hours. If they said their prayers, they saved their souls, but ruined their bodies. If they neglected their prayers, they saved their bodies, but ruined their souls. As neither result was to be thought of, they abandoned the place in great disgust.

For a whole century, no decisive steps were taken by Russia in her advance towards Constantinople. She fomented wars between Austria and Turkey, kept the Danubian provinces in a chronic state of revolt, and wrested Ukraine from the Tartars. But when Peter the Great came to the throne, the Russian Empire was to put on a new character. Upon his assumption of the whole power of the government in 1689, he resolved to have an army and navy that should give the northern coasts of the Azoph and the Black Sea to Russia. In 1695, he attacked the city of Azoph with a force of sixty thousand men, and was repulsed, with heavy loss. The next year, he took the city; and the forts and military establishments which followed were a clear indication that he had come to stay and to extend his conquests. After a fierce and terrible war with Austria, the peace of Carlowitz, 1699, gave the parties time to gather strength for renewed contests. In this peace Turkey, for the first time, had to descend to a level of equality with the Christian nations. The Christian powers were now the gainers. Austria recovered Hungary in part, and completed her occupation in 1718; Russia gained Kertch and the whole province of Azoph; and Poland had Kaminick and Podolio.

The Tsar was too much occupied with

his great reforms to prosecute war with the Ottomans, until 1711, when he resolved to take possession of Moldavia and Wallachia. He was marching his forces down the right bank of the river Pruth, when the Grand Vizier entrapped him in a position from which there was no escape. He was without water or provisions, and made desperate but useless and disastrous efforts to cut his way out. The Vizier had no occasion to attack him, for the place itself furnished a terrible ally; and hunger, thirst, and disease would very soon compel an unconditional surrender, or annihilate Peter and his whole army.

In this supreme exigency, the good genius of Russia did not sleep. The Empress Catherine collected her jewels and the decorations and jeweled ornaments of the officers, and sent them to the Grand Vizier to buy a peace. The Vizier yielded to the temptation, and allowed the great enemy of his country to escape; but the conditions of peace, too severe for grace, too lenient for statesmanship, were soon entirely disregarded, and Turkey found, to her bitter sorrow, that Russia was the same unchangeable enemy.

It was not till the years 1736-39 that Russia was disposed to strike again for Constantinople. In alliance with Austria, the Russian general, Marshall Munich, was sure of a triumphal entrance into the Ottoman capital. He marched into Moldavia, on his way to take possession of the great prize. But the defeat of the Austrian army and the demoralization of her forces compelled Austria to sue for peace, to the utter derangement of her plans and hopes and those of Russia. Again the prize escaped the Tsar's hands. At the treaty of Belgrade, which followed, it was agreed that Azoph should be destroyed, that Russia should keep up no fleet either on the Sea of Azoph or the Black Sea, and that her conquests in Moldavia and Bessarabia should be restored;

but she secured some increase of territory in the correction of her southern frontier.

The treaty of Belgrade, 1739, gave Turkey a chance to prepare for another struggle. The Crimea had been terribly desolated by Marshal Munich, but had not been taken possession of. When another contest in the Danubian provinces took place, the Russian was triumphant; and the treaty of Kainardji, 1774, was humiliating to the Porte. The Khans of the Crimea were declared independent of Turkey, and equally under the guardianship of Turkey and Russia. The right of Russia to have consuls in all parts of the Ottoman Empire, with the absence of any corresponding right on the part of Turkey, has ever since opened the way for Russian intrigue in every part of the Turkish Empire. Finally, all previous treaties, with their obligations, rights, and privileges, were declared null and void, and no claim grounded upon them was ever to be put forth. A diplomat of that day remarked upon the treaty that it foreshadowed trouble, not only for Turkey, but for Europe; and that, as the military importance of Turkey diminished, her diplomatic importance would increase, — a view which holds good to this day.

After the treaty of Kainardji, the Empress Catherine made no secret of her intention to expel the Turks from Europe. She had her grandson, Constantine, placed in the care of Greek nurses and Greek masters, that he might be fitted to ascend the throne of the Palæologi. In 1779, she announced her intention to take possession of the Crimea, a feat which was accomplished in 1783. The brave Moslem inhabitants were slaughtered by thousands, in order to give them rough notice to emigrate. Even the Armenian inhabitants were expelled in the depth of winter. Of seventy-five thousand, only about seven thousand wretched, ruined creatures

reached a place of safety in Turkey. In 1787, the Empress Catherine made a triumphal progress through the Crimea, in company with the Emperor Joseph of Austria. Over a triumphal arch was inscribed, "This is the way to Constantinople." The war with Turkey, which followed this occupation of the Crimea, was disastrous to the Ottomans. The conquest and wholesale slaughter of the inhabitants of Ismail and Ockzacoff shocked Europe, as a return to the most barbarous usages of war.

The empress had now the whole northern coast of the Black Sea, and a navy quite equal to that of Turkey. She signed the treaty of Jassy, 1792, in order the better to prepare for war. England was alarmed at this military growth and progress of Russia, and at her safe and magnificent position on the Black Sea. Mr. Pitt, who was then prime minister, endeavored to form a combination against her further advance towards Constantinople. He maintained the doctrine of "the balance of power," as necessary to the safety of Europe. But Europe had become too much agitated by the French Revolution to take any positive part in Oriental affairs; and the Empress Catherine, although irritated by the course of Pitt, saw her opportunity to move directly upon Constantinople, and to accomplish at length what Ivan the Terrible and Peter the Great had so much desired.

Four years of active preparation brought her army and its supplies into a condition which fully satisfied her and her generals. She had a disciplined force of three hundred thousand, and an additional one hundred and fifty thousand in process of discipline for reinforcements. Her transports and fleet on the Black Sea were all in readiness. No such extensive and vigorous preparations had ever been made in all the wars which had been waged since that day, three hundred and twenty years before, when her ancestor assumed the Byzantine

double-headed eagle. The passionate empress, looking with pride upon this vast preparation, and having unbounded confidence in her general, Suwarrow, declared she "would have Constantinople in spite of Pitt and the devil!" Death put a sudden end to all her projects, 1796. The difficulties of the succession and the state of Europe thrust Constantinople out of view for a season. The Turks, backed by Pitt, were preparing for a desperate resistance. But the common saying was, "Death and Pitt have saved Turkey!"

The great empress was dead, and her purposes had been brought to naught; but how stood the account as between Turkey and Russia? The Christian Empire had grown strong by vast strides. Her territory, her population, and all the arts of war had advanced, to the astonishment of Europe. Her military resources were equal to her ambition. The strength of her great adversary on the Bosphorus had as steadily declined. The Sultan had lost Hungary, Transylvania, the Crimea, and all the northern coasts of the Black Sea and Sea of Azoph. Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia were thorns in his side; Egypt was in open revolt; and the distant pashas often defied his authority. His army and navy were in a state of insubordination. The old discipline had departed alike from the Janissaries and the common soldiers. Turkey was in the last stage of consumption, while Russia was "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race."

During the wars of Napoleon Turkey had a partial respite. Russia was often at war with her, but was so absorbed by the great European conflict as to have no leisure for an effective aggressive policy. The internal condition of Turkey also offered some resistance. Selim III. ascended the throne in 1789, and made prodigious efforts to rescue the empire from its disorganized and despairing state.

One event changed the policy of Russia from a hostile to a friendly attitude toward the support of Turkey, in the most singular manner, for a brief moment. Napoleon resolved to plant the power of France in Egypt, and had magnificent schemes of an Eastern empire. Russia saw, at a glance, that this idea, once realized, might be an insurmountable obstacle to her own plans. The whole power of France would then be pledged to protect Constantinople and the Straits from Russia. When this dream of Napoleon vanished, after much bloodshed, unheard-of atrocities, and great displays of heroism on the part of Turks, English, and French, Russia returned to her policy of wearing out and exhausting her victim by the instigation of perpetual insurrections and border wars. She had assumed the name, and she played the part, of "protectress of the Christians in the East." In consequence, Bosnia, Serbia, Wallachia, and Moldavia were scenes of perpetual and bloody strife. It was her declared policy to induce the Christians to fight their own battles; and they had not the intelligence to perceive that they were fighting hers. Serbia has often and vehemently accused Russia of getting her into trouble, and then leaving her "in the lurch." The Russian use of the term "Christian" has not been well understood in this country. As the protectress of the Christians, how could she remorselessly destroy seventy-five thousand Armenian Christians in the Crimea? The explanation is that she gives the title to none but members of the Greek church. All others, Armenians, Jacobites, Catholics, Protestants, are heretics, and in the same category with Moslems. Nicholas, when wishing to avoid terms of indignity, called them "members of other confessions." He never termed them Christians.

The great contest with Napoleon, who at one time proposed to the Tsar Alex-

ander various impracticable schemes for dividing the Turkish Empire between them,—impracticable, because each of the robbers claimed the lion's share,—kept Russia from any direct move upon Constantinople. Besides, the internal commotions of the Ottoman Empire were enough to make her content for a time. The enemy was destroying himself. He was beset with dangers from the Ulema, the Janissaries, the Wahabees, the Mamelukes, the Druses, the Greeks, the Albanians, the Servians, and the Moldo-Wallachians. Selim III. had been murdered by the Janissaries; and the young Mahmoud II. was enthroned upon the wreck of an empire great only in ruins.

In 1812, Russia was induced by England to make peace with Turkey, and throw her whole weight upon Napoleon. Moldavia and Wallachia were given back to Turkey. The Pruth was made the boundary line between Moldavia and Russia. Serbia was to pay a certain tax directly to the treasury of the Sultan, without the intervention of Turkish tax-gatherers. The fortresses were given up to Turkey; but Russia had Bessarabia and the mouths of the Danube. She cared little for the temporary advantages accorded to the Turks, or for the indefiniteness of the treaty with Serbia. The treaty was sure to breed trouble, and that was always in Muscovite interest. When the splendid meteor that had long hung over Europe, "breathing from its horrid hair pestilence and war," had fallen on St. Helena, and the Holy Alliance had sanctified anew the reign of despotism in Europe, Russia could safely renew her march upon Constantinople.

There was one great and fatal disadvantage suffered by Turkey in favor of her great enemy. More than half the population of Northern Turkey is Christian, composed of Roumans, Slavs of various divisions, Albanians, Greeks, and Armenians. The Slavic and Albanian races are partly Moslem, partly

Christian. We shall be safe in estimating them at twelve millions. Ubcini estimates them at nine millions, exclusive of Roumania. They are all the natural allies of Russia, and enemies of the Porte. They furnish not a soldier to the Turkish army; and the drain of war and of the pestilence of camps weighs heavily upon the constantly diminishing Moslems. The marvel is that the contest has been kept up so long.

Passing over many events, too intricate to be disintegrated here, we come to the next great move of Russia,—the independence of Greece. That the preparatory work was in Russia, and consisted in the formation of the *Hetæria*, or secret revolutionary societies, which spread with unnoticed but surprising rapidity throughout the entire Greek race, is well known. In 1821 the well-laid train was fired. Demeter Ypsilanti, a Greek by race, and a general in the Russian army, crossed the Pruth into Moldavia, and called the Greeks to arms. Unfortunately, the rising was characterized by atrocities unworthy of the cause. The Turkish merchants in Jassy and Galatz were cruelly slaughtered. Terrible reprisals were made by the enraged Moslems in other places. In Constantinople the Janissaries gratified their love of blood; and among other revengeful strokes hanged the venerable Greek Patriarch at his own door. The army of Ypsilanti, on the Danube, was soon destroyed by the Turks. But in Greece and the Greek Islands the heroic efforts of the Greeks were crowned with success, until the Sultan called upon Mehmet Ali, of Egypt, for aid. Nothing loath to have his forces in Turkey, the destroyer of the Mamelukes sent his son Ibrahim—his greatest general—with an army and navy that could take possession of any port held by the Greeks. Missolonghi, heroically defended, fell in 1826, and Athens in June, 1827. The Greek cause seemed

lost. But the fleet of the allied powers entered the bay of Navarino, and destroyed the Turkish and Egyptian fleets.

This was a grand triumph for Greece, but a still greater one for Russia. She had used the fleets of those two powers most anxious to strengthen Turkey against Russia, and forced them to inflict upon Turkey a mortal wound. She had most successfully incited Austria to many wars, in which Austria gained nothing and Turkey lost much, in men and money, but now it was France and England that she was manipulating. The allies, made aware of their foolish position, tried to shelter themselves under the plea of humanity; but Russia has not ceased to laugh at them to this day. The liberation of Greece could have been secured by a united demand of the allies. The blow was struck without any declaration of war, and by powers with whom the Porte was at peace. The treaty of Akerman, between Russia and the Porte, 1826, and that of the allies, 1827, meant triumph to Russia, loss and humiliation to Turkey.

In the mean time there occurred in Constantinople events which seemed to offer to the Tsar the long-sought, the long-watched-for opportunity to restore the double-headed eagle to the Bosphorus, and to erect the Russian cross upon the dome of St. Sophia. The rebellion and entire destruction of the Janissaries in 1826, and the disaster of Navarino in 1827, had left the Ottoman Empire without army or navy, and with internal disorders of the most threatening aspect. The Sultan had destroyed his own army; his allies had destroyed his navy.

The Tsar joyfully recognized the hour. There was nothing but a few days' march between him and the realization of Russia's dream. In 1828, he sent an army of one hundred thousand to cross the Balkans and take Constantinople. He anticipated nothing but a feeble show of resistance. He had for-

gotten that every Moslem is by his religious faith a soldier, and that to him the shortest path to paradise is through a field of blood. The army crossed the Danube without opposition, but was annoyed at the fierce defense of Ibraila, which cost it four thousand men. They failed to take Shumla; Varna fell after a gallant fight. Count Moltké, then in the Turkish service, wrote, "If we consider the enormous sacrifices which the war cost the Russians [in 1828], it is difficult to say whether they or the Turks won or lost it. It remained for a second campaign to decide the value of the first."

In great irritation at his poor success, the Tsar sent Marshal Diebitsch with forces sufficient to carry all before him. He crossed the Balkans with great loss, and arrived at Adrianople with an army exhausted by fighting, and so efficiently stricken with plague and cholera that the Turks needed only to wait a couple of weeks, or so, for it to perish. But Marshal Diebitsch, with consummate Russian skill, terrified the Porte and the ambassadors at Constantinople into the belief that he had one hundred thousand victorious troops ready to march upon the capital. A treaty was concluded; a war indemnity of twenty-five millions was imposed upon Turkey; and then ten or fifteen thousand demoralized, plague-stricken soldiers marched out of Adrianople, most of them to perish by the way. Of all the forces that crossed the Pruth, not more than ten thousand ever returned to their native land. Russia has such a vast population that she does not mind the loss of one or two hundred thousand men.

This treaty was an immense gain to Russia on many points, but Constantinople again escaped. Had the Sultan only held out a few days longer, Marshal Diebitsch would have been compelled to surrender; the campaign of 1829 would have been a most distinguished failure; the Polish insurrection of 1830 would

have left Turkey in perfect safety from foreign foes; and a new Turkish army would have been formed, under the discipline of Moltké.

The Sultan might now hope for a little breathing spell. But his rebellious subject, the Pasha of Egypt, was making rapid progress through northern Syria, and had entered Asia Minor, almost unopposed. The Sultan applied in vain to England and France for aid. With inconceivable stupidity, they left him with no resource but Russia. The Tsar was graciously pleased to send 15,000 troops to occupy the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. When Mehmet Ali found that the prosecution of his design meant war with Russia, he recalled his army. The treaty of Unkiar-Skélessi bound Turkey to Russia as a mere vassal. She must close the Straits against armed vessels of all other powers, and maintain an offensive and defensive alliance.

France and England united in settling the Egyptian question, and were not again to leave Turkey entirely in the hands of Russia. In the war of 1839, between the Pasha and the Sultan, Russia had no predominant influence; France and England being united to support the Ottoman Empire. In the Convention of 1840, for the pacification of the Levant, Great Britain, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey were in accord. Mehmet Ali was declared hereditary governor of Egypt, and thirteen years of rest were enjoyed by Turkey.

Under the inspiration of Sir Stratford Canning (Lord Stratford de Redcliffe), the young Sultan Abdul Adedjid (1839) instituted many reforms. The civil administration, the army, the navy, were reconstructed. The navy that had been treacherously given up to the Pasha of Egypt was returned, and the traitors shortly died a natural death,—facilitated, perhaps, by poison. The Turkish army had produced one soldier, Omar Pasha, of undeniable military genius.

During the thirteen years of peace, he kept the Danubian provinces from revolt, in spite of Russian plots. He curbed the fiery Bosnians and Montenegrins; and when, in 1848, the revolutionary craze swept over Europe, and affected Moldo-Wallachia, the prudence and skill of this general defeated the plans of Russia, who had marched in an army of 40,000 men. After prolonged negotiations with England and Turkey, they were withdrawn.

But Nicholas became impatient, and perhaps alarmed, at these unexpected signs of recuperation and returning strength. His conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour about "the sick man," "the very sick man," are too well known to need repeating. He persuaded himself that England would not interfere; he would give her Egypt and Crete, and he cared naught for France. Having, as he supposed, made himself secure against interference, the Tsar sent Prince Menschikoff to the Sublime Porte, to make, in the most insolent, undiplomatic, and ungentlemanly manner, a demand for the exclusive protection of all the Christian subjects of the empire. This was equivalent to requiring the transfer of twelve millions of subjects to the Tsar; and war of necessity followed.

The Russian army crossed the Pruth in June, 1853, in order to hold the Danubian provinces until Turkey should yield what the Tsar demanded. His

¹ The question was discussed at the time why Nicholas opened the war upon "the sick man" at that time. Sir Henry Austen Layard said, in his place in Parliament, that the Tsar hastened the war in order to crush the nascent Protestantism that was taking root in the empire. The statement was pronounced by some absurd. The Hon. George P. Marsh, minister resident in Turkey, writing to a secretary of the American Board, September 8, 1855, said, "I have not the slightest doubt that the keen-sighted Layard is right in assigning to this manifestation of American institutions in the East a prominent place among the occasions of the political and military movements which have shaken Asia and Europe since 1853. The iron heel that crushed the rising hopes of Continental liberty in 1849 is again armed to tread out the

fleet entered the harbor of Sinope, in a fog, and surprised and destroyed the Turkish vessels there at anchor.¹ The Sultan of course declared war. Omar Pasha boldly crossed the Danube, and attacked the Russians at Oltenitza and Citate and Kalafat, and gained such decided advantages as demonstrated to Europe that "the sick man's" soldiers were alive and well.

In the spring of 1854, General Schilders crossed the Danube into Bulgaria with an army of 60,000, and attacked Silistria, which Omar Pasha had garrisoned with 8,000 choice troops, under Mousa Pasha, his most trusted general. The place was defended by earth-works; and General Schilders confidently expected an easy victory. After a month of unavailing effort, Marshal Puskievitch was sent with reinforcements, and orders to take the place at all costs. He had all the costs, but did not take the place. After three heroic assaults, he retreated in haste across the Danube, to save his army from being intercepted by Omar Pasha. Great was the surprise of the Russians. Their old enemy seemed to be sound to the core.

Thenceforth, the contest was transferred to Sevastopol. Todleben had learned, at Silistria, the power of earth-works, and proceeded with great skill to teach the lesson to the allies. St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan took command; and Omar Pasha had no further opportunity for distinction, save that, at glimmering spark of civil and religious freedom in the Oriental world. The friends of human progress in Asia meet their most formidable obstacle in the relentless hostility of 'the great conservative power of Europe.'

The Russian ambassador, Bauteneff, declared to an American missionary that the emperor his master would never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey. A Russian colonel, prisoner to the English, was found to be possessed of the most accurate knowledge of every mission station in Turkey. He had visited them all in the most friendly manner, as a German traveler. He was an agent of the Russian government. The progress of Russia bodes evil to missions, and to all the institutions of education, and to the press.

Eupatoria, he severely chastised the Russian force of 40,000 men, which was sent to overwhelm him and take revenge for the campaign of the Danube. In the long and gallant defense of Sevastopol, Russia was finally conquered. Nicholas died from chagrin, — or “medicine,” — and Alexander II. came to the throne, announcing thenceforth a policy of peace.

Russia was compelled to submit to a series of humiliations. She had to acknowledge the right of Europe to interfere in Eastern affairs. The treaty of Unkiar-Skélessi, by which Turkey had been reduced to vassalage, was abolished. Her navy had been sunk at the entrance of Sevastopol, and she was bound not to rebuild it. The wonderful dock of Sevastopol was destroyed, so far as the engineers of the allies could do it. She lost Bessarabia, and was thus driven from the Danube. All this was submitted to from bitter necessity, but with the proud consciousness that it all amounted to nothing, compared with the immense resources of the empire. The omission of the allies to hold Russia responsible for the expenses of this war is inexplicable. The alarming fact to her was that Europe should unite and move with irresistible force against the Russian possession of Constantinople.

In reference to the result, a Russian diplomat declared that “Russia would not move again direct upon Constantinople. That would evidently arouse Europe. But she would have it by *envelopment*. European Turkey was naturally hers, and she would *expand* into it. Now that she had driven the Circassians from the Caucasus, she would gradually — not in this generation, perhaps, but finally — expand into Asia Minor. When she had both sides of the Straits, where would be the capital?” “But,” it was objected, “Europe may unite against you.” “No,” he replied; “Europe does not concern itself with the

natural growth of an empire. Constantinople will be acknowledged as belonging to us, when we take possession!”

Since the Crimean war of 1854–55, the two combatants have followed courses which have disappointed the expectations of the world. Russia, it was believed, would pursue a policy of peace. The Emperor Alexander liberated the serfs. The conscription for the army would be greatly relieved; taxation would be lightened; internal improvements and universal peace would make everybody contented and happy. In point of fact, taxation gradually became heavier, and the conscriptions vastly increased the army. Expeditions into Asia gave it active employment. “Holy Russia” was rapidly pushing her borders towards Afghanistan. The thorough, practical, and scientific education, on a vast scale, of skilled workmen and engineers, mechanical and military, and such development of industries that Russia might be sufficient unto herself in time of a general European war, called forth and occupied the forces of this great empire. But the public burdens began to cause great discontent in certain classes. The liberation of the serfs was solely for the purpose of having better soldiers. The effort at universal education for boys had for its object an intelligent soldiery. All the arts centred in war. Siberia was the home of every one who dared to criticise the government. So Nihilism was born. It is the offspring of Militarism. Russia has become the great military power of the age; but the firmament over her is not clear of clouds.

Turkey started upon her new career with the best opportunities which a rescued nation ever had for securing a prosperous future, and with every motive to inspire her efforts. She had no public debt. She had a quiet, contented, and faithful population. How is it that she has descended straight to bankruptcy, disorder, and ruin?

First of all, she has been cursed by an incapable government. To have an infallible autocrat in the hands of a harem, changing the most responsible officer at a woman's caprice, is quite enough to bring ruin to a nation. But, in the second place, the allies themselves have been able coadjutors in the work of ruin. Commercial greed and the plots of English and French capitalists, backed by their governments, have made havoc of Ottoman resources. The industries are handicapped by free trade, and have perished. But the government is bound by a treaty not to impose a tariff, and has been struggling in vain, for many years, to get free from the bondage.

Again, at the close of the Crimean war Louis Napoleon demanded the removal of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe from the embassy at Constantinople. His influence was too great in Turkey to be longer endured. Lord Palmerston, also, may have been ready enough to sacrifice a man every way his superior, and of a haughty, inflexible disposition. Sir Henry Bulwer, a man after Louis Napoleon's own heart, was appointed to this most responsible post in English diplomacy. A master of intrigue and bribery, vain, ambitious, and of infamous morals, his main object was to undo all that De Redcliffe had done. Especially, he posed before England as the regenerator of Turkey, and he had newspapers to chant his praises. He instituted the era of great government loans. The ostensible object, greatly glorified, was internal improvements. The real object was to have a good time. These loans were issued at five and six per cent.; but as only fifty to sixty pounds on the hundred were paidin, the actual interest to the bond-holders was ten to twelve per cent. Besides, for the fifty paid in, one hundred must be refunded in the end. This would seem to have been enough to satisfy even English greed. The loan era began in 1858, and in 1874 the public debt amounted

to £184,981,783, or \$924,908,915. At the same time there is an enormous floating or domestic debt, guessed at as amounting to \$100,000,000, more or less. We are safe in saying that the downward path upon which Sir Henry Bulwer launched the empire, in the name of progress and reform, plunged it into the gulf of more than one thousand millions of dollars of interest-bearing debt.

All this pleased the Muscovites. Here was an English and French measure which General Ignatieff could favor with all his influence. When, in consequence, the Turkish Empire was bankrupted, he had the supreme satisfaction of telling the poor stupid Sultan that he must declare bankruptcy, and all for following his English and French advisers. It would doubtless cause a revolution; but he would send for a sufficient Russian force to guard the throne. It is well understood that the dethronement of Sultan Abdul Aziz was made necessary by this private bargain. He was considered guilty of treason to the empire and to Islam.

After twenty years of great progress on one side, and of degradation on the other, it was time for the Tsar to set out again for Constantinople. There would be no mistake this time. The Sultan was an imbecile, his empire bankrupt. European bond-holders were enraged; and besides, the Tsar would not so move as to draw in Europe. He would simply make a strong and permanent lodgment south of the Danube, and give Europe every assurance of his benign intentions.

The war of 1877, between Turkey and Russia, was preceded by insurrections in Hertzgovina, Montenegro, and Servia. Turkey was driven into a war with Servia, when she had the most urgent reasons for avoiding it. She had neither money nor means; but for that very reason it was forced upon her. The old spirit of Islam awoke, and the

Servians were very roughly used. This was just what Russia wished and expected. She had now religious and humanitarian arguments to plead in favor of intervention.

A convention of ambassadors and envoys, at Constantinople, vainly endeavored to restore peace, or rather to avoid war. Russia made demands which the Porte could not accept, and which the other powers would not support. The poor result of the conference was that Russia was left to act upon her own responsibility. Her diplomacy had gained a complete triumph, and all danger of a European combination against her passed away.

In the war which followed, Russia met with a severe and bloody defeat in the attack upon Plevna. Prince Charles of Roumania, with his corps, saved the Russian army from destruction, and was repaid with base ingratitude. Russia cannot afford to acknowledge indebtedness to any one. Plevna was taken by siege, and the inhabitants and army suffered the extremes of famine and disease. Alexander II. left a dark stain upon his name by giving up himself and officers to three days' revelry, before supplying the dying and famished prisoners of war with the slightest relief. Even Mr. Forbes, the war correspondent and able advocate of Russia, could not commend this amazing inhumanity in the treatment of a brave enemy.

When Plevna fell the object of Russia, as diplomatically stated, was attained. Bulgaria was in her possession. It was hers by conquest; and had she stopped there she could have expanded into European Turkey at her leisure, and Europe would not have interfered. But, as often before, her military officers and counselors — General Ignatieff especially, who has always known how to ruin success, and who was at that time supreme — cast aside all prudence, rushed across the Balkans in winter, with the loss of twenty thousand men, and

were almost at the gates of Constantinople before astonished Europe could act.

At Buyuk Tchekmedje, the British iron-clads saved the city. The approaching army could not avoid them. Russia had broken the treaty of Paris, and was building a fleet, but had nothing in readiness to enable her to appear on the water. The army stopped, as stop it must. For there was a point where "the whale" could fight "the elephant," but not the elephant the whale.

Then followed the celebrated treaty of San Stefano, between Russia and Turkey, March 3, 1878. So soon as Europe had time to study the treaty, and to get at the geography of it, it saw that Turkey had ceased to exist. The fine phrases that showed the contrary had no substantial meaning. England demanded that the treaty be submitted to a convention of the great powers, signatories of the treaty of Paris, and received a courteous but haughty negative. General Ignatieff had boastingly said, "J'y suis; j'y reste!"

Lord Beaconsfield had, in the mean time, brought up seven thousand Sepoys from India into the Mediterranean, as an intimation of the vast number of Sepoys and Moslems at England's command. The war had already made unlooked-for demands upon the army and the treasury. The indignation of Europe was rising to a dangerous pitch, and Russia changed her tone. "The treaty was elastic, and would admit of any modifications that the great powers might deem necessary."

Hence the great Congress of Berlin, which required that Russia should withdraw all her troops from European Turkey within a specified time. Then the delimitations of the treaty were materially changed, and the principality of Bulgaria was organized. Unwisely, this enterprising, thrifty, and united people was divided, by the Balkan Mountains, into two governments. The portion between the Balkans and the Danube was

the principality; that south of the Balkans, under the name of Eastern Roumelia, remained nominally under the Sultan, but with great municipal freedom. The principality was made self-governing. Its young patriots, many of them educated at Robert College, intelligent students of American history and of the Constitution of the United States, took the lead in the formation of the government, and greatly disgusted the Russian agents. They chose Prince Alexander, and he gradually fell in with the policy of these eager young Bulgarians. Russia's firm purpose to upset this free government, and to expel the prince, beloved by all the people, is the cause of the present Bulgarian complication.

Our object has been simply to delineate enough of Russia's achievements and of Ottoman resistance to present the two powers as they now stand: the one, mighty and aspiring; the other, impoverished, bankrupt, discouraged. The one, during the long conflict of four centuries, has increased her territory

more than tenfold, and her population to a hundred millions. The other has lost in almost every war, until she has only a foothold in Europe; and her Asiatic possessions are growing beautifully less. As a combatant, she has ceased to be. As an auxiliary, she can still furnish splendid soldiers.

And yet the dream of Russia is not realized! United Europe stands in the way. The possession of Constantinople will, in time, if realized, make Russia great at sea. She would have the Black Sea, the Marmora, the Mediterranean. She would next grasp at Egypt and the Indian Empire; and England, France, and Italy would be reduced to comparative insignificance. As she would then command the Danube, and would crush the hated Hungarians, Austria and Germany have reason to look upon the future with solicitude. Putting off the evil day will not save them. The real contest is no longer between Russia and Turkey, but between Russia and Europe.

Cyrus Hamlin.

BAPTISM OF FIRE.

HAPPY birds caroling love-songs, winds in the tree-tops at play,
Earth, like an Eden, rejoicing in the beautiful gladness of May!

Over the mountains a splendor of crimson and amethyst swept;
Gray mists stole up from the valley; the dense shadows after them crept.

Down the green aisles of the orchard, pink-white with the promise of bloom,
Stood the apple-trees, wooing already the brown bees with wealth of perfume.

Then sounded the blast of a trumpet, like the cry of a soul in pain,
Crashing of thunder-bolts warring with the hosts of the scourging rain;

Till when the raging battalions swept on with resistless sway,
Prone in the path of the tempest the pride of the orchard lay!

"O beautiful buds close folded, that never will bloom!" I cried;
"Alas for the unfulfillment, alas for the bliss denied!"

But filling my arms with the branches, I carried them in, where the fire
Blazed on the glowing hearth-stone like a sacrificial pyre.

And into the flames I tossed them, when before my startled eyes,
As in miraculous vision, shone a marvel, a surprise.

In the heart of the fiery splendor the pale buds, one by one,
Opened to heat of the burning as to kiss of the summer sun!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND NOVEL.

ANY attempt to estimate the performance of women-novelists of our time, which has been *par excellence* the age of the novel, would certainly be incomplete without a glance at the work of two exceedingly clever specialists who have been industriously engaged for more than a generation in directing to one fixed and narrow purpose the employment of their admirable powers. I have no scruple about calling the purpose a narrow one, since the only persons who might have a right to object to the epithet — namely, these writers themselves — would be the last to consider it an injurious one. All moral truth, according to the authors of both *Margaret Percival* and *The Heir of Redclyffe*, is dependent upon religious truth; and religious truth is a perfectly distinct, circumscribed, and immutable thing, a relic, a palladium, a sacred heirloom, a costly inheritance, to be received with reverence, protected from the cupidity of the vulgar, and transmitted intact, with every possible precaution and guaranty. It is Christianity, but not by any means all of Christianity. That is to say, it is not Catholic Christianity in any natural or generally received sense of that much-coveted and frequently abused term. It is the special form of Christianity professed, and as far as may be practiced, in the Established Church of England.

All the earlier works of Miss Sewell and a good many of Miss Yonge's are, indeed, as truly controversial as if they consisted solely of exploits of exegesis and dry treatises upon doctrine. Nor is this wonderful, when we reflect that both these conscientious writers were born and bred in an atmosphere of the keenest controversy. Both had intimate associations with Oxford; inherited the culture, and were involved in the conflicts, of the intellectual and spiritual capital of the English race. Both were young and impressionable at the period of that great religious and ecclesiastical revival, that sudden rising of the spiritual floods, which men have rightly named the Oxford Movement. Both felt the shock of impact with the eternal obstacle which divided the swollen waters, and the stress of those hidden forces which imparted to the movement of either of the then parted streams, an energy that forty years have hardly begun to abate. Any discussion of the question at issue between the followers of Newman and the followers of Keble and Pusey would be out of place here. It will be enough to remind the reader that the doctrines of the historical continuity of the Christian faith, of priestly authority, and of sacramental efficacy were claimed and held, with equal tenacity, by both parties; and one is, in fact, met at every

turn, in the England of to-day, by evidences of the new light of faith and life of works enkindled within the Anglican Church by their revival.

These, then, are the doctrines which Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge have dramatized; and that so attractively, with so earnest a purpose and so ample a knowledge of human nature, as to win for them toleration, and to a considerable extent, as I believe, acceptance, among readers outside the pale of any historical church. What influence they may have had among English dissenters I have no accurate means of knowing,—probably it would not be much; but for the very marked and still recent Episcopal revival in America, and especially in New England, I hold these two gentle champions of the faith delivered to the Apostles so largely responsible as to render their blameless tales well worthy an hour's dispassionate review.

Miss Sewell was the earlier in the field by several years. I can myself just remember the strong impression produced on the more serious-minded, unworldly, and orthodox class of New England's unremitting readers by *Gertrude and The Earl's Daughter*; while even to the children of rather strictly educated and so-called "evangelical" families Amy Herbert and Laneton Parsonage were freely permitted as appropriate Sunday reading. Certainly the standard of behavior set before us, in these deeply interesting but at the same time severely didactic tales, was as high and difficult a one as the most austere Puritan could desire. The lessons they inculcated were such as all children brought up on the idea that they ought first of all to be good knew that it behooved them to learn. It did occasionally strike us, as we read, with a feeling akin to discouragement, that we had never dreamed before how exceedingly, not to say dreadfully, good we ought to be. Still, the juvenile conscience, nurtured in an atmosphere of old-fashioned New

England piety, responded readily to the demand made upon it for unflinching truth, unquestioning obedience, unflagging diligence, and, above all, for a spirit of deep reverence toward the articles of the Christian faith. We were alive, too, as I believe intelligent children always are, to the great literary charm of this new order of "good books," and we were still innocent as babes, being in fact little more ourselves, of the flippant but expressive term "goody-goody." We could appreciate the art with which certain select types of juvenile character were portrayed, the exquisite naturalness of conversation and incident, the atmosphere of moral refinement. Our naïf indifference to the basis of doctrine, the specific Credo, on which this high code of morals was supposed to rest, our absolute unconsciousness of our own outcast and perilous position, is irresistibly amusing when viewed by the light of one's later knowledge of the burning questions of traditional authority out of whose agitation these warning parables arose. Our Bible was like the English Bible, we conceived, save for certain curious and unimportant little variations in the Psalms. Our Apostles, also, were the same, and we knew of no reason why Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John should not "bless the beds that we lay on," as well as the dimity-curtained cots, in the bowery English rectory. Our very baptism we imagined, in our simplicity, to be identical with theirs; and as for that critical business of confirmation, on which such great and impressive stress was laid (our prime favorite, Laneton Parsonage, with its three fat and fondly cherished volumes, might almost have been denominated a *Tragedy of Confirmation*), we supposed, I think, that it was merely a more public and ceremonious form of what we had been accustomed to hear called conversion. We feared, upon the whole, considerably more than we loved, that embodiment

of all speculative doctrine and practical reproof, that stern type of the spiritual pastor and master, who predominated over every tale, conducted the competitive examinations for full church membership, and directed to something as like as possible to his own pitiless excellence the weaker and more wanton souls committed to his charge. But we were far from comprehending, or even suspecting, the general anathema under which we ourselves would have been held to lie, had our cases really come within his spiritual jurisdiction. I speak as a child, of course, and possibly as a fool, but I am by no means persuaded, even now, that the childish instinct of aversion to this priestly dictator was altogether a sinful and mistaken one. Whether or no he lacked light, he did, on many occasions, very signally fail in sweetness; and it is not easy to imagine one's self spontaneously confiding a spiritual difficulty either to the rector of Laneton Parsonage or to the clerical uncle in Margaret Percival, who, when the gentle heroine tremblingly acknowledged to him that she had come, in his absence, to entertain doubts as to whether the authority of the Church of England were indeed superior to that of the Church of Rome, replied, with so entirely the air of an ecclesiastical Pooh-Bah, "My poor child, have they brought you to this?"

Naturally, however, the grown-up readers of Miss Sewell's adult tales gave more heed to her arguments than was accorded them in the nursery; and a considerable number were undoubtedly a good deal influenced by them. The most directly and confessedly argumentative of the early books, indeed, — the tale of Margaret Percival's narrow escape from the zeal and the fascinations of a beautiful Italian countess, passionately attached to her own ancestral faith, — was perhaps the least effective of them all with American readers, for the reason that the questions which it

involved were hardly living ones among our native pietists at that time. Yet even Margaret Percival was taken seriously, in a sense quite contrary to any the author can ever have intended, and was followed by the queerest of consequences in the shape of a sequel entitled *Margaret Percival in America*, and artlessly prepared by some reader on the hither side of the sea, who could not quite reconcile herself to Margaret's final reduction to obedience by the clerical disciplinarian before mentioned. Despite the liberal admission with which the true story of Margaret Percival ended, — that for the Roman Catholic siren, too, there may have been hope in her death, — the place in which the soul of the so nearly perverted heroine was left seemed too strait to the child, or rather the grandchild, of non-conformity, who proceeded to take forcible possession of Miss Sewell's Margaret, transport her to America, and convert her once for all to liberal Christianity, Sunday picnics, and the worship of God in the fields. The liberty taken with another author's creation, and a living author's, was most extraordinary; but the would-be sequel bore no comparison, in point of literary merit, with the tale it presumed to continue, and I hope it will not be held a mark of unseemly levity if I confess that I find something delightfully humorous in the idea of Miss Sewell's own probable consternation, first at the kidnapping case itself, and the destiny assigned to her so carefully guarded heroine, and afterwards at the fact that Margaret Percival in America has been quite lately catalogued among the writings of Elizabeth Sewell, by the indefatigable, but by no means infallible, compiler of *The Women of the Day*.

After all, however, the real force of the novels proper (most proper), no less than that of the nursery tales, lies where Matthew Arnold finds that of the Old Testament itself, from which their inspiration is so largely drawn, — in their

bearing upon the conduct of life, their thorough researches into the mixed motives which guide our ordinary actions, their revelation of the less creditable secrets of ostensibly innocent lives, their treatment of every-day cases of conscience. It may be urged that these cases themselves are, many of them, rather childish; unlikely, under any circumstances, greatly to agitate the dwellers in the great average world; curiously within the limits of conventional virtue and outward respectability, and remote from the region of fierce temptation, overmastering passion, and positive crime. Whether a pious and charitably disposed lady, who had intended to build a church with her superfluous money, ought or ought not to employ it instead in relieving her brother, who is in pecuniary difficulties. Whether the said brother, having lived for a given number of years far beyond his income, ought to incur the expense of a reelection to Parliament, or throw up his seat, rent his big house, go abroad and economize. (It really seems as though there were no positive need of a ghostly counselor to tell him that.) Whether a "Christian maiden" ought to expose herself to the fascinations of Goethe's Egmont, for fear of being moved by the poet's genius to sympathize with Clärchen's suicide. There is something almost pathetic, by the way, in the quixotic ardor displayed by our ladies in withstanding what they call German infidelity, or more conveniently still, "Germanism," when one comes to reflect what a comparatively innocuous little spectre it was beside the mighty shade of that later spiritual foe, which may fairly be termed English infidelity.

Yet the story of Gertrude, from which two of these examples are drawn, is really a noble and an able one. A very fine discrimination is made between the characters of the two sisters, Gertrude and Edith, both so conscientious and high-minded, the latter making good-

ness obnoxious by her austerity and hauteur, and a certain selfish absorption in the matter of her own soul's safety, and the former winning her way with people of all kinds by a spirit of unflinching sympathy, suavity, and tact, which, nevertheless, involves no sacrifice of principle. In Gertrude, also, are first apparent a considerable power of social satire, and a capacity for detecting and exposing specious hypocrisies, and for analyzing commonplace, foolish, and more or less unlovely types of character. If she had been gifted with more humor, Miss Sewell might have been a great satirist, and a little of Miss Austen's play of intellect would have rendered *The Experience of Life* a classic. As it is, it remains the masterpiece of its author, written in her most lucid and vigorous style, full of shrewd observation and photographic portraiture, compact with common sense. The force of realism, greatly as its function has, of late, been exalted, can hardly go further than in the picture here given of the utterly arid and sordid conditions of middle-class life in a small English country town. The themes of *Middlemarch* and of *Janet's Repentance* are equally unflattering to the fancy, nor is the difference immeasurable, either in native power or singleness of moral purpose, between George Eliot and the author under discussion. But *Middlemarch* did at least admit a gleam of the ideal in the aspirations and devotions of Dorothea, the unselfish ambition of Lydgate, and the almost romantic rectitude of Caleb Garth. In *Middlemarch*, also, room was found for the passion of love, which never receives any marked attention from Miss Sewell, as a factor in life, and is excluded from *The Experience of Life* so rigidly that it would perhaps be more exact to qualify the title a little, and call it *The Experience of a Life*. The result is something quite conventual in the atmosphere of the book,—not sentimentally conven-

tual, but unconsciously and severely so; and it is a curious fact that in this one instance even the inevitable pope of the tale, the ultimate and infallible spiritual authority, is a very admirable *old woman*. Mrs. Poyser herself is not more terse and original, and hardly more picturesque in her comments on the affairs of this world, than "Aunt Sarah" in the quaint reflections and illustrations, which embrace the conditions of the next, as well. Her death-bed homily is perhaps a little too long, extending as it does over several chapters, but it is really one of the most striking manuals I have ever met of an alert, self-collected, practical piety.

In *The Experience of Life* Miss Sewell took formal and final leave of her own sober youth, and a long leave also of her youthful readers; and the principles of true Anglicanism would have been left to languish in New England, at least, had not a younger champion of the same opportunely arisen, more buoyant and enthusiastic than the first, equally well furnished with church lore and panoplied in church loyalty, and, if less masculine in the grasp of her intellect, considerably more versatile, brilliant, and fascinating. This one — I mean Miss Yonge, of course — was just as keen an observer of English life as her elder, but a far more sympathizing and lenient critic. She was a born colorist, also, and her instincts and preferences were romantic and chivalric in the highest degree. It is all very well to scoff at the heir of Redclyffe as a nursery hero. He was that, undoubtedly, and happy the nursery where such an ideal is enshrined; but he was also much more. He restored, for a time, to the rather starved imagination of nineteenth-century childhood — and not of childhood only — the gracious and affecting image of the beardless Christian knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*; adorned with many earthly gifts and graces, but radiant above

all with the singular rapture reserved for those who seek the Creator of their souls *early*, — Sir Galahad, St. George, St. Stanislaus. The influence of De la Motte Fouqué in shaping this fair conception was evident, and, indeed, freely acknowledged. All the infinite *picturesque* of mediæval piety, rediscovered by the Oxford Movement for the delight of souls at once artistic and devout, glowed on the pages of Miss Yonge's most popular tale, no less than on the maiden canvases of Rossetti and Millais. Manzoni, too, had his influence there, and that a peculiarly wholesome one, by virtue of his charming humor, the like of which was also among Miss Yonge's manifold gifts, and saved her effectually, in those early days at least, from anything like an absurd anti-climax. Altogether, the type of goodness which she presented for imitation to her young readers was far more joyous and winning, more supple and, so to speak, possible, than the saintly fastidiousness of Lady Blanche Evelyn, or the painful precision and difficult resignation of the namesake of the renowned Aunt Sarah. Never afterward did Miss Yonge attain to depicting anything quite equal, for novel and tearful charm, to this one highly idealized figure, — the spirited self-devotion and impassioned sanctity of Guy Morville, his marvelously rapid victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil, and the smiling serenity of his untimely death, — while not once, even when most moved, is the reader allowed to forget to what sole tradition of doctrine, what instruments, and what sacraments this dazzling early blossom of chivalrous piety is to be ascribed.

In the force and ingenuity, however, with which the arguments are pressed home on which these articles of faith repose, the varieties of character and destiny which are compelled to illustrate them, and the firmness and brightness of her delineation of a certain small and exclusive but by no means unimportant

section of English life, Miss Yonge did certainly advance from strength to strength, until, like her predecessor, she arrived at the culmination both of her analytic and constructive power in a perfectly unpretending narrative of middle-class English town life. The *Daisy Chain* is a story for young people, with a rather foolish title, and of seemingly inordinate length, but the ability lavished upon it is simply marvelous, and its charm is perennial. I am not ashamed to confess that I am always glad of an excuse for reopening the book, and never, I think, while eyesight lasts, shall I become incapable of losing myself for an hour in that masterly representation of a simple yet singularly vivid family life. Nowhere else that I know is the tale so truly and feelingly told of the jests, the tiffs and the truces, the *empotements* and the escapades, the brief anger and the lasting love, the glad meetings and the reluctant partings (each bringing for one sharp instant a foretaste of the last), the common joy, the indivisible anguish, the occasional perfect unison of prayer, — the whole sum of solemn and tender associations involved in that sacred idea of the *home*, which has been handed down intact, in our branch of the Aryan family, from those far-away forbears whose altar was literally the hearth, and their chief piety the worship of their own dead kindred. Miss Yonge must pardon the involuntary paganism of this panegyric. It is her fault for having been able to invest the story of eleven brothers and sisters, with their curious points both of likeness and unlikeness, no one of whom is conducted beyond the threshold of responsible grown-up life, with so profound and universal an interest. Every one of these eleven is alive in every word and gesture. It is a positive miracle of truthful and delicate characterization.

I really cannot help turning aside, at this point, however, to remark with com-

placency how disinterested we Americans are in admiring or adhering to Miss Yonge at all. The bugbear that our unkempt republic presents to her lady-like imagination! One would think that she would avert her eyes altogether from the horrid spectacle; but no, she seems possessed to point her ready moral at our remote expense. There is a perfectly virginal and altogether engaging innocence of fact about the idea of America which abides in the breast of this brightest and sweetest of British Phillistines; and I cannot help thinking that she would herself be moved to laughter, could she see a certain annotated copy of the sequel to *The Daisy Chain* which once came under my notice. The book must have been written some time during our civil war; for, after sending one of her heroines to contract malarial fever on the banks of a far Western river (which, by the way, she might, if necessary, have done nearer home), Miss Yonge sets her to watch the march to the front of a Michigan regiment, and makes her muse with a sort of mournful disdain on the "misguided enthusiasm which has shed so much blood in the break-up of the great republic." Against this bit of slightly premature vaticination, some small but irrepressible Yankee had briefly penciled, in the large Gothic characters of ten, "*Oh ho!*"

But Miss Yonge is, I fear, joined to the idols of her condescending fancy. In one of her quite recent tales, *The Pillars of the House*, she evolves the conception of a little waif, of mixed American and Spanish parentage, who, after playfully setting fire to the village inn, and looking on with admirable *sang-froid* while his negro servant perishes in the flames, is rescued from his own too certain doom, and converted to Christianity and the Church Catechism in the vicarage nursery. He had a dreadful fight, even after his baptism, with his depraved American tendencies, but the

dignity and gravity inherent in his "few drops of hidalgo blood" eventually co-operated with divine grace to save and make a man of him. It is in the same book, I believe, that the little son of the black sheep of the Underwood family (who had been shipped to America, where all the black sheep only too surely go) is found, after his father's violent death, to be on his way to England, to the very natural apprehensiveness of his gentle and civilized relatives in the old country. They are partially relieved, on his arrival, however, for he proves but a puny boy; and when politely asked whether he feels knocked up by his journey, replies plaintively that he feels "used up." "Now," says Miss Yonge, "though the phrase was American, the tone was English and refined"!

This, however, is a frivolous digression. Miss Yonge's later work in fiction comprises the charming *Clever Woman of the Family*, in which the more pretentious and fallacious aspect of the so-called higher education of women is exposed with very pleasant satire, and a few careful historical studies. One of these last, *Unknown to History*, is a work of considerable merit; a little marred in its effect, perhaps, by the somewhat too labored and conspicuous effort to make all the characters invariably talk in sixteenth-century English. It is the story of a supposititious daughter of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Bothwell, who was sent away from Lochleven by night under the care of a faithful nurse, when only a few weeks old. The vessel in which she was to have been conveyed to a convent in France and the custody of an abbess of royal blood was wrecked on the Irish coast, but the child was picked up alive, taken on board the ship of one of Queen Elizabeth's sturdy mariners, adopted by him, and educated as a Protestant. Great pains are bestowed on the portrait of the unhappy queen, who presently becomes an actor in the drama, and there is a visible at-

tempt on the part of the romantic author to resist her own instinctive and inevitable partiality for the Stuart race, and analyze dispassionately the strangely conflicting elements in the character of the great enchantress. Miss Yonge makes no pretension to having solved this eternal enigma, but her stately conception is an entirely credible and a tolerably self-consistent one.

The Pillars of the House, before mentioned, essays once more to delineate the interaction of a dozen, more or less, of clever brothers and sisters, and the evolution of their various fates. It is not quite as successful as *The Daisy Chain*, and is drawn out to a yet more extravagant length; no other modern novel that I remember, except *La Guerre et la Paix* reaching anything like the same dimensions. Yet, wonderful to say, it is nowhere unreadable, and it deserves to be noted as embodying with evident intent a full confession of the final phase of Miss Yonge's religious belief. She is now what is called a Ritualist of the most advanced type, resting with rapturous content among the purple vapors which enshroud "the topmost height before the spirits fade away" from the English into the elder church. Many characters whom we have learned to love in former books reappear in this; the young widows, and the men and maids who have been disappointed in love, all presenting themselves in conventual dress, as members of Anglican sisterhoods or brotherhoods. If we feel with regret that the simplicity of Miss Yonge's earlier manner is a little impaired by that somewhat scenic parade of the accessories of goodness, that elaborate and triumphant "doing so with their enchantments," which appears to be inseparable from the present High Church fashion, we find her ideals of character as pure and sound as ever, and underneath what it would perhaps be unkind to call the flummery of her later piety the old

finely knit frame-work of exquisite good sense. This is the point where she and Miss Sewell still agree, widely as they have diverged in some of their ecclesiastical theories, since the days when they consecrated themselves to a common work. Miss Sewell, indeed, though steadfastly loyal to her church, has become, if not "low," at least what is technically termed "evangelical." She published only a few years ago a volume of religious meditations, in the course of which she more than once distinctly deprecates the tendencies which have driven herself and her early coadjutor almost as wide apart as is possible within the limits of the same communion. As for instance:—

"There is another record, less sad than that of the majority of the world's followers, but equally disappointing. It is to be found in the lives of those who, earnest but fearful, have turned aside from the ways of the world and followed some self-chosen path, in the hope of crushing by self-discipline the natural likings, which, because they too often lead to sin, are thought to be in themselves sinful. How weary that conflict is, how unceasing and for the most part vain, we may gather from the confessions which from time to time have reached us from their own lips, and which are confirmed by the painful inconsistencies of character that meet us in the record of their lives. The man who rejects with scorn the offer of worldly ambition can yet take delight in the homage offered to spiritual excellence. The woman who would shrink from mere worldly pomp, as from the most hateful temptation, can yet be led away by the follies of religious dissipation and the love of religious display."

Yet even Miss Sewell is compelled, by the scrupulous fairness of her own spirit, to add, a few pages later on, with remarkable point and force of expression, "Much is said by earnest-minded persons of the danger of forms, and they

are dangerous; no one can have watched his own heart without perceiving it. But there is a far greater danger in living without forms. Form without spirit is for the time dead; yet while it remains with us, it is the ever-present witness to the existence of the spirit which once inhabited and may still return to it. But spirit without form may die, and none be aware of its departure."

Both our ladies have spoken seriously and wisely, both categorically and in parables, on the lately so vexed question of the education of girls. Each, either by accident or agreement, has embodied some of her educational theories in the tale of a stepmother's difficult and often ungrateful influence: Miss Sewell in *Home Life* and its sequel, *After-Life*; Miss Yonge in *The Young Stepmother*, a *Chronicle of Mistakes*. Each endows her second wife with much personal distinction and the most admirable intentions; but the two tales involve a curious commentary on their authors' contrasted tones of mind, and possibly on the spirit fostered by the different religious parties with which they are now severally identified. For Miss Yonge makes her heroine succeed, through her own frank humility and hearty desire to atone for all manner of follies of misplaced sympathy and erroneous judgment, in winning the unaffected love and confidence of the children committed to her charge; while Miss Sewell claims a sort of inherent infallibility for hers, and the reader will probably venture to think that he sees in the lady's bland self-righteousness and immovable severity of requirement abundant reason for her comparative failure.

The strictly practical counsels of this entirely sincere and single-minded pair of moralists are still for the most part signally wise, and, for the most part also, essentially harmonious. I shall close this very imperfect survey of their nobly intended and often most effectual work by referring to a single point

of social ethics on which both appear to have reflected a good deal, and, having come independently to the same rather novel conclusion, to have resolved pointedly to illustrate it in their tales.

When Miss Sewell makes her Katharine Ashton frankly accept the position and the wages of a lady's-maid to the defenseless friend with whom, as a child, she had lived on terms of entire equality, because only so can she help and serve her essentially; and when Miss Yonge makes the heir of a fine old county name, and the heir at law of a considerable county property, bind himself apprentice to a small printer and book-seller, and go to live in the chambers above his shop, that he may supply the immediate needs of his younger brothers and sisters, they commit a ruthless outrage upon one of the more snobbish forms of natural and, as it is sometimes called, proper sentiment. Moreover, they depict a sacrifice more acutely painful, and so of course more truly heroic, than any one not personally familiar with the conditions of English rural life would readily believe. It is not a pleasant thing to be *déclassé* anywhere, but to be *déclassé* in England must needs involve that from which a sensitive soul would shrink with positively heart-sickenings aversion. Something of the æsthetic shock which Mr. Ruskin experiences when a new railway

is run rough a fair suburban district, and a train of hideous tenement-houses follows in its wake, would be added to the sum of petty mortifications, discomforts, and disheartenments which one called to such a trial would inevitably have to undergo. The old order, with all its abuses, has been so kindly, comely, and reverend a one, to its privileged members naturally, but also to a goodly number of the great remainder, who in the good old times, at least, were well enough content to be humble. But "the old order changeth." Indications multiply on every side, in the England of to-day, that the peculiar form of self-mortification in question, the sad and distasteful business of coming down in the world, may ere long be required of many who might once have been thought securely defended by the very conditions of their birth from all possibility of sordid occupation, mean surroundings, and vulgar contact. Is it their quiet foresight of a time of great social change and trouble at hand which has led these two preachers of practical Christianity so earnestly to deprecate all false and unworthy pride; striving by every device to nerve their still growing readers for the more sordid and weariful as well as the grander and more tragic possibilities of impending domestic revolution? If so, the fact gives them one more claim on our sympathy and respect.

Harriet Waters Preston.

SLEEP.

O GLORIOUS tide, O hospitable tide,
 On whose moon-heaving breast my head hath lain,
 Lest I, all eased of wounds and washed of stain,
 Through holy hours, be yet unsatisfied,
 Loose me betimes! for in my soul abide
 Urgings of memory, and exile's pain
 Weighs on me, as the spirit of one slain
 May throb for the old strife wherein he died.

On golden-footed shallows, from the sea,
 From dark, from dreams, to each exultant day,
 Oh, speed me! Swooned an outworn king erewhile,
 Whom swart Phæacians shoreward bore; and me,
 Thy loving healèd Greek, thou, too, shalt lay
 Beneath the olive boughs of mine own isle.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

UP THE NEVA TO SCHLÜSSELBURG.

A MERE neck of earth separates the Russian capital from the great inland sea of Ládoga, and through more than forty intervening versts of forest land, green and wavy with the trembling aspen, the birch, the alder, and the silver pine, the Neva moves majestically down its deep channel, by villages and clearings, past scattered communes and straggling huts, between sounding wood-yards and busy factories, till at last, gliding along the famed granite quays of the imperial city, it pours by five broad mouths and narrow outlets innumerable into the Gulf of Finland.

No Russian river has the beauty, the purity, the picturesqueness, which are the attributes of this northern water-course; yet to fully appreciate the nobleness of its aspect in the warm season, one must be familiar with its wintry appearance, and above all witness its vernal emancipation from the fetters of frost by ukase of the "father of warmth," the Slav Apollo, Dazh-Bog himself. For nearly six months a ringing highway for man and beast, the Neva grows unsafe for travel late in the month of April, and has usually resumed its freedom by the beginning of May; yet the opening of the attack on the crystalline mass precedes the moment of its melting by weeks. A month sometimes elapses before the solar rays have begun to sensibly thin the ice crust, and for a month of seeming defiance of the forces of renaissance droskies pursue their

chosen paths over the congealed river, pedestrians continue to traverse it in chair slides or on foot, the heavy wagons of merchant and trader go rumbling over in the same endless procession, and the Samoyeds, those gypsies of the north, cling with their reindeers to the camping ground of their winter exile on the frozen stream, which is soon to bear them back to their homes in the Arctic circle.

The metamorphosis then follows with a swiftness truly Russian. The last screws and clasps of molecular cohesion are drawn in a single night; the thickest ice-plate then opens to its solar enemy a thousand lines of march. In the morning, with firm, quick steps, you may safely traverse the Neva, still ice-covered; at noon, your return is barred by a clear, swelling stream, whose whilom bonds have turned to dancing liquid facets, from which the sun laughs back its light and its triumph. True, the ice is not yet wholly gone, but it meets the eye henceforth purely as a spectacle, — the offering not of a river, but of a lake. This new ice is the product of more northern waters, the snowy blocks and bergs of Ládoga, glittering *débris* of an unequal combat that every spring renews. For some days after the break-up along the Neva, in the interval between the beginning of open and that of safe navigation, the river channel is thronged with broken strata, cleft blocks, truncated pillars, shivered columns; with

spires and spears and shafts; nay, with all shapeful and shapeless masses, that half undergo and half escape degelation in the annual return of heat to the far north. Slowly the rank and file of this shining host glide past, driving back to shelter a fleet of venturesome ferry-boats, battering the bridge piers with dangerous force and frequency, scraping the quays with a sonorous attrition, and emitting throughout the duration of their passage a strange rustling, crunching sound. By day striking, by night solemn and weird, this scene passes in its turn, and for six months the Neva presents the aspect which I have described in the opening paragraph.

I recall these preliminaries of a Neva spring all the more vividly because I once awaited their close in an attitude that bordered too closely on impatience not to imprint them somewhat deeply on my mind. Amongst the fellow-passengers of my voyage to Russia was an English resident of Schlüsselburg, whose invitation to make his house my home for the summer, and to come "as early as possible," had reached me some weeks before the time of open navigation. It was, therefore, with a pleasurable eagerness, increased not a little by unavoidable moments of delay, that I at last found myself on the route to the "Key City."

The trip to Schlüsselburg, in prosaic language simply four hours' steaming in a paddle-boat, went far to transcend all my previous experiences of travel on Russian rivers. The steamer may be small, but its occupants are sociable and, to say the least, interesting. Military officers on their way to the fort at the head of the Neva; officials proceeding to the headquarters of some country mayor; professional men bound for their rural rendezvous; a Chinaman from the embassy out for an airing; a Kirghiz soldier gathering holiday impressions; some university students, a governess, and half a dozen peasants, — these form

one's fellow-travelers in the earlier trips of the season "up-stream." It is these who join each other quite democratically in the cabin, and it is these who, amid the popping of champagne corks and the more expensive flow of Bass's pale ale, — for to be English on the Neva is vastly more expensive than to be merely cosmopolitan, — tell each other many a story of the times in Russia when the Germans were rarer, and the rouble stood higher in European estimation, and native commerce rested on a stabler footing.

In the judgment of a few, the time is spent more pleasantly on deck. In an hour the city has disappeared; the churches have glided past, one by one. The noise of the wood-yards is no longer distracting, and the river banks alone present their changing panorama of light and shade. The great northern forest zone has some of its finest battalions along the line of the Neva, so that the spectacle offered to the eye is never entirely treeless. The green of leaves and grass, moreover, is here brighter than the hue characteristic of most vegetation in Russia. Yet there is monotony, if only in the continual presentation of the same sequences. Ploughed glebe follows woodland, and forest again takes the place of the long patches of newly turned soil. The flash of an axe in a clearing reminds one of human life, or far off the eye just glimpses the hut of some peasant agriculturist, a mere smudge of brown on a landscape of ochre. These cabins of the Russian north are little more than so many roofs, set at an acute angle in order to provide for the descent of snow during the long winter.

For nearly half the distance to Schlüsselburg the line of the Neva points to the southeast, its course thereafter being generally northeast. Maps give the river an almost direct progress through each of the angles described, yet in detail the stream is a perplexing zigzag, forcing a new deviation of the steamer

to right or left every few moments. Frequent stoppages, moreover, are necessary. The banks are dotted with landing-places. These are mostly too insignificant to be easily visible from the steamer, yet the captain never misses one of them, and knows, it is said, how to steer for a plank miles away. Every few hundred yards the steamer is headed for shore, and almost before one can say there is a pier the boat has been temporarily moored to a wooden stage, for the reception or discharge of passengers. Transfers of this kind are often numerous, but the movement thus provided for is due to no activity, commercial or otherwise, of the peasant population. The pleasantest spots along the Schlüsselburg route have been selected for the *dachi*, or country houses of well-to-do and wealthy residents of St. Petersburg, who pass the whole of the summer in these places of relaxation. The return of warm weather is thus the signal for a prompt exodus from the dust and heat of the capital, and it is the process of "going into *dacha*" that furnishes the Neva steamers with their passenger traffic in spring and summer.

Whole families pass in this way four months of every year in an environment of delightful contrast with city surroundings. The classes possessing leisure do not return to the capital until the close of the season; the man of moderate resources, who contrives to spend the evening with his family in *dacha* after transaction of his day's business in St. Petersburg, takes the Neva steamer twice a day. The landing-place thus presents a busy as well as an interesting scene. Parties of ladies, wearing the lightest summer costume, trip down from their rural retreats to await the arrival of relative or friend; in lonelier spots some dusky village beauty, airily enveloped in robe of purest white, stands at the head of the pier to watch the passage of the boat, to exchange a word with the captain, perchance to flash upon him

from beneath her broad-brimmed hat a coquettish glance, brighter than any which the sun has for the toiler in northern waters.

The Neva broadens as we go northward; the wooded banks grow continually in picturesqueness; and by the frequent intrusion of tongues of land, the stream assumes in places the aspect of a series of elongated lakes joined together at their narrowing ends. Higher still, far-extending vistas begin to open up, until the changing contour of both shores foretells the early close of our trip. Finally, to the eye on the alert, bursts into sight the bright red roof of Schlüsselburg factory; near by arises the glittering spear of a church; in the rear glisten the broad and shining waters of Ládoga.

Ten minutes after landing I had met my English friend, and was being driven with him through the streets of a town to whose complex civilization three races have made their contributions. Here the Chud fisherman drew his daily nutriment from the waters; hither came the Novgorod merchant, a rover, if not a "beggar," of the sea; in this spot the Swedes, under King Magnus, made the fame and gained the victory of Nöteborg. It was at the same meeting of lake and river that the Russians, twice triumphant, like the Scandinavians, conquered last and ever after held Schlüsselburg by the name which the place received from Peter in 1702. To-day, Finnish in its fluvial industries, Swedish in its street commerce and petty shop-keeping, prevailingly Russian in its official artisan-agricultural elements, the Key City seems to hover doubtfully, as if in an attitude of impending selection, between the aspect of a town left unfinished by its builders and that of an old urban centre half devastated by time. The place has a sluggish life in summer, and were it not for the ubiquity of wood might recall one of those sleepy old towns of the classic German south.

Alas! the warmer nations live in the earth, if above ground; for they scoop out of stone or clay the shells into which they creep. The wiser races of the north and east take the tree, their old habitation, and having split it deftly, so expand and artistically treat the unfolding layers that the once solid trunk is at last wide and hollow enough to surround them and shelter them alike from heat and cold.

I found the house of my friend in a picturesque and somewhat isolated spot in the suburbs, partially surrounded by a narrow branch of the Neva, shaded by a grove of trees, yet permitting a view over both river and lake. Ivan Yakovlevich — for I shall apply to him the name by which he was known to his Russian acquaintances — had paid for the structure out of his own savings, and owned the plot of land on which it stood, as well as the stables and out-houses which formed part of his establishment. Holding an important and responsible position in one of the principal manufactories of Schlüsselburg, he belonged to that class of foreigners who, by their scientific knowledge and technical training, have amassed honorably won fortunes in presiding at the birth and watching over the childhood of Russian industry. Eighteen years' exile from his native Manchester, which he left at the age of nineteen, found him indispensable to the processes in which he had gained such unquestionable distinction. Schlüsselburg had seen companies succeed companies in the management of its great factory; Swedish directors had followed English, and Germans had ousted Swedes from the proprietorship: yet through all vicissitudes Ivan Yakovlevich had remained at the head of his department, yearly growing more and more necessary to his employers, reaping larger and larger rewards for the skill and time he ungrudgingly gave in their service.

My friend was a robust and active

man, somewhat tall, of dark complexion, and rather dignified in his manners for one who bore about with him the repute of being the most popular foreigner in the Key City. He had acquired a complete mastery of Russian, and knew it so well as to be familiar not only with the literary tongue, but with the numerous varieties of dialect that from time to time smote his fastidious ear. That he could at once place himself on the level of the humblest of his acquaintances was partly due to his own simplicity of character, but it was in a still larger measure owing to the nature of his surroundings. For the factory workers, who formed the bulk of his society, were little more than temporarily metamorphosed agriculturists, — a few of them permanently in their industrial avocation the year round, the large majority a fluctuating band of peasant-Cyclopes, oscillating periodically between plough and furnace-fire, according as the need of work drew them to country or town.

What it must have been to spend eighteen years in the society of men like these, — simple, good-natured fellows, who were far too superstitious to be altogether bad, and much too fond of alcohol to be monotonously virtuous; who stoutly held to their own explanations of natural phenomena, and cherished views concerning the activity of machines that were entirely metaphysical, — this my friend left me to consider for myself. Nor was the material for a judgment on the subject by any means wanting. Twice I heard "the Englishman," as new-comers were in the habit of calling him, urged to go to the aid of peasants said to have been "bewitched;" numerous cases of credulity in regard to wounds and the methods of healing them came under my notice. One day, after all Schlüsselburg seemed to have surged past, noisy, quarrelsome, and not a little intoxicated, amid the waving of banners and the beating of drums, I was

informed that the church dignitaries had been holding one of their annual festivals.

Yet not all the habits of the Schlüsselburg peasant-artisan are reprehensible. Amidst a pronounced astigmatism, both civil and ecclesiastical, in matters affecting the common weal, I had the satisfaction of noting in these hundreds of untutored laborers a care for their own economical welfare, as spontaneous as it was evidently deep-seated, that would do credit to the most intellectual and trained body of socialists now to be found in any part of the world. The workingmen of the Key City are united in *arteli*, or industrial guilds, the officers of which contribute to the well-being of their members in multifarious ways. The domestic activity of this urban commune is often the most valued of its functions. Each artisan contributes a sum for kitchen expenses; the officials purchase food at wholesale prices; members take turns in cooking; and the *artel* has its "collective" nutriment three times a day.

So efficiently and economically, in fact, are these regulations carried to their conclusion that the participating workman finds his monthly expenses for food not substantially in excess of the amount needed to support the West European laborer during a single week. It is true that much *kasha*, a sort of oatmeal or buckwheat porridge, is supplied in the *artel*, to say nothing of cabbage soup and other generically Russian dishes, yet to these is always added a plentiful allowance of good meat. The communal arrangement usually extends to the provision of lodgings; when practicable, each guild has its own building, in which are to be found a dining-hall and dormitories. Sleeping accommodation for their workmen is often supplied by the proprietors of the larger factories in Russia. In the small towns and country districts the members of an *artel* must content themselves with hired

quarters in the public caravansary or the farm-house.

It is a noteworthy circumstance that outside St. Petersburg, in the population of which nearly all European nationalities are represented, no English colony has ever established itself save at Schlüsselburg. About sixty families of simple, industrious English work-people occupy a plot of land on the outskirts of the town, and are largely engaged in the technical industries of the place. Most of them came to Russia early in life, and have accumulated possessions which will be handed down to their successors. A few of these Britons were sent out by English firms, under an agreement which binds them to several years of service. All reached the dominions of the Tsar lamentably but naturally ignorant of Russian, which, owing to their neglect of systematic study, they fail to speak passably even after years of effort. I had often read that the English are the worst linguists in the world, yet I never knew the meaning of the phrase until I saw these, my poor countrymen and countrywomen, struggling painfully, sometimes ludicrously, but always patiently and courageously, with the mysteries of Russian grammar.

A more practical success awaited this colony of unc cosmopolitan British than any which it could win in the field of linguistics. Its neat dwellings had for years offered a contrast with native habitations, not unlike that which smiling oases of German civilization oppose to the deserts of Slav neglect and disorder in the Russian west. The English Club at Schlüsselburg is already growing old to fame: its assembly, lecture, and billiard rooms are not discreditable to the pride with which they are shown to visitors. Strolling into these rooms, one evening, I witnessed the presentation to certain active members of the club of several pieces of silver ware, by a deputation from St. Petersburg, for "services in ex-

tinguishing fires"! So far as conflagrations were concerned, a new era had evidently dawned for the Key City. Under the old system of carting water in barrels to the flaming structure, a fire meant the burning down of a whole quarter, the destruction of hundreds of domiciles. The English brigade, like Molière's physician, had changed all that. It had charged up with a brand-new fire-engine, lent by the proprietors of the factory, scattering the ancient bucket battalion to right and to left; it had drawn the Neva to its aid through bright new hose for an astonishing distance; it had sent into the flames, instead of the stout town constable, a dozen disciplined and stalwart forms, dressed like Scythians, and wearing helmets and belts; it had wielded pump, nozzle, and hatchet with such magical efficiency that the fire suddenly went out, to the astonishment of all artisan and agricultural Schlüsselburg. Indeed, such became the renown of the "English conjurers," as some of the peasants and old women called them, that it soon spread to certain interested insurance companies in the capital, who took the means I have described of acknowledging a substantial decrease in their losses by fire.

I saw little of individual members of the club, but I had an agreeable abundance of the society of Ivan Yakovlevich. We soon fell into the habit of spending our mornings in a somewhat rambling way, sallying forth without plan, and leaving our course to be suggested by the sights or events of the route. One stroll of this kind, I remember, took us some distance along the high bank of the Ládoga, within a short distance of one of the canals which unite Schlüsselburg with the town of Novaya Ládoga. Turning our backs to the Key City, we saw in a grassy hollow near the lake a group of boatmen and *burlaki* standing around a tripod, from which a large caldron was suspended over a newly lit fire. In this spot, or hard by, the

boat population had gathered from far and near for its simple breakfast of Russian kasha. On the canal itself floated lazily downwards towards the outlet half a dozen timber-laden barges. In each of them a gray-beard had been left to guard against dead-lock or collision, — a service which he performed by means of a pole, used helm-fashion, at least forty feet in length.

We continued our course until the sun had risen high in the heavens and the day had become oppressively warm. Reaching a rocky shelter, we threw ourselves, as by a common impulse, upon the green bottom, gaining an outlook thence over the surface of the lake as far as its dim water line, amid a silence deep as death. It was in this spot that my friend told me the story of his life at Schlüsselburg. For fourteen years of his voluntary exile he had truly known what it is to be "buried alive." It was a mere accident that completed his existence, and by completing it made it tolerable. He recalled to me in some detail the winter day he and a few friends once spent in the woods hunting a dangerous Bruin, whose depredations had alarmed the people of the environs. On the return of the party triumphant, its members were invited to a repast at the residence of an official whom I shall call the mayor. It was this single night, spent under the roof of the newly appointed Ulrik Nikolaevich, that quite changed the current of my friend's lonely existence; directed it, in fact, into warmer, calmer, more hopeful channels. And it was for this night, at least, that sleep came not to Ivan Yakovlevich, for it was banished by the bright eyes of the burgomaster's daughter.

Four years had hastened by since their quiet wedding, and my friend had lived to hear the paternal appellation conferred upon him by two healthy boys, one of whom was already old enough to call "father" in English, Swedish, and Russian. For mother the lads turned to

a woman of the true Scandinavian type, of medium stature, active in her movements, of untiring energy. Lotta Ulrikovna was, nevertheless, something more than a model of industrious domesticity. Her personality exhaled a charm to which few who came within the sphere of its influence could long remain insensible. In her cheek was the light rosy hue of the northern face, that felicitous mimicry of the faint red of sunrise seen through frosty air. Her steel-blue eyes had that slow motion and steady gaze that are amongst the surest marks of character and intellectuality. But she was still more remarkable in the mild equableness of her temper, in her rare grace of manner, above all in the unconscious simplicity that impressed its stamp upon everything she said or did. She spoke three languages fluently, and her Russian was the most mellifluous I ever heard; hearing it, and knowing the ordinary native *bourgeois* speech, one would be reminded straightway of the difference between the splashing sound of South German and the clear-ringing tongue of Hanover. Lotta had received her education in Sweden and Germany, but her social triumphs were won wholly on Russian soil. Welcomed back from western Europe with open arms, she had for years done her best to repay to naïve Schlüsselburg the glory with which it persisted in investing her; and had not her new domestic preoccupation justified a change of attitude, she might have gone on discharging with her old success the unwritten duties of a position in which neither private vanity nor public opinion had ever essayed to provide her with a rival. Her mother had been long dead; upon her father she lavished a particular affection, paying him attentions that not even the sternest business exigencies of his official rank could adequately regulate.

Among the pleasantest of my experiences in Schlüsselburg were the evenings spent at the residence of this Swedish

mayor of a Russian city, especially the half hour's stroll which always preceded our arrival at that hospitable mansion. The party made up on these occasions usually included Lotta's married sister, who came attired in one of those Scandinavian costumes worn in the high north. Lotta herself appeared in her favorite Little-Russian dress, an artistic mingling of light blue and tender rose, four or five strings of lustrous pearl beads pendent from the neck, an arch-like head-piece crowning the brow with diamond flashes. Otherwise bare-headed and quite unmantled, the women led our little procession, in the fashion of the place, Lotta looking and moving every inch a queen. The first part of our walk took in the single avenue of the single garden which ministers to the recreation of the inhabitants of the Key City, a place in which all Schlüsselburg is said to meet nightly for the exchange of gossip. Beyond this alley of a thousand pauses lay paths through the growing crops; farther still, the route descended to the river at a point where a boat and a ferry-man awaited our arrival; across the waters came glimpses of a country-house half hidden by trees.

The mayor's wife lay in the Swedish burying place, within sound of the plashing Neva. Since her death Ulrik Nikolaevich had clung unflinchingly to his bachelorhood. Nor, lonely as his life had become, had any of the old cheerfulness deserted him. When I met him he was still alert and robust, though almost wholly gray with advancing years. A perpetual holiday complacency expressed itself in his manner, and was the only warning his leisure gave of the zeal he displayed as a story-teller. Full of the reminiscences of a military career, — for the old man had seen service in the army of the Tsar, — he could talk for hours without apparent effort, and was listened to as an authority even by the book-trained officers of Schlüsselburg garrison. Sociable as a compan-

ion, tireless as an entertainer, he was immoderately generous in his hospitality, and had long held, expensive as was the luxury, a place of honor in the records of the peripatetic poor.

Our own visits to the mayor formed distinct epochs in the annals of this quiet habitation on the right bank of the Neva. I say this, not because the mayor's housekeeper had standing instructions to regale us on our arrival with every available variety from her half Swedish, half Russian *cuisine*, or because that clever woman never failed to help us to edibles that, as well in their quantity as in their variety, bore a tantalizing relation to the finiteness of human appetite. The hospitality of Ulrik Nikolaevich was not to be measured by the resources of his larder, nor were his social relationships determined by the rank or wealth of the men and women to whom they did honor. His friendships strongly resembled the affinities of ultimate atoms in chemistry, since self-fitness, rather than preparation in others, was their determining condition. Above all, the mayor loved to share his visitors with his friends. Hence the evenings spent under his roof brought to the participants intercourse of the widest social range.

A veritable panorama of Neva life it was that floated so often through those Swedish parlors, with their quaintly carved ceilings and tiled chimney-pieces; and when I look back, trying to recall something tangible, characteristic, impressive, from "those Attic suppers and those vanished men," I soon begin to glimpse the outlines of a well-known figure, as it slowly disentangles itself from the mist of time, and at last stands out in bold and clear relief, as if some magician had called it forth from the under-world of the mind. Tor Agnok would easily have passed for a Chud giant, had he lived at the beginning of the Slav incursion into Ingria. A Finn of the purest blood, he belonged to the

Tavast stock of blue-eyed fatalists, towered nearly a foot and a half above the men of his own race, and had a brachycephalic head that would have delighted an anthropologist. Agnok had followed the business of pilot from his earliest boyhood, and belonged to that mysterious race of men whom Baltic skippers describe as climbing up the sides of incoming steamers outside Cronstadt at times of dead calm, and when no pilot boat or craft of any kind is in sight. It is the Finnish pilots, moreover, who seem to know every language spoken on the seas. I have heard them converse with foreigners in French, English, German, Dutch, Flemish, Italian, Spanish, and New Greek, and do this almost as fluently as if they had played with their ship acquaintances in the same village, and been taught in the same school.

Finding himself, one day, a capitalist, Agnok had relinquished piloting, invested a portion of his funds in the carrying trade, and built himself a comfortable residence on the outskirts of Schlüsselburg. At times his barges were to be seen on lake, river, and canal; it was only when they were absent in the Lower Neva that Agnok could spend his evenings with the mayor. Nor did he shake hands with his friend purely for the satisfaction of a social instinct. This whilom pilot, by much reading in Finnish and Swedish books, to say nothing of the scraps of knowledge picked up by him from ship's captains concerning countries in the west, had become a politician, and loved nothing better than to run a friendly tilt with the mayor on the subject of affairs in the Grand Duchy. In the presence of many visitors his sense of social proprieties usually placed the giant Finn under a certain restraint, yet there were times when nothing could keep the pair silent on their favorite theme. One evening, which I distinctly recollect, it was easy to see that Agnok was stirred by thoughts and considerations of an im-

portant character, for his small eyes burned fitfully, rolling, meanwhile, from side to side, while the pipe which the mayor had handed to him went half the time, such was his excitement, unlit. Finally a moment came when Agnok could venture to query, —

“Have you heard the news, Ulrik Nikolaevich? Why,” continued the speaker, almost breathlessly, “in twelve months from now every candidate for an official position in Finland will be called upon to display a competent knowledge of both the Finnish and Swedish languages. Only think of that!” he went on, without pausing to note the effect of the information upon the mayor. “Can you say now that our cause is a losing one? Already our beautiful tongue is being taught to Swedish children, not only in schools, but in private families, and the time cannot be far off when its accents will be heard in Parliament itself. Have I not held, Ulrik, all along, that the Finns have a great future before them? Who can doubt that in the government of this noble duchy of ours, — this grand possession which Russia has surrendered almost wholly to its two subject races, — Finnish blood and intellect shall, at no distant period, be admitted to an equal authority and repute with the blood and intellect of your own race?”

“Truly, my dear Tor,” began the mayor’s comment, “have the Finns a right royal future in store for them! But it will come in its own time, — not a moment sooner. And look you, Agnok, if this new regulation does not do more harm than good, I shall be very much surprised. Don’t believe the duchy is going to become a Finnish province simply because young fellows applying for office are to know more languages than one. If you Finns have the pluck and the aspiration, remember that the culture, the wealth, ay, and the offices [here the speaker indulged in a rhetorical pause] belong to us

Swedes. Only think of it, my dear Tor, what it is to have a national party and to be without caste! The nobility of Finland is to-day nine tenths of it Swedish. Nothing, as you well know, comes nearer to ridiculing a Finn than to call him a nobleman. Take further the officials, the merchants, the bankers, of Finland, and where will you discover a drop of Finnish blood in the whole body of them? Then think of the Swedish majority in the Diet and Senate, and proceed to ask yourself whether it is not dangerously easy to exaggerate the coming glory of the Suomen Maa.”

“Quite true, brother Ulrik,” retorted the Finn, laying down his pipe, “that the Swedes have the leisure, the position, the wealth. But the numbers, at least, are ours. Think you that 293,000 Scandinavians can forever rule the roast in a country where nearly two millions of Finns are at home? The Russ himself would not tolerate a minority rule of such proportions as that. As to culture, we hold that, however much the superiority may seem to lie on your side, the aspiration after intellectual things is far more passionate in the Finnish than in the Swedish mind. You come, remember, of an old European race; you inherit the methods and prejudices of centuries; your intellects are modeled on the same general pattern as those of your ancestors. We Finns, on the other hand, old as we may be in the annals of the ethnologist, stand out fresh and young upon the page of history. To one of the mightiest empires of the world we have already contributed the steadying influence of our traditions, but most of all of our blood. Even you, the cold Swedes, marry our daughters, and many more of you talk what you call your native tongue with the accent which is given by your more successful efforts to pronounce our own. Our youth, moreover, are pressing to the schools with a zeal and eagerness which your own children do not even

try to imitate. The minds of our adults are, meanwhile, being amply cared for. That we have given to literature the Kalevala is a mere drop in the bucket of our intellectual life. Already we have a national library; already a Finnish press, worthy of the race and its aspirations, is scattering our literary publications broadcast. Yet it is not the triumph of one people over another that we are aiming at. Our purpose is higher and nobler. If we seem to oppose the Swedes, it is simply in order that we may be free from that attitude of superiority, that sense of subjection, which political causes have inflicted upon us for so many years. Give us the equality we deserve before the law and before society in the administration of this our common duchy, and it will be our effort to win over to sympathy and union with our own aspirations all that is best in the Swedish character. Let us inscribe on our banners the cry, '*Yksi kieli, yksi mieli!*' — 'One tongue, one mind!' — and we can thenceforward go on together in the path of progress, presenting to both foreign and domestic aggressors an unbroken front of national consciousness that cannot be invaded with impunity."

"Bravo, bravo!" shouted a dozen listeners, who had gradually drawn near during the discussion, and ere the sound of their applause could die away it was generously taken up and prolonged by the mayor himself. Everybody knew how happy Ulrik Nikolaevich was when, by seasonable opposition, he had succeeded in procuring a forcible statement of a just and honorable cause; nor did any one acknowledge with greater readiness than Tor himself how shallow the mayor was as a Swedish partisan, and how grotesquely fictitious at bottom was the personal issue which the two men resuscitated from time to time, in pure love of summer-evening dialectics. The arguments represented a real controversy, but the men who used them were not sufficient-

ly narrow to mistake a racial for an individual attitude.

It was Lotta who drew us all that night from politics to music, and thereby made a further transition possible to Swedish literature. She sang the charming ballad by Nicander, beginning, —

"When doves caress and love their fill
In summer's leafy hall,
You hear their kiss, it is so still, —
So still in Djupadal."

Ulrik's eyes filled, as he listened to this, for it was the composition his wife once best loved to hear; yet it turned his thoughts into a new channel, and in a few moments he was telling us of the beauties of Swedish literature in general and of Swedish poetry in particular. It was on this occasion that I heard, for the first time, a fragment of the Frithiof Saga declaimed by a native Swede, for after a few turns of the room Ulrik began: —

"Oh, Frithiof, Frithiof, shall we part thus? Hast thou not a kindly glance for the friend of thy youth, — no hand more to extend to her, unhappy, whom thou once didst love? Thinkest thou that I stand in a bed of roses and smilingly reject the happiness of my life, plucking from my breast, as if without pain, a hope which has grown up with my existence itself? All that I felt of joy had Frithiof for its name; all that life has of great or noble assumed thy own features before my eyes. Darken not this image for me; meet not the weak one with severity, when she offers that which is dearest to her in the whole earth's round, that which will remain for her the dearest in the halls of Walhalla! This sacrifice, Frithiof, is already heavy enough; at least it should deserve a world of consolation. I know that thou lovest me, — I have known it since dawn began within my soul; and the memory of thy Ingeborg shall follow thee yet for many a year, whithersoever thou goest."

It was late when we broke up, and

still later when each guest and visitor had reached the place from which he set out. My own return journey was performed latest of all, for, separating myself from the party at a point where the road ran near the left bank of the lake, I spent an early hour in gazing upon the waters of Ládoga. A attenuated, ghostly moon had just appeared above the horizon, with her curved back bent towards the east and her ruddy reflection smouldering in the lake. A fresh, odorous breeze came from the newly turned furrow; the wide fields exhaled an early twitter or two, the first rhythmic beat of morning; and the Neva, in its rippling march, chanted that high note which, to the Schlüsselburg peasant, tells of fine weather to come.

From the Key City northwards extends a body of water ten times greater than the Lake of Geneva. It yields a clear horizon line as far as the eye can follow it, and is as inexplicable to the native population as it is mysterious to travelers. Though altogether inclosed by land, people rightly call it a sea, for it has fabulous depths. Lashed by the north wind, its co-wrangler, it becomes the arena of great storms; light-houses dot its shores, and havens sheltered by its banks offer their welcome retreat to mariners in distress. Its waters are the coldest known; taken from the surface even in July, they blister the mouth. In midwinter, should the centre of the lake remain unfrozen, Ládoga fixes its great liquid eye upon heaven, in a stare so frigid that not even the sun can relax it. In midsummer, when its blue waters form a sky of their own, the lake turns to the same heaven with something of a smile. Yet in both supreme moments Ládoga is treacherous, cruel, and cold.

Opposite Schlüsselburg a round tower, rising a little way out of the lake, casts its shadow upon the wave night and day. Walls fifty feet in thickness support its convex roof; a moat with lifted drawbridge separates it from Ládoga, and Ládoga cuts it off from the shore and the busy world that lies beyond. Centuries, again, divide its architecture from the buildings of to-day, but between the functions which it discharges and the spirit of modern Europe there stretches a wide and bottomless gulf.

In Schlüsselburg fortress the philosopher's conceit of a world without time has been more than realized. Here Progress has quenched her torch; here Civilization suspends her handless dial in prison, mad-house, and grave. Without, light has entered the darkest corners of the earth; whole races have been emancipated; nations of the Old and the New World have recovered their liberties and asserted their independence; the very brutes have come to be shielded from wrong by the sympathies which protect men. Within, the doors are ever open for new victims, and all the footsteps point one way.

In quite other fashion, too, has the structure been spared by the common sequences of time. A mediæval dungeon better preserved from the natural assaults of passing centuries would certainly be sought in vain. One better safeguarded against the prying curiosity of historians it would be still more difficult to discover. For its solitary annals have been written in the rock by human feet, and its nameless bones have found rest, not in the smiling Golgotha of some city penitentiary, but in the cold and pitiless bosom of a northern Malebolge, whose frozen waters the sun sometimes melts, but is powerless to warm.

Edmund Noble.

MAZZINI.

I THINK I am not mistaken in believing that there are many persons to whom Mazzini is little more than a name. That he was a patriot concerned in the various revolutions in the Italian States, somehow connected with Garibaldi, though supposed to be a less important figure than he, — this is about the sum of what is known of Mazzini even among many educated people. Though one or two biographies of him have appeared, they have not been commonly read; and the general public has remained more or less ignorant, and therefore indifferent, concerning him. It seems to me that this is much to be regretted, and I hope to give in this sketch of his life, brief as it necessarily is, some true notion of the character of the great Italian.

Carlyle has said the hero is the man who succeeds; for this is really all that is meant by his phrase about the hero being the able man, the man who *can*. Mazzini's life of self-abnegating devotion to a noble idea constitutes him a hero according to a truer definition of the word. In the accomplishment of one cherished desire, the establishment of an Italian republic, Mazzini did not succeed; and the unification of the Italian States, in fact chiefly brought about by his tireless efforts toward that result, has been very generally credited, not to him, but to those who entered into the fruits of his labors. Neither the military talent of the head of the house of Savoy nor the policy of Cavour would have sufficed to create a kingdom of Italy but for the desire of freedom and of national unity in the Italian people, which Mazzini had known how to kindle and keep alive. It was a republic, not a monarchy, that Mazzini would have founded. He learned, with sad patience, that his countrymen, newly

roused to shake off a foreign yoke, were not yet ripe for a republic; none the less he strove to keep that idea before them, and to educate them in the principles of free self-government. If he were the mere visionary, the builder of dream-fabrics, he has been so often called, we might respect his pure and noble spirit, but we could not call him great. A great man does not construct irrational theories, attempt impracticable things, or endeavor after possible ones by impossible methods. This is what has been charged against Mazzini; mostly, it is true, by Englishmen, who have a natural dislike to republican principles, and an inborn aversion from a rational systematization of political or any other ideas. There is no great need to wonder, however, that Mazzini should have met with the same fortune as others of the world's best and greatest, the loftiness of whose ideals raises them above the comprehension of the average man. In Mazzini's case, moreover, as one of his biographers has pointed out, his contemporaries have been the less able to grasp an idea of his character as a whole owing to the fact that his astonishing influence over his own countrymen and the whole democracy of Europe was exerted mysteriously and chiefly from a distance, and they have been compelled to judge him from "the remote effects of an inspiration often misinterpreted by those who were its instruments."

Not all who called upon Mazzini's name were therefore his true disciples. His image has been colored, and too often distorted, by the medium through which it was dimly seen.

There is a memoir of Mazzini which is virtually an autobiography, being largely made up of writings left at his death in charge of the English family

who were the exile's chief friends and consolers during his residence in their country. Such a record as this is of infinite value, especially when we have the opportunity of comparing his words with his deeds. To be able to set off against each other a man's utterances and his actions helps us to a more accurate measure of both. In these self-revelations of Mazzini there is the unmistakable accent of sincerity; they make clear his motives and convictions, and show that his life was but the simple and consistent exemplification of his principles.

His biographer, Miss Ashurst, afterwards Mrs. Venturi, was a close personal friend of Mazzini, and speaks with authority, certain of the facts she relates having been taken down from his own lips.

Born in Genoa in 1805, the son of a distinguished physician and professor of anatomy, Giuseppe (or Joseph) was the best loved child of his mother, a woman of vigorous intellect and deep affections. The boy was extremely fragile, so much so that he could not walk firmly until he was six years old. The first time that he was able to walk beyond the walls of their garden, the mother and child came upon an old beggar, white-bearded and in rags, sitting on the steps of a church. Joseph stood gazing at him, transfixed, and his mother, thinking he was frightened, stooped to carry the child away; but he broke from her, ran to the man, and threw his arms about his neck, kissing him and crying out, "Give him something, mother,—give him something!" The beggar returned the boy's caresses, and said to Signora Mazzini, "Love him well, lady; he is one who will love the people." The mother kept this thing in her heart, and forty years afterwards, with tears in her eyes, related to Mrs. Venturi the "symbolical anecdote." Joseph showed that precocity in learning which is often observed in delicate children of serious dispositions. At

thirteen, being sent to the University of Genoa, he was noted among his fellow-students not only for the ease with which he acquired everything, but for the generosity and gentleness of character: he gave away not merely his money, but books and clothes, to needy comrades. He began the study of anatomy, but found himself unable to attend the lectures of the dissecting-room. His natural bent was toward literature, and when he was but thirteen some of his compositions were so well thought of by a literary association at Savona that, without suspecting the author of being a child, he was elected a member of their body.

His first "conscious and definite aspiration toward a nobler future for Italy" he himself dates from the year 1821, after the execution in Genoa of two revolutionists, and the sight of alms collected in the streets of that town, in aid of exiles banished after the insurrection of that year.

At eighteen years of age Joseph was admitted to practice as an advocate, but having already inwardly devoted himself to the regeneration of his country, the youth was depressed by the sense that he must disappoint his father's hopes for him. The first two years of an Italian advocate's life are given to pleading gratuitously the causes of the poor. Joseph's ready sympathy and his reputation for success were so well known that it was the effort of every poor man in Genoa to secure the services of *l'avocatino* (the little advocate). Mazzini had already joined the secret society of the Carbonari. Young as he was, he was not impressed, but only amused, at their "bowl and dagger ceremonies" of initiation. He did not admire Carbonarism, but knowing the importance of organization, and unable at that time to found an association of his own, he joined himself to the Carbonari, because, as he says, they were men who, "although inferior to the idea they represented (Ital-

ian independence of foreign rule), were yet earnestly bent on reducing thought to action, belief to works." His chief reason for dissatisfaction with them was that they founded their hopes on the aid of France. Mazzini believed that Italy must win her freedom for herself. Soon after the French revolution of 1830 Mazzini was arrested by order of the King of Piedmont and Sardinia, and was imprisoned in the fortress of Savona. His father, hastening to inquire of the governor of Genoa of what crime his son was accused, was answered that "he was a young man of talent, fond of solitary walks at night, and habitually silent as to the subject of his meditations; and that the government was not fond of young men of talent, the subject of whose musings was unknown to it." Mazzini's cell was at the top of the fortress, whence he could look out upon the sea and the sky, — "two symbols of the infinite. This was a comfort to me." By means of a method of secret correspondence which he had contrived, he learned that his arrest had struck terror among the Carbonari, and after trying in vain to hearten them he became convinced that, instead of "wasting time and energy in attempting to galvanize a corpse," he must "address himself to the living:" from this time, then, dates the conception of his plan for the association called "Young Italy," the aim and purpose of which was to be public, though its operations were necessarily secret. Mazzini's trust was in the people, and he meant to appeal to the "instincts and tendencies of the national Italian heart." He alone "intuitively perceived that the slumber of his nation was not death." Upon these things he mused in his cell at Savona. Looking back in 1861, he wrote, "The vision which brightened my first dream of country has vanished for as much as concerns my own life; even if that vision be fulfilled — as I believe it will be — I shall be in the tomb. Yet I think

the same thoughts still, on broader grounds and with maturer logic, in the little room, no larger than that cell, wherein I now write." And such were his thoughts forty years after this first imprisonment in his cell at Gaeta.

Six months later Mazzini was banished, and went to France. This was the beginning of his long years of exile, that "lingering, bitter, agonizing death which none can *know* but the exile himself." Among the other exiles he knew, he did not find, he tells us, "a single man who dreamed of the possibility of the unity of Italy." Marseilles being a convenient place for carrying on his secret correspondence, Mazzini remained there to found the association of Young Italy, and to issue a journal bearing the same name, in which he published much of his religious and political philosophy. "It was from studying the ill-fated movements of 1820–21 and 1831," Mazzini says, "that I learned what errors to avoid in the future. The greater number of Italians derived only a lesson of profound discouragement. To me they brought the conviction that success was a problem of direction. The error lay in entrusting the government of the insurrection to those who had no share in making it. . . . As soon as all obstacles were overthrown the preliminary conspirators were thrust aside, and others undertook the development of an idea not their own, a design they had not matured, in the sacrifices for which they had had no share." The two years spent at Marseilles were a time of such "pure and glad devotedness as I could wish the coming generation to know." In less than one year Young Italy became the dominant association throughout the whole of Italy.

But in spite of precautions the attention of the authorities was aroused; large rewards for the seizure of the conspirators' papers were offered, and tremendous punishment threatened against all who should aid their introduction

into Italy. Unable to stop the diffusion of Mazzini's writings, the Italian governments appealed to Louis Philippe to stifle the exile's voice. Tracked from place to place, Mazzini eluded search for two years. Discovered at last in his asylum, he escaped by the substitution of a friend bearing a personal resemblance to him, and took refuge in Switzerland, where he organized the first armed attack of the party of Italian unity upon the party of "princely subdivision." The attack failed through the treachery of the military leader, and the government of Charles Albert took bloody revenge upon the conspirators of the interior who had plotted to support the expedition by insurrection. Mazzini's dearest friend at this time was Jacopo Ruffini. To induce this young man to confess, a denunciation of his fellow-conspirators was put into his hands, bearing the forged signature of Mazzini. Ruffini resisted the temptation, but committed suicide that night in prison.

Many now recommended Mazzini to retire from the unequal struggle. A tremendous "clamor of blame" arose from all the worshipers of success; news from Italy told of nothing but imprisonments, flights, desertions, disorganization. The Swiss government was terrified into persecuting the exiles, the majority of whom were without the means of carrying on the struggle, or even the necessities of life. "More powerful upon me than anything," says Mazzini, "were the grief and anxiety of my poor mother. Had it been possible for me to yield, I should have yielded to that." Mazzini had discovered in the Italian people no lack of desire for freedom, but a want of constancy of purpose. He felt that the moral education of his countrymen through the press was impossible in an enslaved country, and that a "living apostolate" was required, a nucleus of men capable of defying persecution, ever full of faith in the final

victory. He determined to persist, in spite of adverse fortune. In the words of Mrs. Venturi, it was his "unshaken adherence to the resolution thus made in youth which converted a life-long martyrdom of incessant defeat into a life-long victory." The work of insurrection was for a time at an end; that of propaganda was retarded. Mazzini gave himself to preparing the minds of the exiles from many lands, then gathered in Switzerland, for "the only idea that he believed had the power to resuscitate the vanquished peoples,—the idea of nationality." Of these exiles he formed an association, called "Young Europe," similar to that of Young Italy.

The Swiss Diet, however, now ordered his perpetual banishment from that country, and Mazzini went to England. This was in 1837, a year rendered memorable to him by a crisis of moral suffering. "Were I to live for a century," he says, "I could never forget the close of that year, nor the moral tempest that passed over me. I speak of it now with reluctance, and solely for the sake of those who may be doomed to suffer what I then suffered. It was the tempest of doubt, which I believe all who devote their lives to a great enterprise are doomed, once at least, to battle through. During those fatal months there darkened round me such a hurricane of sorrow, disillusion, and deception as foreshadowed to me the old age of my soul, solitary, in a desert world. It was not only the overthrow, for an indefinite period, of every Italian hope and the dispersion of the best of our party; . . . it was the failure of faith in those who had solemnly bound themselves with me, the distrust I detected in those most dear to me as to my motives and intentions. The adverse opinion of the majority was a matter of little moment to me, but to see myself suspected of ambition or other ignoble motives by the one or two beings upon whom I had concentrated my attachment prostrated me

in despair. Without entering into details, I will merely say that it was in my hour of greatest need that these fraternal souls withdrew from me. When I felt that I was alone in the world but for my poor mother, far away and unhappy for my sake, I drew back in terror at the void before me. Then, in that moral solitude, doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong, and the world right. Perhaps my idea was indeed a dream. Perhaps I had been led, not by an idea, but by *my* idea, — by the pride of my own conception. . . . I felt myself not only unutterably wretched, but a criminal. The forms of those shot at Alexandria and Chambéry rose up before me, like the phantom of a crime and its unavailing remorse. I could not recall them to life. . . . At times I was impelled to go into the next room, fancying I should see some friend whom I really knew to be in prison or hundreds of miles away. The slightest thing, a word, a tone, moved me to tears. . . . I will not dwell on this longer; I will simply say that had that state of mind lasted but a little longer I must either have gone mad or ended with the selfish death of the suicide. While I was struggling and sinking beneath my cross, I heard a friend, whose room was a few doors distant from mine, answer a young girl, who, having some suspicion of my unhappy condition, was urging him to break in upon my solitude, by saying, Leave him alone: he is in his element, — conspiring and happy.

“One morning I woke to find my mind tranquil. The first moment of waking had always been one of great wretchedness with me, but now it seemed as though nature smiled a smile of consolation on me. The first thought that came to me was, Your sufferings arise from a misconception of life. I saw that though the instincts of my heart had rebelled against the false definition of life as a search after happiness, yet I had not completely freed myself from

its influence; it had thrown off the baser stamp of material desires, and had centred itself in the affections. I ought to have regarded them as the blessing of God, to be accepted with gratitude, not demanded them either as a right or a reward. . . . I came to myself alone through the help of a religious thought. From the idea of God I descended to the conception of progress, and from this to a true conception of life, to faith in a mission and its logical consequence, duty. I bade farewell to all individual hopes for me on earth. . . . I bless God the Father for what consolations of affection he has vouchsafed to my later years, but were these denied me I believe I should still be what I am.”

In connection with this account of a moral crisis in Mazzini's life, I cannot refrain from quoting a passage from one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, which shows how one who knew Mazzini familiarly could misconceive the motives which actuated him. She writes, “Mazzini came, and all he had to tell me of ‘our doings,’ as he calls them, was that he had been for weeks expecting private information that would take him away at an hour's notice, but that now there seemed no prospect of anything immediate taking effect. I asked if he had meant to put himself at the disposal of the Pope. ‘Oh, no,’ he said; what he aimed at was ‘to organize and lead an expedition into Lombardy, which would be better than being an individual under the Pope,’ — in which words seemed to me to lie the secret of Mazzini's *vie manquée*.” In the opinion of this friendly Englishwoman, Mazzini's want of success was due to his ambition for personal leadership and distinction, not to the fact that he was a man before his time, striving to lead his countrymen toward a promised land, “the remoteness of which none knew so well as he.”

It is characteristic of the man, his biographer says, that while he thus writes of the moral trial he underwent with an

emotion as intense as it is dignified and restrained, he recounts the material sufferings of this first period of English exile with absolute indifference. His mother secretly forwarded to her son a quarterly remittance, sufficient for his frugal way of life had it been expended on himself alone, but which was totally inadequate to supply the necessities of the three other exiles whom Mazzini helped to maintain. His mother kept him in ignorance of the manifold privations of herself and his sister Francesca, by which the quarterly sum was gathered together, and of the paternal harshness which made them necessary; years after, with mingled tears and laughter, she related them to Mrs. Venturi. Mazzini endeavored to eke out the insufficient support by writing for the reviews, choosing Italian subjects that English attention might be called to the Italian question. He founded a school for poor Italians in England, — many of them organ-grinders, — personally supplying the greater part of the funds and sharing in the teaching. "On Sunday evenings we gathered our scholars together to listen to an hour's lecture on Italian history, the lives of our great men, the outlines of natural philosophy, any subject calculated to elevate their unformed minds." This labor of love lasted from 1841 to 1848, when he left England. It was a period of fraternal labor, he says, "refreshing to my own heart and to the hearts of other weary exiles." During all these years an extended secret correspondence was carried on, a web of conspiracy was woven, and such accounts were spread of Garibaldi's exploits in South America as prepared the people to accept him as a hero and leader, on his arrival in Europe in 1848.¹ In 1846, Mazzini was repeatedly urged

to give the support of his approval to the new Pope, Pius IX., hailed as the "initiator of the future destiny of Italy." Mazzini replied, "Any policy which does not begin and end with the word unity I consider not only useless, but harmful. In the Pope I see nothing but a well-disposed man wavering between the influence of Austria and his own tendencies. . . . If I am wrong, the first *fact* will correct me, and I am ready to be convinced." Six months afterwards the play was played out; the Moderates, as the monarchists called themselves, were declaring that the Sword of Italy (meaning Charles Albert) was the sole salvation of Italy. The people, however, "unsheathed the only sword able to save Italy" in Sicily and Lombardy in 1847 and 1848. The insurrectionary movement, which spread over the whole country in 1848, was declared by Austrian statesmen to be the work of Mazzini's seventeen years' apostolate. In a Plan for the Pacification of Italy, discussed at Vienna and sent to Lord Palmerston, that document speaks of "the germ of Italian nationality, so long buried, but resuscitated by the efforts of Young Italy," as having "brought on the events we have witnessed." The insurrections of 1821 and 1833 had failed, because the leaders had not appealed to the masses; the revolutions of 1847, 1848, and 1849 succeeded, because they were the work of the people, roused to new life by Young Italy. But the enemies of popular rights were grouping round the King of Piedmont and organizing the "Moderate" party, which gradually diverted the Italian people from that "straight march to a republic" which the clear-sighted Metternich declared that they were making. The highest ambi-

¹ It was during this first sojourn in England, in 1844, that English statesmen stooped to the infamy of violating Mazzini's correspondence, the crime being concealed by falsification of seals, imitation of stamps, etc. This thing went on for months, but was finally detected and exposed in

the House of Commons. Through the revelations made in Mazzini's letters, the English ministers were able to transmit to Austria such information as led to the capture and execution of the brothers Bandiera, who in that year attempted to rouse Naples against the Bourbon.

tion of the Moderates was to divide Italy into three states : a kingdom of the north (that is to say, an aggrandized Piedmont), a kingdom of the south under the Bourbon, and an enlarged Papal principality in the centre. "The Pope having failed them, they are going mad about the first captain of Italy," wrote Mazzini ; "and when he fails them they will go mad about the Grand Duke, or God knows whom." When asked to countenance this king-worship, he answered, "Notwithstanding my aversion to Charles Albert as the executioner of my best friends, and the contempt I feel for his weak and cowardly nature, and notwithstanding the democratic yearnings of my own heart, yet could I believe him to possess enough even of ambition to *unite* Italy for his own advantage, I could cry Amen."

But the Moderates had no hope or desire to form a compact nation out of the divided populations. They were utterly unprepared for the national insurrection at Milan in 1848. The people went on fighting, without heeding the upper classes and the municipal authorities, and on the fifth day the Austrians fled in disorder, leaving 4000 dead. The Venetian insurrection followed. Plainly, the people had learned the first lesson taught by Young Italy, — the duty of winning back their country from the foreign usurper. Should they be left to conquer alone, they would feel their power, and put in practice the second lesson of popular rights. The Moderates therefore sent messengers to Charles Albert, imploring him to take direction of the movement, or he "would hear the republic proclaimed." When it became evident that the revolution would be victorious, the king sent to offer assistance, on condition that a provisional government should be formed, which should draw up a proposal to give Lombardy to the crown of Piedmont. When to hold back longer would have lost him not only the chance of acquiring Lom-

bardy, but his Piedmontese crown, the king declared war against Austria. To the people, of course, the Moderates said that "after the struggle it will belong to the people to decide its own destinies : when all are free, all will speak." Mazzini accepted this programme of neutrality, though he had no belief that the king would prove equal to the task before him. No portion of Mazzini's career, says his biographer, has been more persistently misrepresented and misunderstood than this period of noble self-abnegation, when he put aside his own hopes of a republic to work with the monarchy for the unity of Italy, for which he thought it the first and foremost duty of all to labor. The Moderates imagined that the way to bring about the cession of Lombardy was for the king to conquer alone, and thus compel the people to choose between him and the hated Austrians. The republican volunteers were disbanded, the passes of the Alps left open, and General Radetsky thus enabled to revictual and reinforce his army at his leisure. When the Austrians had taken Udine, the provisional government, struck with terror, sent at midnight to Mazzini, asking him for counsel. He implored them to make known the whole truth and call for a *levée en masse*. Consent was given, but immediately withdrawn by the king's secretary, Castagneto. Mazzini now declared publicly the truth as to the failure of the war. To quiet his voice, a messenger was sent to say that if he would further the scheme of uniting Lombardy to the crown, power should be given him to draw up the constitution of the new "kingdom of the north," and himself be made first minister of the crown. Mazzini replied that war with Austria was now the all-important question ; that the aggrandizement of Piedmont would open up endless jealousies among the princes of Italy ; that if the king would risk his Piedmontese crown for an Italian crown,

and become really the Sword of Italy, Mazzini would use every effort to aid him with all the revolutionary elements of Italy. The monarch refused.

Space is wanting to recount in full the betrayal of Milan that followed; the victory of the Austrians; the despairing appeal of the Moderates, too late convinced of their error, to Mazzini for advice and help; his organization of a committee of defense; the destruction of his renewed hopes of a people's war by the advance of the king in person; the king's entrance into the city, promising to defend it, though he had already signed an armistice with Radetsky in which the surrender of Milan was agreed on; his swearing from the palace window to fight with them to the death, and his flight by night, by a back way; the withdrawal of his army, and the abandonment of the city to the Austrians.

Garibaldi was then at Bergamo with a small body of republican volunteers. Colonel Medici relates Mazzini's coming among them, rifle on shoulder, asking to join the ranks. "Though accustomed to a life of study, and little fit for the exertion of forced marches, his constancy and serenity never forsook him for a moment. Hearing the fatal news of the surrender of Milan, Garibaldi ordered his band to fall back, my column, as rearguard, covering the retreat. In this march, full of danger and difficulty, Mazzini's strength of soul, intrepidity, and decision were the admiration of the bravest. His presence, his words, animated our young soldiers." But Milan having fallen, all Lombardy fell. "Treason and imbecility," as Mazzini said, had done their work too well. Mazzini went by way of France to Tuscany. "We republicans had offered ourselves as loyal allies to the royal camp; we never declared that camp our own. We ceased from preaching our own principle in order to avoid all disunion likely to endanger the success of the enterprise against the foreign foe;

but we never preached in favor of the opposite principle." From this time began Mazzini's struggle against the internal foes of his country's unity, which ceased only with his life.

The Pope, meanwhile, terrified at the national feeling excited among his own subjects, fled from Rome in the disguise of a footman. Rome was free to govern herself. The Roman Assembly, however, hesitated and temporized, dispatching messengers to the Pope asking for instructions. Mazzini wrote, telling them that the anxiety he was in was not for the *republic*, but for the *unity* of Italy; that the Pope, however, being an *elected* prince, and his flight an abdication, Rome was, for the time being, *de facto* a republic, though bound in duty to call together an assembly of delegates from all the Italian provinces to decide upon the form of government to be adopted by the nation. February, 1849, the Roman Parliament proclaimed Rome a republic, and Mazzini, elected a member of the Assembly, hastened to Rome. On his way through Tuscany, he urged upon the provisional government to take the first step toward making Italy one by uniting Tuscany with Rome. "The people," he says, "voted for it unanimously, but the provisional government refused to ratify the decree." We all know something of the history of the short-lived republic, which was "shamefully stifled in blood by France." The Roman people, though long crushed and degraded, displayed the true virtues of citizen soldiers.

This period of Mazzini's career, says his biographer, was too brilliant for even calumny to obscure. His first care was to make ready for war with Austria. The vigorous preparations for action on the part of the little republic drove Charles Albert to redeem his lost popularity by himself declaring war against Austria, — a war, however, brought to an abrupt end by the shameful battle of Novara, immediately after which the king abdi-

cated, and his son, Victor Emmanuel, ascended the throne. The Roman Assembly now decreed that the supreme executive power should be invested in three citizens. Mazzini was the life and soul of this triumvirate. Rome, he thought, was the natural centre of Italian unity, and it was important to direct the attention and the reverence of his countrymen to her. No one but Mazzini believed that the Roman people would dare to resist the power of France. When news came of the arrival of the French at Civita Vecchia, he was told by the officers of the National Guard that the main body of them would refuse to defend the city. Mazzini "thought he understood the Roman people better than they," and gave orders that the question should be put to the troops. A universal shout of *War* rose from the ranks, and put an end to the doubts of the leaders. After a two months' siege by the French troops sent by Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, during which the Italians performed prodigies of valor, the French mastered the heights about Rome, and were able to destroy the city by artillery. The Assembly declared further resistance impossible, and ordered the triumvirate to come to terms with the French general. Mazzini refused to do so, and sent in his resignation, his colleagues following his example. In his indifference to personal danger, Mazzini remained in Rome more than a week after the French entered it, wandering about the city, "absorbed," as he says, "in the thought of rebellion against the brute force that had thus come down upon us, unprovoked, to destroy one republic in the name of another. How it was that neither the priests nor the French took the chance afforded them of killing or imprisoning me is a mystery." He left at last on a little steamer for Marseilles, whence he traversed the enemy's country, and took shelter in Switzerland.

For many years a vast secret correspondence kept alive the republican spirit of the reënslaved Romans, but the leaders were finally discovered and imprisoned, agents of the King of Piedmont were sent among the Romans, and, "whether from sloth or fear, they sank again into the indolence begotten of slavery." Mazzini was compelled to direct his energies elsewhere. With regard to the many insurrections planned or assisted by Mazzini, Mrs. Venturi declares that without an exception he was ever on the spot, taking personal part in the danger of every movement initiated by himself. This, she avers, is a truth well known to his personal friends, who, during his lifetime, were often compelled to conceal their knowledge of his peril, and speak with outward serenity of the absent one, for whom they were trembling in their hearts.

Piedmont had now been free for ten years, and had won no inch of ground from the foreign rulers of Italy. To Mazzini's appeals to the Piedmontese to awake to a sense of their duty, the king answered by condemning him to death. To counteract his "fatal influence," which might endanger the throne by leading the people to fight their own battle, and also in order to win Lombardy for his master, Cavour declared war against Austria. Louis Napoleon, now emperor, finding it necessary to divert the minds of the French from the recent overthrow of their republican freedom by exciting their greed of military glory, was willing enough to aid Victor Emmanuel, but at the price of Nizza and Savoy. The "royal Esau" sold his Savoyard birthright for the Lombard pottage. In vain did Mazzini, six months before the event, tell the people, "Napoleon seeks Nizza and Savoy, the throne of Naples for Murat, and of the centre for his cousin. *Cavour has agreed to these things.*" The people were deluded by the emperor's proclamation that Italy should be "freed

from the Alps to the sea ;" they forgot Victor Emmanuel's share in the betrayal of Milan, and the treachery of Novara.

Mazzini's whole energies were now directed to *Italianizing* the war. He wrote to the king, assuring him that if he would put himself at the head of the nation to unite Italy, the republicans would loyally support and aid him. "All parties would be then extinguished; the only things left in Italy would be the people and yourself." The excitement caused by this letter was such that the king found it impossible to ignore it. He offered Mazzini an interview. The latter replied that it was as well to speak plainly on both sides before meeting. Convinced that the majority desired Victor Emmanuel for their king, he himself bowed to the will of the nation, and would help the king to the utmost, could he have Victor Emmanuel's promise not to sheathe his sword till he was victorious. "He who wrote this," says his biographer, "was under sentence of death, and obliged to remain concealed in the dominions of the king with whom he made these stipulations," — a sufficient testimony to the weight of his "fatal influence." While the king was still hesitating, Cavour, lately out of favor, returned to power, and began plotting the division of Italy into three kingdoms with Napoleon and Bomba of Naples. All negotiation with Mazzini was broken off. Garibaldi's brigade was still in arms. Many even of the Moderates favored an invasion of the south, but were anxious that the movement, though planned by Mazzini, should not be connected with his name, which, they said, was so identified with republicanism that it would insure the hostile intervention of Napoleon. Mazzini, always indifferent to things personal, wrote to Garibaldi, detailing the preparations already made in the south. He promised that should the movement prove successful he would leave the whole glory and credit to Garibaldi,

while in case of failure he would bear the obloquy himself, and allow the expedition to be called a "Mazzinian dream." To this proposal Garibaldi agreed in writing. Notwithstanding a promise of secrecy, he privately informed the king of the plan. The monarch feigned approval. The general had given the order to march on the following day, when, on receipt of a private telegram from the king, he abruptly broke faith with Mazzini, and left the camp by night. Those who knew Mazzini intimately "perceived a deeper sadness in his smile after every such wrong or delusion; but there was no other change in him."

Pilo, a young Sicilian nobleman, educated by Mazzini in republican virtue, resolved to head the insurrection of the south, having first written to Garibaldi, and obtained his promise to join the expedition should Pilo hold out for eight days. The insurrection was to begin at Palermo on the third. Pilo started thither with a few thousand francs and some pistols furnished by Mazzini, but was detained by stress of weather until the eleventh, and arrived to find the movement suppressed in the city, but the country people still in arms. He took the command, beat the royal troops in every encounter, maintained the insurrection with growing power against an enormous disparity of numbers, not for eight days, but for six weeks, and, having beaten the troops of King Bomba in a decisive encounter, fell by a gunshot wound, and died with a smile on his face, having in that instant received the news that Garibaldi had landed. Facts like these have something to say in answer to such remarks as occur in Mr. Dicey's *Life of Victor Emmanuel* about the absurdity of supposing that the liberation of Italy was to be effected by Mazzini's "high-flown language and grandiloquent proclamations," and the "short-lived illusion that it is possible for regular troops to be worsted by un-

disciplined levies and fortresses captured by popular enthusiasm."

The Moderates now gave out that the whole movement had been secretly promoted by Cavour, with the king's approval, and dispatched agents to Naples to prepare the way for annexing the kingdom to the Piedmontese throne.

Mazzini, meanwhile, was ceaselessly at work preparing the three expeditions which he successively fitted out, with the help of a committee of war formed in Genoa, intending them to carry help into the Papal States; but owing to the obstacles placed in his way by the government, and the eagerness of the volunteers to join the popular hero, Mazzini was reluctantly compelled to dispatch upwards of twenty thousand men, and the arms, steamers, etc., thus collected, to Garibaldi. Then, recommencing his labors, he equipped and officered a body of eight thousand men to enter the Papal States, where the population was ready to support them by a rising. Garibaldi, whom the Neapolitans had proclaimed dictator, approved this plan, and, having exacted a promise that the republican banner should not be raised, the king and the most influential Moderates consented to it. Mazzini's plan was that, as soon as victory should be had over the Pope's general, the Romans should be left, as he would have had the Neapolitans left, to maintain their newly acquired freedom, while Garibaldi should join the victorious volunteers and push on to free Venice. The king agreed to everything, but two hours after sent an autograph letter, *to be shown, not given*, to the military leaders and authorities, forbidding the movement. As Mazzini publicly declared at the time, Victor Emmanuel's policy was "always to endeavor to prevent any popular movement, but always to turn every popular victory to account for the enlargement of his own dominions." Garibaldi still held in his hands the whole resources of the late kingdom of Naples.

The cry of the betrayed populations and the appeals of all true patriots decided him to issue a proclamation announcing his immediate intention of marching upon Rome. This determined the government to act. "If we are not in the Cattolica before Garibaldi, we are lost," said Cavour to the French minister. "The revolution will invade central Italy. We are constrained to act." Mazzini wrote to Garibaldi at the time, saying, "If you are not on your way to Rome or Venice before three weeks are over, your initiative will be at an end." He himself left Tuscany and hastened to Naples, but in vain. Garibaldi's initiative was already practically at an end. Pallavicini, a distinguished monarchist, addressed a letter nominally to Mazzini, but intended as an appeal to the authorities to drive him out of Italy. In it he acquitted him of evil intentions, but called on him to prove his patriotism by withdrawing into voluntary exile, since he was so associated with republicanism that his mere presence was a source of anarchy. The decrees condemning Mazzini to death had never been revoked, and it was only in consequence of the overthrow of the King of Naples that he was able to show himself by daylight in that part of his native land. He answered Pallavicini by refusing to leave Naples. "The greatest sacrifice it was possible for me to make I made, from love of unity and civil concord, when I declared that I accepted the monarchy out of reverence for the will of the majority of the Italian people (no matter how deluded). I will not voluntarily make any other. I have declared that if at any time I should feel myself bound in conscience to raise again our old banner, I would frankly declare my intention to friends and foes. If my enemies do not believe a man who for thirty years has sought only his country's good — so be it with them." Having thus answered, he calmly pursued his course. He saw "*Death to Mazzini*"

written on the walls, and smiled. He felt no bitterness toward the people, knowing that the responsibility of their ignorant injustice did not lie with them. He repeated to the rulers that duties are in proportion to means, and that Naples, being strong and free, was bound to labor for the common freedom of Italy. Garibaldi, however, suddenly blighted the hopes of all enlightened patriots by presenting the Neapolitan provinces to Victor Emmanuel, and then retired to Caprera, lauded by all the monarchical press of Europe. Mazzini, too, departed, seeing that all hope was at an end for the time.

The instincts of the Italian people were true and noble, but they had been corrupted by long ages of servitude. The seventeen years' propaganda of Young Italy had waked the splendid outburst of national feeling in 1848, but it was easier to rouse the instinct of unity and the sense of their right to Rome, Venice, and the Trentino than to inspire them with constancy to win their right for themselves. Yet so long as Mazzini lived the spirit of nationality and the instinct of unity could never wholly expire in their hearts; and as time went on, and it gradually became clear that Victor Emmanuel had no real intention of undertaking the national duty, demonstrations and *émeutes* recommenced in all the chief towns of Italy. To avert a revolution, the servile Parliament voted Rome the capital of Italy, without taking steps, however, to make it such. Garibaldi, urged on every side by his old companions in arms, assembled volunteers in the Neapolitan provinces, for an expedition to Rome. Mazzini, knowing that the king would not allow Garibaldi to compromise him with Louis Napoleon by attempting anything against the Pope, wrote to Garibaldi, offering, as once before, that if he would initiate a Venetian insurrection he himself would take all the blame if it should fail. Venetia

still belonging to Austria, the king would not dare to oppose a popular rising against the foreigner. Garibaldi persisted in the Roman scheme, and again Victor Emmanuel, after promising to shut his eyes till the work was done, sent troops to bar Garibaldi's passage; and when the latter advanced to parley with the king's commander, he was fired upon, and then carried off a wounded prisoner to Varignano.

In November, 1863, Mazzini received a message from the king, begging to form a compact with him "in furtherance of our common object." Mazzini replied that he would not bind himself by any compact. He reminded the king that more than a year before he had openly declared that he had resumed complete independence. He felt no confidence in any who followed the inspirations of the French emperor. "I therefore renounce a compact which is useless. I remain free." In 1864, the king entered into a convention with Louis Napoleon, in which a secret protocol provided for the cession of a large portion of Piedmont to France, as payment for the expenses of the French occupation of Rome, and guaranteed the rights which Austria had usurped over Venetia in 1815. The success of this intrigue would have been perfect but for Mazzini, who was aware of it and divulged its contents. A storm of indignation arose, and the minister who had signed the convention was obliged to deny the truth, giving Mazzini the lie, the monarchical press heaping abuse upon the patriot's head. In 1865, the citizens of Messina elected Mazzini (over whom the death sentence was still hanging) as their representative in the Italian Parliament. He refused to swear fidelity to the monarchy. In 1866, the signs of a coming struggle between Austria and Prussia made it impossible for the king to resist the popular demand for war. Mazzini published some masterly letters, urging the assembling of volun-

teers, that the war might be a national one. The journals in which they were printed were sequestered by the government, but the burst of enthusiasm they caused was shown in the offer to the minister of war of ninety-five thousand volunteers. The minister exclaimed in terror, "This cannot be allowed to go on! This is a *levée en masse*." The greater number were dismissed, but the state of public feeling was such that the king was compelled to declare war, June, 1866. The collapse of the Austrian army before Prussia might have inspired the king to defy France and carry on the war alone, but this would have called forth the popular element, which he feared far more than Austria. The success of Prussia having made it impossible for Napoleon to seize on the Rhenish provinces, he wished to put an end to the war; accordingly the Italian general-in-chief and the high admiral obediently allowed themselves to be beaten at Custoza and Lissa. These defeats were so unaccountable that the cry of treachery was raised on all sides. Napoleon dared not seize upon the huge slice of Piedmont bargained for, but flung Venice — ceded by Austria, not to Italy, but to him — to the Italian people, "like a bone to quiet a hungry dog." An amnesty was granted to Mazzini, possibly in the hope of silencing the voice which told the people that Venice ought not to have been thus accepted as alms from the French emperor, nor their true frontier, the Trentino, abandoned. He refused to accept an offer of "pardon and oblivion for having loved Italy above all earthly things." The Italian government now accused him of a vast conspiracy of assassination and pillage, demanding that the Swiss government should order his expulsion from that country. In a public letter he wrote, "Since you compel me to speak of myself, I say that I am and always shall be your irreconcilable enemy. . . . You have crucified the honor of

my country, and done all that in you lay to cause the future assigned her by God to recede. . . . But neither the love I feel for Italy, nor the deep anger I feel toward all who corrupt or mislead her, has ever made me employ disloyal weapons against you, stoop to accusations which I did not believe, or deny you that liberty of experiment you invoked with hypocritical promises some years back. . . . I would not wear out the uncertain remnant of life left to me for a question merely political. I would leave it to time and your errors to do the work for us. But a question of honor cannot be left to time. . . . A people which, though able to do otherwise, resigns itself to foreign insult . . . abdicates its power and its future."

In 1870 Mazzini went to Sicily. His support had frequently been asked for an insurrection intended to separate Sicily from the rest of Italy, and form of it a Sicilian republic; Mazzini had opposed this in the name of Italian unity. At last he was informed that with or without him the attempt would be made. He had no faith in the success of this scheme, but decided to go to Sicily to throw his influence into the scale of unity. Some of those near him at the time fancied that they detected in him the half-unconscious hope that he might die in the struggle.

The Judas who betrayed him was one who had often been denounced to him as a spy. Mazzini was arrested at sea, and conveyed in a ship of war to Gaeta, to be imprisoned in "the most inaccessible tower of the stupendous fortress built upon that portion of the rock which stretches farthest into the sea." The whole of the rocky peninsula bristled with cannon and was crowded with troops, while five iron-clad war steamers lay beneath the tower in which the prisoner was confined.

The insurrection of Palermo was also rendered impossible, the governor having been reinforced and put upon his

guard. That danger over, the government was embarrassed with its prisoner, dreading that, should any mischief happen to him in his frail state of health, it would be attributed to design. The birth of a prince two months after gave the government the opportunity it wished for opening the gates of Gaeta.

After visiting his mother's grave at Genoa, Mazzini returned to England for a few months, and thence went to Lugano to conduct a republican journal. On the eve of departure he wrote, "The Italian question, which I believed might ere this have become a question of action and realization, is still a question of education." After a year of literary labor, carried on in defiance of incessant illness and recurring attacks of intense physical pain, he set out for England, where he was anxious to spend a cherished anniversary. This induced him to cross the Alps at a season very dangerous for one in his state of health. He was seized with acute pleurisy, of which he died at Pisa on the 10th of March, 1872. His body was carried across the Apennines to Genoa, and eighty thousand of his countrymen followed it to the tomb.

In the following lines, written of Dante, Mazzini has unconsciously described himself, says his biographer, as no words but his own could have done: "His was indeed a tragical life, — tragical from the real ills that constantly assailed him, from the lonely thought that ate into his soul, because there were none whom he could inspire with it. . . . He who bore within himself the soul of Italy was misunderstood by all; but he did not yield; he wrestled nobly with the external world, and ended by conquering it. . . . Endowed with an immense power of will and a patience beyond all proof, inflexible from conviction and calmly resolute, he was of those who recognize no law but conscience, and recur for aid to none but God. . . . The grand thought of a mutual respon-

sibility, uniting in one bond the whole human race, was ever before his eyes; the consciousness of a link between this world and the next, between one period of life and the remainder. . . . Life was not dear enough to him for him to attach much importance to anything personal, but he loved justice, and hated wrong. . . . He concerned himself not about the length or the shortness of life, but about the end for which life is given. . . . He had gone through every stage of the growth of an idea, from the moment when it arises for the first time in the soul's horizon down to that when it incarnates itself in the man, takes possession of all his faculties, and cries to him, 'Thou art mine.' . . . His was the dream of an Italy, the leader of humanity and angel of light among the nations."

At a time when he thought himself dying, Mazzini wrote from his sick-bed a letter of reply to an address, full of reverence and honor, sent him by his Genoese fellow-citizens: "God has offered you the grand mission of creating the Europe of the nationalities. Would that the memory of my name might perish, so might I dying hail you, my brothers, on the path toward its fulfillment."

But Mazzini's life was not spent in vain, and his name cannot perish; it must rather brighten as time goes on, and the mists of ignorance and misconception clear away.

"The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."

It gratifies me to find these lines, which have seemed to me so expressive of the truth of Mazzini's life, were applied to him by the author herself at the moment of his death. George Eliot cites them in a letter to a friend, and adds, "I must be excused for quoting my own words, because they are my Credo. Such a man leaves behind him a wider good than the loss of his personal presence can take away. I know how deeply you will be feeling his death. I en-

ter thoroughly into your sense of wealth in having known him."

If, as Wordsworth tells us, we live by admiration, wisely fixed, it is surely good for us to know of men like Mazzini. His was the greatness "all whose strength was knit with constancy." Thinking of his life of ceaseless effort and unwearied patience of hope, we share the feeling so finely expressed by Mr. Myers in the closing passage of his essay on the great Italian: "Is there not something within us which even exults at the thought that Mazzini's years were passed in imprisonment and exile, in solitude and disappointment, in poverty and pain? Are we not tempted to feel triumph in the contrast between such a man's outer and his inward fortunes? . . . We may be well content that he has missed the applause of the unworthy and all that is vulgarizing in a wide renown. Yet we are bound to

use the memory of a good man's life as he used the life itself, as an example to whom it may concern; and for this reason I may be pardoned this imperfect picture of one whom we would not willingly that base men should so much as praise."

I have not left myself space for citation from Mazzini's published essays on *Democracy in Europe* and *The Duties of Man*. They are in the informal style of addresses to the working classes, but though not systematic in shape, they are based on clearly conceived constructive principles. In his conception of freedom, progress, and the sovereignty of the people; his idea of the nation as of divine origin, having a divine end in history, as a moral person, having duties as well as rights, Mazzini's teaching corresponds essentially with that of our American thinker, the late Dr. Mulford, as put forth in his volume on *The Nation*.

Maria Louise Henry.

THE INTELLECTUAL MISSION OF THE SARACENS.

If history is the study of the movements of men in relation to the forces which generate motion, and the results that flow from it, then must Saracen history offer to the student a large and varied problem.

Judged by the amount of energy displayed, the career of the Arabians was one of the most brilliant the world has seen. When we consider the time through which it endured, and the extent of territory which it covered, we cannot escape the conviction that powerful forces engendered it, and that correspondingly great results ought to be traced to it. None but a superficial observer could watch those currents of life which, from the seventh to the fifteenth century, swept to and fro over eastern Asia and around the Mediterranean

through northern Africa and Spain, baptizing the islands of the great inland sea, and sprinkling the shores of Italy, without raising inquiries concerning the sources and the mission of such activity.

It is an error to ascribe all this to one cause. Religion furnished leading motives. That special form of religion introduced by Mohammed consolidated and directed elements which thrived in the desert before the Prophet's day. Islam elevated and gave new form to the older Arabic faith or faiths. But Islam was, in an important sense, the outgrowth of former religious experiences. In the desert were the feeling of infinitude and the awe of solitude. These were merged in Mohammed's Allah. The monotheistic conception was the breath that fanned fires already kin-

dled. Back of Islam lay Saracenism: the desert life, its religious sentiment, its passions, fury, courage. The living, active, wild, and tremendous forces of the Bedouin were intensified and disciplined under Mohammed and his followers.

How strong those forces were is demonstrated in the magnitude and duration of the movements started and maintained by them.

The relatively few thousands who came from the desert sufficed to inspire millions belonging to different nationalities, and carry them along in currents, religious, social, intellectual, which are properly called Arabic. For, although Arabian blood ran in the veins of relatively few of those who accepted Islam, or ran diluted, the civilization adopted and furthered by them was transfused with the Arabian genius. When, therefore, we speak of the intellectual mission of the Saracens, we use some degree of accuracy. They furnished the impulse to intellectual as well as spiritual and political life. To them must be accredited, in large measure, the mission which that life fulfilled.

The nature and value of the mission have been much discussed. The determination of the one and the fair estimation of the other are attended with difficulties, chief among which may be ranked that illusive haze which everywhere spreads itself over Arabian history. There is such a distance between the depths of ignorance from which the nation rose and the heights of culture to which it attained, the advance is so unlooked for and impulsive, it culminates so quickly after the upward direction has been taken, and it forms such a contrast to the intellectual quietude of surrounding nations, that the reader of history in the dark ages turns to this field with something of that admiration with which, in the later ages of Saracen supremacy, the students of the north turned from the colder climates

and the coarser civilizations, in which they had been reared, to the softer airs of Moorish Spain.

The profuseness of the Arabian learning, the multiplicity of the departments into which it entered, its zeal, the enormous proportions of the resulting literature, the vast libraries, the schools, the lecture rooms with their thousands of students, the universities, the institutions devoted to special sciences, the observatories and laboratories so royally equipped, the schools of logic and grammar, the whole attractive republic of letters, in which princes mingled with the sons of tradesmen or mechanics, while court favorites vied with impoverished authors for the honors of literature, all the ardor of a great intellectual movement passing before our eyes under Oriental guise, dispose the mind to enthusiastic judgments.

To this difficulty must be added the necessity of a careful survey of the actual product of this activity, in order to determine its nature, its value, and the part it has played in the world's progress.

More particularly, in natural science, philosophy, and mathematics, in which studies the mental powers of any people are most severely tested, and those of the Saracens were especially engaged, an independent judgment can be reached only as the result of an impartial canvass of all that was known in these departments before the period of Islam, and a comparison of that which was so known with the state of knowledge at the decline of Mohammedan power in Spain. The details of such a canvass cannot be introduced here. We must be content with general statements, endeavoring to glean out of these fields, as well as from those of poetry, the material for a just estimate of the mission of Saracen culture to the world.

Writers have differed greatly in their opinions of both the nature and value of that mission. Some, captivated by its

brilliant execution, have rated the actors high among the originators of science and the contributors to culture. Others have applied a more critical judgment to the facts of history, and have held the outcome of Arabian originality in much lower esteem. The different results are referable to the standards adopted by the two classes of writers. The severer judges have brought the achievements of the Saracens to the test of progress made in theoretical and systematic science; while the more lenient judges have based their decisions on the extent to which the people carried their general and more superficial knowledge of the departments they cultivated. The points of view are so far apart that we need not be surprised at radically differing conclusions. It is not fair to test the Arabians strictly by either of these criteria. They have a claim on our admiration that does not wholly result from, and cannot be measured exclusively by, the one or the other. Nor would it be right to make up our opinion independently of the circumstances of the nation, the conditions from which it sprang into the rank of a ruling power, the period in which it made its appearance, the resources at its command, and the length of time given to develop its results.

The nation started on its scientific career empty-handed. By its peninsular location it had been largely out of reach of those great civil, religious, and intellectual currents which swept to and fro from the Persian mountains to the Mediterranean, and flowed around the borders of that sea. It came into these movements as a fresh element, bringing nothing that had previously belonged to them save the religious ideas it had borrowed from them. Yet in the possession of mental freshness it brought much, and much that was to its advantage. The Arabians were not an effete people, wearied and worn with questionings and philosophizings. With them

knowledge was not a stale thing. They entered a decaying empire of thought as well as of arms, bringing with them enthusiasm and hope, physical vigor and religious zeal. They had the dew of their youth.

In the then existing conditions of the world, and in view of the previous history of philosophy and science, it may be considered an open question whether the isolation of the Arabians had not prepared for them some special advantage in the race they were to run. Certainly, in other respects, they were fortunately placed for a rapid and honorable career. As conquerors they at once became heirs to the ancient seats of civilization throughout the East, Egypt, northern Africa, Spain, and the Mediterranean islands. They controlled all of value which that civilization had left to the world. They took possession of the chief seats of learning, and were brought into immediate and commanding contact with the representatives of that learning. In the progress of their arms they met the arts of India, opened communication with China, controlled the schools of western Asia, became the lords of Alexandria and her traditions, while, although they could not conquer Constantinople, they were able to demand, and did exact, her literary treasures as a tribute. In a word, they possessed the land. When their attention was once directed to the secrets which the land held, they had the power, the will, and the energy to command their revelation. The Kalifs, moved by exaggerated notions of the value of astrology and alchemy, as well as by that race pride which characterized them, became the enthusiastic patrons of the sciences.

Nor was the time given for the accomplishment of the nation's mission short. From the death of Mohammed to the expulsion of the Moors of Spain was a period of eight hundred and sixty-nine years. And if, in order to allow

for the rise of literary activity at the beginning of this period and the decline at its close, we date from the year 800 to the year 1300, we have still five hundred years in which the Arabian mind had free scope to work out its results.

What, then, were the results?

The Saracens became a learned and, for those times, a refined people, having acquired whatever luxury the material arts afforded, and whatever culture was to be derived from the departments of knowledge which they cherished, and in which they may be assumed to have known the most of what antiquity had to teach, because they had access to the works of the ancients. In natural science, they were the inheritors of the physics of Aristotle and Plato with the more advanced physics of Archimedes, the medicine of Hippocrates and Galen, the botany of Dioscorides, the mathematics and optics of Euclid, the astronomy of Hipparchus and Ptolemy; in a word, the sum of the knowledge of ancient Greece, — and Greece had condensed into her science that of the world. If alchemy were of later birth than other branches of the study of nature, it is yet certain that it did not take its rise among the Arabians. Their most celebrated alchemist, Geber, confesses that he received the larger share of his knowledge from the ancients, and the secrets of the science, if such it could be called, were known in Egypt three hundred years before Mohammed saw the light. In that country Diocletian is said to have broken up the colleges of the priests, and burned the books in which it was believed that they preserved their alchemistic secrets, because the revolts of the country were maintained by the silver which they were able to manufacture out of baser substances. Nor would the fact that Diocletian attributed such mastery of the art to the Egyptian priests be any proof that it was not practiced elsewhere, but

only that a suspicion existed to the effect that what was in other places eagerly sought had become a cherished possession of that mysterious fraternity. That the Egyptians were the teachers of the Arabians has, however, been inferred from the circumstance that the latter exhibit no writings on this subject and show no knowledge of it until after the conquest of the land of the Nile.

In like manner, beside the geometry of Euclid, the Arabians had their version of the Conic Sections of Apollonius of Perga, and we are not to doubt that they received the science of algebra, to which they gave its name, from Diophantus, who wrote at Alexandria before the year 400 of our era.

Since they were, thus, heirs to the science of Greece, and, indeed, of the world, we are not surprised to find the Arabians possessed of those principles of mathematics, astronomy, statics, hydraulics, optics, medicine, and alchemy which they had learned from the ancients through their Christian and Jewish teachers. They were eager pupils in sciences which they had had no part in developing, having received from their instructors the things which are sometimes set down to their credit by those who have advocated their intellectual superiority. The astronomy of Hipparchus and Ptolemy taught them the order, nature, and motions of the heavenly bodies, which it had arranged in systems of eccentrics and epicycles; the inclination of the ecliptic, and the measure of that inclination; the first two lunar irregularities; the form of the earth, and the methods of arriving at its measure. The same astronomy had discovered the precession of the equinoxes, catalogued the stars and given their relative positions for future reference. It had published astronomical tables, and had developed plain and spherical trigonometry for astronomical uses. It is not necessary to say that

the principles of statics and hydraulics, together with the connected subject of specific gravity, had been propounded by Archimedes. In optics, the Greeks understood the rectilinear course pursued by unobstructed rays of light, and the equality of the angles of incidence and reflection when a ray of light falls upon a mirror; and they had deduced many of the consequences of these fundamental truths, including their application to concave and convex reflectors. Ptolemy had carefully investigated the refraction which light undergoes in passing through media of different densities, and had applied the principles thus discovered to astronomical refraction. We need not enumerate the features of medical science known to Hippocrates and Galen, nor have we occasion in alchemy to go further than the confession of Geber, that he had derived nearly all his knowledge from the ancients. The facts before us show that the Arabians possessed a valuable inheritance in the learning of the nations at whose feet they sat as pupils. Occupying the birthplaces of much of this learning, they were near the birthplaces of the rest of it, and were in condition to command their resources. As a consequence they became learned. In like manner, they eagerly seized whatever arts had been discovered by other nations, and became refined. They learned to make paper from those who had received that art from the Chinese; they found an explosive powder — whence our gunpowder — already at hand from China or from India; and they did not disdain to send to Constantinople for their architects. The decimal system, which is popularly credited to them, and is one of the most valuable instruments of mathematical calculation, they are known to have introduced from India. On every hand they displayed wonderful readiness of appreciation and facility of adaptation, quickly discerning and making use of advantages. We may,

therefore, most freely accord to them the praise of enlightenment and culture.

Did they possess a genius for science? Was the Arabian mind scientific in the sense in which the Greek mind had proved itself so, or in the sense in which the mind of Christian Europe proved itself so when, at length, the latter fell heir to the knowledge of the ancients?

If we put the question in this form, we shall find that it cannot be answered by merely enumerating the multitude of things which the Arabians knew. We must consider the use they were able to make of their knowledge. It is an essential characteristic of the scientific spirit that it not only acquaints itself with a multitude of phenomena, but arranges such phenomena in harmonious systems which display pervading laws and point to originating forces. We may have vast accumulations of facts without science, and may go on adding to the store without directly advancing science. Some master mind must come and treat the accumulations scientifically. The discovery of a new fossil species or a new mineral, or, in the present state of chemistry and astronomy, of a new metal or a new asteroid, or, in mental science, the mere noting of a hitherto unnoticed form of action, may be an entirely insignificant event. The process of fact-accumulation often goes on for a long time without any result of importance to science as such. It is not a useless process, because facts are the *a*, *b*, *c*, or the bricks and mortar of science, but they are not science. What we so name is the architectural thought into which the bricks and mortar of facts are wrought, and by which we secure a harmonious unification of phenomena. Of this kind of work we find little or none among the Arabians. They took the systems which were handed over to them, along with a vast amount of material which had not yet been wrought into systems, and they left all substantially as they found it. In one depart-

ment and another they increased the raw material, but they did not know how to work it up. They toiled perseveringly and with self-denial, traveling to the ends of the earth, examining, collecting, studying, and observing, but they had not constructive genius. In astronomy they made numerous observations with their improved instruments, and published astronomical tables, which, as the Saracens were able to observe more closely than their predecessors, were better than those that existed among the ancients. They measured over and over again the inclination of the ecliptic, and, in order to determine the earth's dimensions, they ascertained by careful toil the length of degrees of latitude in two different regions. But they made but one, or possibly two, new discoveries which might affect the condition of astronomical science: the motion of the sun's apogee, detected by El Batini, and the third irregularity of the moon, by Abul Wefa. The first of these observations reflects great credit upon its author. The propriety of giving to Abul Wefa the merit of the second has been questioned, and by some of the highest authorities denied. In view of the dispute we must leave his desert undetermined. Whether or not he detected the motion, it is remarkable that the moon's variation, as the third irregularity is called, was lost sight of by the Arabians, if they ever knew of it. Abul Wefa did not pursue the subject, nor was the amount of the variation reduced to measure. The irregularity was so completely forgotten that when it was noticed by Tycho Brahe it was supposed to be an entirely new contribution to astronomical science. The one discovery in astronomy, therefore, which is fully conceded — that of the motion of the sun's apogee — stands as a marked exception in all the work of the Arabian astronomers, extended over a period of five hundred years. In contrast with this result, Christian Eu-

rope had not been in possession of Greek astronomy more than three or four hundred years before the whole Hipparchan theory was revolutionized by Copernicus, while Newton's great theory of universal gravitation was woven around the whole solar system only a century and a half later. The Saracens had complained of the unwieldiness of the Hipparchan system, but they lacked either the genius or the independence to break away from it.

Their career in other branches of science is of like character.

Into statics and hydraulics they introduced no new principle, nor were they able to move forward and establish a science of motion or dynamics. Their great physicist was El Hazen, to whose credit is to be placed the further prosecution of Ptolemy's observations on the refraction of light, or perhaps the independent discovery of the laws of refraction; certainly the correction of one of Ptolemy's errors. The particulars of astronomical refraction he also definitely and clearly stated, and for this deserves much of the praise bestowed on him, though the ground had already been trodden by Ptolemy. Beyond this work of El Hazen the Arabians do not seem to have contributed to the science of optics, though there was great need of a further practical knowledge of the use of lenses. Before they were through with science, and as early as the thirteenth century, we have found an Englishman, Roger Bacon, busying himself with lenses, and insisting on the importance of optical improvements for the furtherance of astronomical observations.

It is in alchemy more than anywhere else that the Arabians have the credit of new discoveries. But it is universally conceded that in their hands it never attained to the dignity of a science. In their eager search for the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, they were stimulated to the preparation of new

compounds, some of which have proved of great utility in the arts and as instruments of science, but there was no approach to a scientific handling of facts. They are the reputed discoverers of nitric and sulphuric acid; they prepared absolute alcohol and phosphorus; they put sal-ammoniac to nitric acid and dissolved gold; but they did not know the composition of the acids which they discovered, nor was there any system which could connect the facts. They worked away with retort and furnace and reagent through five hundred years, but alchemy was still a chaos. It is hard to understand how so learned a writer as Dr. John William Draper can declare, on the ground of Geber's discovery of nitric acid, that his name marks an epoch in chemistry equal in importance to that of Priestley and Lavoisier. What scientific result, it may be asked, followed the discovery of nitric acid, valuable as that reagent is? The discovery of oxygen by Priestley, and the decomposition of water by Cavendish, and the promulgation of the oxygen theory by Lavoisier, revolutionized chemistry. In like manner, when the same authority declares of Geber's theory — which makes all metals to be compounded of sulphur, mercury, and arsenic — that, though erroneous, "it is not without a scientific value," we can only accept the statement under narrow limitations.

The experience of the Arabians in philosophy repeats that which is illustrated in the natural sciences and in mathematics. In the school of logic and speculation they were learners, not originators. They devoted themselves to these studies with ardor and perseverance; they became voluminous writers. But in the whole line of philosophers, from El Kendi down to Ibn Roschd or Averroes, including El Farabi, El Gazali, Ibn Badja, and Ibn Tofail, no one is looked back to by modern students as an authority. There

was no Arabian Plato or Aristotle. The Mohammedan philosophers are chiefly celebrated for their commentaries on their Greek master, whom they blindly followed. Ibn Roschd, the greatest among them and the last who attained distinction, is quoted as saying that since Aristotle no one had added anything of consequence to logic, physics, or metaphysics; thus denying any originality to the numerous speculative writers of his own faith. M. Renan, in his work on Averroes and Averroism, after having, in one edition, denied any original merit to Semitic philosophy in general, characterizing it as an imitation of Greek philosophy, concedes, in another edition, ten years later, some real originality to the Arabian philosophical writers of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and grants that, as a consequence of maturer study, Ibn Roschd has rather increased than diminished in his estimation. On the other hand, Munk, after saying that the Arabian philosophy culminated in Ibn Roschd, and that his doctrines were long current in Christian and Jewish schools, where they were both admired and combated, speaks of their author in moderate terms, as capable of being consulted with profit by modern students who would make the study of Aristotle a specialty.

Notwithstanding M. Renan's careful concession, students will generally agree with him that the chief interest attaching to the Arabian philosophical movement rests upon that sympathy which we feel for all intellectual struggles, under whatever faith. The service of the Mohammedan scholars in this department consists not so much in the discovery of anything new as in the preservation and transmission of the old.

In the matter of poetry the case is different. The art and inspiration of verse seem to be indigenous to Arabian soil. Their poetical literature antedates Mohammed, and is a conspicuous feature of the previous times of ignorance. The

development of song among them had a national character. It was not influenced by Greek models. It was Oriental, not Western. The Arabians could not have had much taste for the loftier productions of the Greek muses. Though Homer was translated, in part at least, into Syriac and Armenian, and the Arabians were aware of his rank, they did not care to possess an Arabic version. Perhaps his mythology was offensive to their strict monotheism; more likely, his whole style was discordant with the national spirit. Homer was never translated; and, as the Saracens did not read Greek, it was impossible they should understand or appreciate the beauties of the prince among Grecian poets.

In view of these facts, Arabian poetry is, in our present discussion, of peculiar interest. It gives us the working of the national mind uninfluenced by the ancient culture. Left relatively free to run its course, poetry was developed among the Saracens to such an extent that their songsters have been supposed to outnumber those of all other peoples put together. They delighted especially in lyric and didactic compositions, in the former of which their passions found luxuriant expression. To the Arabian adoration of woman, as well as to the Arabian form of verse, the student of literature traces the songs of the Troubadours in the south of Europe, and of the German Minnesingers in the north. The mingling of Christians with Mohammedans, under the Moorish sway; the constant intercourse between their courts in Spain; the conquest of Toledo by the Christians, involving a still more intimate contact; the union of the courts of Barcelona and Provence, under Raymond Berenger; and the fixation of the beautiful Romance Provençal, in which the Troubadours sung, furnished the conditions under which European poetry drew its form and a portion, at least, of its chivalric spirit

from Arabian sources. The poetic flame flashed from Provence throughout Europe. Sovereigns were proud to be numbered among the composers of songs, in which love and war, devotion and courage, vied for expression.

The genius of the Saracens was poetic. Our review of the question whether it was, in the higher sense of the word, scientific leads us to a negative answer. Poetry and science may be developed together. Probably the highest results of both will be found in their combination. But, strictly speaking, they were not combined among the Arabians.

We are forced to draw a distinction, too often lost sight of, between learning and science. An individual may be learned, and yet be devoid of that constructive and generalizing faculty which is central and controlling in science, and which the Greek mind possessed in large degree. This faculty has distinguished the nations of modern Europe since they came under the influence of Greek thought. A people enlightened by the accumulated knowledge of the ages preceding its existence may yet be so unproductive in the higher fields, where the power of generalization displays itself, as to compel future students of history to deny it a place among the nations conspicuous for their scientific genius. This is the case with the Saracens. They were, for their time, marvelously active and intelligent, enlightened, but not scientific.

One who reads upon this subject will meet the complaint, and nowhere more conspicuous than in the works of Dr. Draper,—to whom, more than to any one else, Americans owe their impressions of the Saracens,—that Arabian science and our obligations to it have been systematically ignored. That author distinctly attributes this to “injustice founded on religious rancor and national conceit.” The charges seem ill-founded. If religious rancor and national conceit had at any time pre-

vented the Saracens from receiving the just acknowledgment of their merits, these causes would have operated most powerfully in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, when the antagonism between Mohammedanism and Christianity, Saracen and Latin, was perhaps as pronounced as at any time. But in those ages men who attained distinction as Christians and scholars not only studied among the Arabians of Spain, but afterwards, in their homes, made public acknowledgment of their indebtedness to them, and were loud in their praise of Mohammedan learning. The Arabian sciences, as they were termed by preëminence, were recognized by the best Christian minds of Europe; and the Arabian philosophers were studied, respected, and allowed to influence Christian speculations. Except, possibly in the old Spanish territory, where Moors and Christians fought hand to hand, and where the race prejudice may have perpetuated itself, "religious rancor and national conceit" have probably had little to do with the matter. So far as estimates have been unfavorable, they are quite as likely to have resulted from the application of the stricter standards which some have felt themselves compelled to apply to what must, on every hand, be conceded to be the abundant Arabian learning.

But if it is true that this people gathered a rich harvest from other nations, without adding greatly to the product, what is their special merit? What useful part did they play in the history of learning, and what, in this regard, has been their value?

The Saracens appeared in history at a time when the world was undergoing great and painful intellectual transformations. In the East the Greeks and their immediate pupils had run through their active scientific career. The productive period of Greek science, with the exception, perhaps, of medicine, terminated with Hipparchus. From that

time forward little was added by the ancients to systematic knowledge. At the birth of Mohammed the light of science in the East was struggling for existence; in middle and western Europe it was extinguished among the tossing waves of political commotion. In such an intellectual crisis, the fresh Arabian mind, untutored and not to be fettered even by the restrictions of religion, was attracted by the struggling light. Eager, curious, aspiring, it discerned, or thought it discerned, the value of knowledge. The studies which science offered fell in with its fondness for nature, and that love of mystery which belongs to humanity rather than to any particular race. The passion for such studies went wherever Islam conquered. The Saracens became the custodians of the world's learning. They reached out in every direction, gathering from all sources the ancient treasures of knowledge, and, absorbing them into the body of Arabian science, distributed them with a lavish hand over all Mohammedan territory, and even offered them to the world. The light which was beginning to flicker flamed up and attracted the gaze of the Western nations, awakening them from that intellectual slumber which followed barbarian strife.

This, briefly stated, is the history and mission of Arabian science. It was Greek science rescued from extinction, held in trust, protected, nourished, lifted aloft, delivered over to modern Europe in the breaking-up of the Saracen power.

Those who assert an order in human history as determinate, though not as clearly traced, as that which pervades our material environment, and who take pleasure in searching out that order, will derive satisfaction from contemplating, at this distance of time, the appointed mission of the Saracens, as mediators between the thought of the Old World and the New. Christian students discern in other religions a not

unguided searching after higher ideals. They will acknowledge that when the awe of the desert found embodiment in the worship of one God, great a step was taken in advance of the former Arabian idolatries, and the way was prepared for a beneficent service to humanity, by the establishment, on the broad basis of monotheism, of a political empire which furthered an intellectual mission. That empire, starting from China, sweeping over the plains where lie the centres of the oldest known civilizations, covering in a broad belt the north coast of Africa, and embracing the rich Spanish peninsula, touched, at last, the heart of the life that was forming out of the chaotic elements of early mediæval Europe. Whatever have been the remoter results of Islam as a religion, such an empire, including many peoples, did for ancient science and letters what the earlier Roman Empire had done for Christianity. It paved the way for their preservation and diffusion. When Arabian political unity was ruptured, the republic of letters had been founded. Its unity remained unbroken. Under one language and many bonds of sympathy, those who owed allegiance to different political rulers swore fealty to the expanding culture. The pulses of literary enthusiasm throbbed and gained force as they sped along the channels so opened.

The influence of all this upon European life needs to be appreciated in order that the intellectual mission of the Saracens may be understood. Christian Europe lay between the barbarism of the north and the Saracen civilization of the south. On one side it touched the extreme of rudeness; on the other, the extreme of existing culture. It was moving toward the development of a new civilization peculiarly its own. In that development it was powerfully influenced by the forces on either side of it. The effort of Charlemagne to establish Christian schools was contemporaneous with that of Haroun El

Raschid in a like direction. The two emperors lived in friendly relations and intercourse. We have seen what advantages for such an enterprise the Saracen possessed over the Christian. Haroun was surrounded by a learning to which he had only to open the doors of his mosques. Charlemagne was struggling against an ignorance such as only long ages could dispel. When, finally, the schools of Christian Europe multiplied and took on large proportions, the more advanced scholars, dissatisfied with the meagre instruction afforded at home, attracted by the brilliant light which shone from the Saracen schools, turned their footsteps toward Spain. These men became the advocates, in Christian Europe, of a not only higher but different kind of learning from that which prevailed in the ecclesiastical establishments. They were the pioneer spirits of a broader culture.

On a still larger scale the Christian mind was brought in contact with Saracen learning through the adherents of Christianity who resided in Spain, as well as through court interchanges and protracted conflicts of arms. All along the line from Spain to Palestine, the great currents set in motion by the Crusades brought northern ignorance and enterprise into contact with Saracenic learning and refinement. Christian Europe was now emerging into its most vigorous life. The forces of Islam were beginning to wane. In the period of their decline, the service which the Old World civilization had once rendered to the awakening Arabic intellect was repaid to the awakening mind of Europe.

There is, perhaps, no better illustration of this influence of Saracen culture than that found in the career of the Emperor Frederic II. in the first half of the thirteenth century. In his Sicilian court, in the midst of a luxury and splendor which dazzled the world, Christian and Mohammedan stood on easy footing, and held unrestrained inter-

course with each other. Influenced largely, no doubt, by the freedom in religious thought that had been developed among the Arabian philosophers, and of which Averroes is, to us, the traditional representative, Frederic, whose birth in 1194 dates four years before the death of Averroes, emancipated himself from the prejudices as well as some of the healthful restraints of his time, and, in the intervals of stirring wars, strove to be the introducer and representative of a new civilization, in which science, philosophy, and poetry, along with the refinements of art, should have a scope known only in Mohammedan society. His court became the wonder and scandal of Europe. His Mohammedan tendencies, exaggerated, we may not doubt, by his enemies, were a reproach. He cultivated the new sciences, was himself versed in them, and largely in their interest, we may presume, he founded the University of Naples. If it is impossible precisely to determine his influence on the intellectual life of Europe, it must be remembered how early and conspicuous was the part taken by Italy in the literary and scientific awakening which followed. The century in which Frederic flourished gave birth, soon after his death, to a Dante; the next century produced a Petrarch; the next, a Columbus; the next, a Galileo. It is worthy of note that Columbus quotes Averroes as one of the authors to whom he is indebted for suggestions which led him to faith in the existence of a new world.

The service which the Saracens rendered in science and poetry was supplemented by a similar service in the arts which they brought from the East, and of which Spain became, in a peculiar sense, the home and the centre of distribution. Her civilization, as presented in cities and cultivated farms, made her seem little less than a paradise to the northern peoples. We need not wonder that, out of the raw life of Christian

Europe, men loved to wander into the fair surroundings of the Spanish university towns; nor that, charmed alike with the sweetness of nature, the beauty of art, and the marvels of science, they went back to their coarser homes in the north wishing, and ready to suffer in securing, for their kindred the advantages of learning. In their self-denials, ostracisms, and persecutions might be found material for a chapter which would redeem them, in some measure, from the slight estimation in which they have been held, in common with all Latin Europe, where the condition of things was bad enough, but where were to be found those who pleaded for and strove after something better.

We might here close our review. But it is difficult to forego one or two suggestions, which, though they arise as after-thoughts out of this history, do, nevertheless, give to it a more than scholarly interest. In the departments of natural science and philosophy we find that the Arabian movement owed to Greece pretty much all that it ever attained. In view of present discussions over great educational problems, it is incumbent on us to note that, while the Arabian coveted Greek science, he could not be induced to acquire the language in which the science was preserved. He knew Greek thought only at second and third hand, which is nearly equivalent to saying that he did not know it at all as Greek thought. Everything was approached through a translation, or through a translation of a translation. The Greek genius, the spirit, which could no more express itself in a foreign tongue than could Athens be Athens if set down in the plains of the Nile, had to be clothed in Arabic forms before it could be received by the conquering Saracen. Aspiring to the utilities, the sublimities, of science, but despising the language in which these were embodied, he never caught the excursive, constructive Greek gen-

ius. Dependent from first to last on Jews and Christians for interpretations of the ancient masters, he did not breathe the air of freedom; he never climbed Olympus. So we have the remarkable spectacle of a people toiling through centuries to become by means of translations masters of a foreign learning, that they might build thereon a science of their own. It is probably the only instance of such an attempt, and we must pronounce this instance a failure.

In this respect, the course of the Saracens stands in contrast with that pursued by the scholars of Christian Europe. We have seen that Italy, France, Germany, England, were stimulated to the cultivation of the natural sciences by the Mohammedans of Spain. But early in its history Christian learning detected the error which had been committed by the Saracens. Roger Bacon was the pioneer who, in the thirteenth century, some three hundred years before Melancthon, devoted his life to the prosecution and advocacy of a new education, of which the study of the Greek masters in their original tongue should form the basis, and in which the natural sciences should be a conspicuous feature. The *Opus Majus* of Bacon was scarcely more a treatise on philosophy than on pedagogy. Sound in its arguments, exalted in its enthusiasm, pleading in its tone, it was a bold push for a new intellectual order. It cost him persecution and imprisonment. But the science which finally prevailed in Europe was that for which he uttered his plea. It was founded on Greek culture. Such to-day is the science of the civilized world. What that of the Saracens might have become under a more thorough baptism in the Greek spirit it is impossible to say. We only know what it failed to accomplish. Possibly the Semitic mind was incapable of a larger sweep. Perhaps the Aryan mind alone has the scientific genius, as the Semitic has the religious.

A second point at which our review bears upon modern discussion is that of the relation of religion to scientific progress.

It is apparent to one conversant with the history of science and philosophy among the Mohammedans that the heights of culture actually attained were reached in spite of the restraints of Islam rather than through encouragement given by it. The religion of Mohammed, founded in opposition to liberal learning, never ceased to oppose that learning. From the time of Haroun El Raschid to that of Ibn Roschd science made headway against a religious fanaticism which manifested itself in the destruction of libraries, the burning of condemned books, the persecution of philosophers. Imprisonment, banishment, popular violence, threats of house-burning, fears of death, — to these were men exposed who cultivated the ancient learning under the rule of princes, who, actuated either by their own prejudices or by the desire of popular favor, used their influence in the interest of religious intolerance.

The zeal for science exhibited by great rulers, like El Mamaon, Abd El Rhaman, and El Hakem, must not be allowed to blind our eyes to these facts. Religion, as popularly apprehended, has never been free from the fear of science. Ecclesiasticism, whether in the guise of Islam or of Christianity, trembles before the revelation of its falsehoods.

In the history of Mohammedanism we meet with an early assertion of the right of free inquiry. The impulse given to the Arab mind by conquest carried it out of the fetters of that religion in the name of which the conquests were made. The utilities of science, we might say its superstitions, conquered the superstitions of religion. But the conquest was not final. Learning succumbed at last to the demands of religious belief. The great intellectual

movement ended in the downfall of science and philosophy, the supremacy of fanaticism.

On the other hand, the rise of science in Christian Europe was part of a general movement in the direction of freedom from ecclesiastical control. Men learned to distinguish between religion and the church. Then, the shackles being loosed, all truth became sacred. Nature and revelation, parts of one system, must agree in their final outcome. At first faintly visioning its goal, but apprehending it more and more clearly, this faith, firmly held by the finest Christian minds, has kept them calm among the clash of philosophies, the boasts of skeptical assault, and the fears of timorous believers. It has held the way open for the advance of science; securing for scientific investigation the support of Christians, even at the moments when they disputed doubtful conclusions. The deep conviction enunciated by Roger Bacon six hundred years ago, and held

by believing scholars since, that science is the handmaid of religion, has given to the study of nature its eminent position. Such men have known that among all oscillations of opinion the ultimate truth is secure. They have been willing to wait until the combined verdict of science and religion should be declared. Whatever might become of systems, or creeds, or ecclesiasticisms, the truth of Nature would be the truth of God. Faith is not hostile to science. Want of faith expresses itself in fears and clamors. A large faith lifts inquiry into those heights where all things are seen in the light of divine unity. Without such a fundamental principle as this the two departments of study cannot go on together. Where such a basis of harmony is wanting, religion, degenerating into superstition, will, as among the Mohammedans, smother the life of science; or science, breaking loose from faith, will pursue its way to the ignoring of spiritual being.

Edward Hungerford.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XXVIII.

HARSHAW considered a knowledge of human nature as essential a tool of his trade as the Tennessee Reports, and the common human attributes, so far as he had discerned them, were definitely abstracted and tabulated in his mind, — for he was systematic mentally.

Nevertheless, he was profoundly ignorant of these traits as manifested in his own personality. Had another member of the legislature risen in his place, one day when the spring was just beginning to open, stating that he desired to make a motion based on public rumor, to which he considered the attention of the House should be directed, Harshaw

could not have failed to note the ring of triumph in the voice, the predatory gleam in the eye, the restive eagerness of address, the swift fluency of excited words. He would not have been slow to deny to the demonstration those motives so insistently arrogated, — public justice, patriotism, sense of duty.

His manner had riveted the attention of the House, which was more than usually quiet. It wore that sombre, undecorative aspect common to assemblages exclusively of men. The effect of uniformity of attire was, however, annulled in a measure by the varying expressions in countenance, in age, in attitude. The metropolitan representatives had a more dapper aspect than the members from

the outlying districts, who were distinguished chiefly by a redundancy of beard, a more lavish use of tobacco, and a solid and serious aspect that promised an intolerance of flippancy in matters of religion, and morals, and manners.

Here and there was a face individual enough to arrest attention. Kinsard's head, with its high, earnest brow, its roving, melancholy black eyes, its sharp, characteristic features, stood out from the rest in strong relief, canceling the heads about it to a nebulous suggestion of humanity. He lounged in one of the most negligent of his dislocated postures. He had a smile of bitter contempt on his face, which bore no relation to his attitude of indifference, and expressed an energy of anger which he was at a loss how best to wreak. More than once he looked away from Harshaw, as if to divert his thoughts, to allay his irritation, by the contemplation of the scene without.

The windows stood open to the bland spring air. The languid, quiescent sunshine loitered along the great white stone porticoes, looking in often, a smiling, sheeny presence, upon the grave deliberations within. The river glistened in lustrous curves between high banks fringed with green as far as the eye could reach. The roofs of the city below were almost smokeless, — only here and there a wreathing hazy curl. The old forts on the hills wore all the dismantled and sunken aspect of desuetude, and gathered into the scars of war the blossoms of peace and the nestlings, and garnered the songs and the smiles of spring to make the waste places merry.

Hardly a sound entered at the window, — only the droning of a portly bee which, arrayed in a splendid buff jerkin and a black belt, came swiftly in and went again in a slant of sunshine. Harshaw's voice, echoing from the stone walls, seemed doubly weighty and impressive and resonant.

The House had already received an

intimation of what he was about to say, and although his animosity to Gwinnan impugned his credibility and relaxed the surprise which had been occasioned, his bold overt allusions to his antagonism, his sturdy, undaunted address, had their effect. He said he must impinge upon the indulgence of the House for some personal explanation. Had he consulted his own inclinations, he would have let the matter pass. It had come to his knowledge with no solicitation, no suspicion, by accident, or — with a reverent intonation — providentially, he might better say. But (suspended effect) he was sworn (with a wag of the head) to serve the interests of the people of Tennessee, and (he thumped the desk) right zealously would he discharge that precious and supreme trust! The duty of laying this matter before the representatives of the people was the more distasteful to him because he was personally in antagonism to Judge Gwinnan, whose title to the judicial office it controverted and whose integrity it assailed. He did not seek to disguise the truth; he wished it to be understood — and let the fact have what weight it might — that he would be glad to see Judge Gwinnan removed from the office which it was charged he had profaned. Apart from all else, he had practiced in his circuit; he had experienced his tyranny; he had seen a jury snatched from their deliberations and clapped into jail for some petty ignorant infringement of the deep reverence which Judge Gwinnan exacted for his presence. No! — and the walls rang with the strong, robust tones, — he would esteem Judge Gwinnan's removal a source of great gratulation and a furtherance of justice. But he would be glad, for his own private considerations, if the circumstances upon which the motion would presently be made could have come to the ear of some other member; he appreciated that there was (sneering and smiling) a lack of grace, of seemliness, in the emanation of the

proposition from him, an avowed personal enemy; moreover, he might expose himself to suspicions of his motive.

"Right for once!" cried the unruly Kinsard, striking in suddenly.

The gavel sounded, and the interruption subsided.

Harshaw's opaque blue eyes turned mechanically in the direction of the voice, but with a preoccupied air of seeing nothing he went on, holding the lapels of his coat, as he stood squarely beside his desk.

He could have evaded; he could have delegated the duty to another member, — have made the facts known, have had the witnesses canvassed, have set the machinery in motion, without himself appearing at all. "But, Mr. Speaker," with an arrogant port, "it is not my habit to beat about the bush. I may be maligned by my foes, I may be misinterpreted by my friends, I may be misjudged even by my constituents, but it is my principle to come forth openly, and let my personal feeling weigh for whatever it may be worth."

He paused for a moment, stroking his yellow beard with an excited gesture, his flushed face grave, his eyes intent, absorbed; his whole presence instinct with determination, a hazardous tenacity, a ponderous force. Then dropping his voice to the artificial dead-level elocutionary intonation, he proceeded to make a formal motion that a committee be appointed to investigate and report upon the accusations brought against Judge Gwinnan, charging him with having fought a duel, thus being disqualified for office, and with perjury in taking the official oath.

There was an interval of absolute silence when he had resumed his seat. Significant glances were interchanged. It seemed that the motion would be lost, until a little bland, cat-like fellow arose to say in a falsetto voice, "Mr. Speaker, I second the motion."

Kinsard turned his indolent anatomy

about, and looked with a scathing eye at the little man as, flushed and flustered, he took his seat. There was no possible propriety in the charge of collusion; the two members had all the liberties of consultation and coöperation. Then why, he argued within himself, should Forsey look like a cat stealing cream? Bestirring his recollection, he recalled in him a certain willingness to think ill of Judge Gwinnan when previously threatened by Harshaw; and still dredging for a motive, he remembered, though it happened some years ago, that Gwinnan, sitting as special judge, had blocked the game of a big public contract swindle, in which Forsey had had a large money interest.

Forsey had not the nerve of Harshaw, who was looking about him in reddening displeasure and frowning prognostication of the baffling of his vengeance. If he had indeed no backing but the irresolute Mr. Forsey, the measure would be defeated by a most triumphant majority. The prospect roused all his belligerent spirit, and he held up his head with a snort of defiant welcome, like a war-horse sniffing the battle from afar, when, upon the question being stated from the chair, a member rose to say that he doubted the jurisdiction of the House.

"If this matter be reported correctly as I have heard it during the last two or three days, — to my very great surprise, — if Judge Gwinnan be disqualified by reason of having before his incumbency fought a duel, then he never was a judge except *de facto*. As I understand it, only an officer *de jure* can be impeached for crimes committed while in office."

Forsey wanted to know if perjury in taking the official oath were not a crime committed in office.

Another member asked whether it were the commission of the crime itself which disqualified, or the conviction of the crime.

The gavel sounded, and the member who had the floor persisted.

"I take it that the House cannot prefer articles of impeachment against a private citizen who has unlawfully usurped an office. If he is removed at all, it should be by proceedings in the chancery court in the nature of a *quo warranto*."

Mr. Kinsard rose, half leaning against his desk with a swaying negligence of posture, to call attention to the fact that anything in the nature of *quo warranto* would n't begin to do. To have a little one-horse chancellor, way up yonder in the seclusion of the mountains, dump Judge Gwinnan out of his office would not serve the purpose. Could any man imagine that that proceeding, known merely to the members of the bar and the few intelligent citizens of that benighted district who took note of such matters, would satisfy such an animosity as the member from the floaterial district of Cherokee and Kildeer had avowed, with a cheek which might be contemplated only in astounded admiration? Would the infliction of that limited degradation glut the member's ravening greed for revenge for his personal grudges? No! the member wished to disgrace Judge Gwinnan with all the publicity that even the attempt to impeach would entail. He designed that it should be canvassed throughout the length and breadth of the State. It should resound through the clarion columns of every newspaper. Every State in the Union should know that the Senate of Tennessee had organized as a court of impeachment, and the name of Gwinnan should be the synonym of contumely. Upon his word, he could hardly take in the vastness of the effrontery that emboldened the member to acknowledge, to proclaim to this House, his gross, his sordid personal motives in attacking one of the most able, most respected, most diligent, most upright, of the state judiciary. He appealed to the

higher feeling of the House. He begged that they would not be driven like so many sheep into an investigation which was in its very inception an insult, an outrage, and a scandal.

A member demanded from his seat if it were not an obligation imperatively imposed upon the House to inquire into such a rumor, for the purpose of ascertaining and eliciting the truth or falsehood it promulgated. Since such a rumor was abroad, it behooved Judge Gwinnan's friends to advocate an investigation, for it was his only hope of vindication if he were maligned.

Harshaw, leaning forward, both arms on his desk, attentively listening, pursed up his red lips meditatively and nodded with abstracted affirmation, as if pondering the position. He gave no outward expression of gratulation, but he was quick to mark the accession of recruits to his ranks. He could command a stalwart and callous fortitude. He could receive without wincing, without anger, without shame, Kinsard's jeers and thrusts, for the sake of the aroused antagonism which seemed the natural sequence of the young man's insistent arguments.

"It specially becomes the House," continued the member, "to countenance no leniency in regard to dueling and all that pertains to it, after the will of the people has been so unequivocally expressed in regard to the matter of the challenge, or what was so construed, upon this floor."

The member was rebuked here for infringement of parliamentary usage in upbraiding, as it were, the previous actions of the House and interrupting the member who had the floor.

Kinsard, restive under the interpolations, seized the opportunity to resume: "There is no pretense of justification for adopting formal resolutions to asperse the oath of an honorable man, least of all at the instigation of his avowed personal enemy. The story

we have heard is at its worst merely a country boy's 'taking up a dare.' I will venture to say that there is not a man within the sound of my voice who has not had similar affrays, — has not in the days of his youth 'taken up a dare,' has not fought by appointment."

"Will the member explain what he means by a duel?" demanded Harshaw. He did not turn his big yellow head; he only cast his opaque blue eyes at Kinsard, and once more looked down at his hands clasped on his desk.

For a moment Kinsard, taken unaware, was checked.

"Perhaps the member had best begin at the beginning, and define a challenge," suggested a satiric voice from the rear.

There was a sharp call to order from the chair, and Kinsard, rallying himself, went tumultuously on.

"I am not a dictionary," he proclaimed angrily. "I am not here to enlighten your ignorance."

Harshaw, elated by the allusion to the old question of the challenge, intimating anew a flocking to his standard, interrupted cleverly: "I have a dictionary right here, — a law dictionary." He read aloud: "Dueling is the fighting of two persons, one against another, at an appointed time and place, on a precedent quarrel."

Kinsard vociferously claimed the floor, although it had become very evident to the House that the interest he advocated fared hardly less severely at the hands of its friend than its foe. In debate he was no match for the wily Harshaw, — his natural endowments, his enthusiasms, his finer emotions, succumbing to a practiced logic, and a militant habit, and an instinctive discernment of the vulnerable point.

"It is impossible to seriously maintain that a fight between a couple of country boys is a duel," he vehemently insisted. "Everybody knows that the common acceptance of the idea of a

duel is a combat between men — men of station" (Harshaw leaned forward with an air of mock attention, placing his hand ostentatiously behind his ear) — "on some question of honor, fighting under the control and direction of their seconds, at a specified number of paces, and with pistols" —

"Enactment provides that they shall be silver-mounted, hair-trigger," sneered Harshaw.

Once more there was a call to order. But Kinsard, badgered, turned at bay.

"I heard Judge Gwifnan tell you once that unless you kept out of his way he would beat you with a stick, like a dog. How you do tempt the cur's deserts!"

Harshaw rose hastily to his feet. He stood for a moment, his head lowered, his eyes flaming from under his knitted brows; he looked like the champion mad bull of an arena, about to charge. Suddenly he turned, and without a word resumed his seat. There was a storm of applause from every quarter of the house. A dozen voices were crying that the offensive words should be taken down; the clerk hastily obeyed; they were read aloud, and the speaker called upon Kinsard to deny them or retract.

Kinsard could have said with all the fervor of truth that he was sorry indeed, but it was in an inapplicable sense. He saw, with a sinking of the heart, the havoc he was making in another's fate, — the moral murder that hung upon his hands. He looked about with despair at the faces around him: they had been friendly, partisan, when he began to speak against the motion; now they were reluctant, alienated, antagonistic. It were better for Gwinnan had he had no friend but his own repute. The impetuous young fellow felt that he had done the worst that was possible. He would not now eat his words. He looked at Harshaw with an indignant divination of his motives, when that

gentleman, begging the indulgence of the House, moved that the matter be dropped. He was not here to maintain personal consequence. He was willing — nay, eager — to waive any individual considerations which hindered the deliberations of the House and the course of justice. If the member were so ungenerous as to decline to apologize for words spoken in heat, confirming them in cool malice, he himself was able to overlook them: the more as his character was, he trusted, too favorably known to be injured by these reflections.

He sat down in the midst of a clamor from a number of eager occupants of the floor, — one of whom the speaker presently recognized, — protesting against the unparliamentary nature of the proposal. The objectionable words were again read, and the speaker called upon Kinsard to apologize or to deny them.

Perhaps Kinsard, alone appreciated in this edifying demonstration, Harshaw's policy. He could not be tempted to run counter. He would not slack his pursuit of Gwinnan for another trail, however alluring. He had higher game in view than the stripling's insults could furnish. And he had made himself an example of *marvelous tolerance*, forbearance, and dignity.

Kinsard, lowering and pierced with all the barbed realization of futility and defeat, adopted his words, refused to retract or apologize, and, being commanded by the speaker to withdraw, took up his hat, and, with a scornful, indifferent manner that angered every member as if charged with a personal relation, strode out of the room.

Harshaw had followed his motions with narrowing eyelids. His attention had relaxed with momentary exultation at this result. He was smiling a little in his beard, and he glanced in a debonair preoccupation out of the window near his seat. The sky was red, for the sun was going down. He noted the flush with a casual eye, unprescient how

it should be with him when the day, fading now and dropping its dulling petals on every side, should whitely bloom again. Then he reverted with zest to the proceedings within.

Kinsard walked slowly along the portico to the flight of steps. A belt of clouds, their edges glinting with gold, obscured the scarlet disk of the sun, but from their lower verge a great glory of yellow light gushed down, each of the multitudinous rays distinct, giving a fibrous effect, upon the blue hills of the horizon, upon the city in the foreground. Here and there they struck upon a spire or a tin roof that responded with a glister fiercely white. The intervals showed soft shadows of restful tints, the tops of the budding trees, the silver-gray shingles of an old house, and here and there an open space where the renewed bluegrass grew apace. It wore a dark richness all adown the slopes of the Capitol hill. Somehow, as he noted it, there was borne upon him for the moment a subtle intimation of the serenity of that life of Nature close to our artificial existence, mysterious, inevitable, quiescent. The contrast gave a sharpened sense of the turmoils of his heart, the weariness of his spirit, the rasping jars of his petty cares. He paused on the sidewalk and looked about him. Then he produced a cigar, and took his way down into the city.

He did not fear the sentence of the House. He was resolute in the position he had taken, but he carried throughout the evening an imperative sense of abeyance. He noticed with a secret scorn the clumsy efforts of his legislative friends to sound his state of mind, when they came down from the Capitol; he divined their fear of a collision, their anxiety that the asperities with Harshaw should be allowed to quietly drop. They sought to have him observe that they considered he had the best of it, and that an apology now from him would mean merely a desire to promote public inter-

est. Only the age of another adviser — his father's friend as well as his own — restrained him from openly ridiculing the deep satisfaction which this mentor evidently derived from the fact that the young man's mind would be occupied with lighter themes during the evening, and he might forget the rancors of the debate. His thoughts, however, were incongruous enough with the scene of a fashionable wedding, where he officiated as an usher, and he paced the aisles of the church with as mechanical a notice of his surroundings as a somnambulist. His attention hardly pretermitted its hold upon the subject that had absorbed him, and when again at liberty he went at once to his room at the hotel, with a view of changing his dress to attend the night session of the House.

It was the slightest matter that attracted his notice. He had lighted the gas, and as he glanced into a drawer of the bureau some trivial difference from the usual arrangement of his effects caught his eye. He stood for a moment in motionless surprise. Perhaps it was accident, perhaps his alert divination, but he slipped his hand beneath the pile of garments and touched a wooden case of pistols. He flushed slightly, and for a moment he was ashamed. He had doubted if it were still there. He had thought that perhaps his cautious friends might have robbed him, pending the time when he was in anger, of the means to do more than war with words. He had taken instant fire at the idea of an interference with his liberty. It was the smouldering embers of this thought that actuated him rather than any serious expectation, but suddenly he turned back to the bureau and lifted the case. He opened it slowly. It was empty. He gazed at the vacant space, his eyes flashing, his cheek flushing. The pistols had been abstracted, and the case left that his attention might not by its absence be directed to the weapons. He could easily divine all of his friends'

arguments. He would not notice the disappearance of the pistols, they must doubtless have said, unless he wanted them. He would not want them unless he were intent upon some fatal folly. He could not supply himself anew, for all the shops were closed, and by tomorrow he would be in a cooler frame of mind.

His indignation was natural enough. He took heed, too, of contingencies on which his anxious friends, accustomed to him always in the character of assailant, lost sight. "I should be helpless," he said, "if that man should attack me. I should be incapable of self-defense."

Suddenly he caught up a light spring overcoat, threw it over his arm, and left the room. As he went down the staircase into the rotunda of the hotel, he seemed the embodiment of handsome, gay, fortunate youth. His cheek was flushed; his eyes were very brilliant. He paced up and down the floor for a moment in front of the counter, for strangers were registering their names and the clerks were busy. The fountain tossed up its spray, and the tinkling drops fell into the basin; around it plants were blooming. Somebody journeying from the South had presented the hotel with a little alligator, that splashed about in the water and was a source of diversion to the out-comers and in-goers, many of whom paused to rouse it up with their canes and punch the head of the infant saurian. Kinsard walked presently to the desk.

"I want to borrow a pistol," he said to the clerk, to whom he was well known.

The official, fancying that the guest contemplated a journey or a long nocturnal drive into the country, and that the request was a matter merely of precaution, turned with alacrity, took a pistol out of a drawer, and laid it on the counter. He was looking for the cartridges, when an acquaintance of Kin-

sard's demanded casually, "What do you want a gun for?"

Kinsard lifted his brilliant, reckless eyes. "To shoot Bob Harshaw," he declared.

The clerk turned hastily from his search, and made a motion to clutch the pistol.

Kinsard's grasp had closed upon the handle.

"Man alive!" he cried angrily, "do you think I would use it except for self-defense?"

He hastily thrust it into his pistol pocket, and went out into the night.

It was moonless and very dark, despite the myriads of scintillating stars. The Capitol was visible only as suggested in the irradiations of its great flaring yellow windows, and the lights without on either side of the long flight of steps. As Kinsard ascended, he noticed on the broad portico a group of men, separating at the moment, three of them going within and one approaching the steps.

He could not fail to recognize Harshaw's bluff manner, his portly figure, his long yellow beard, and his brisk, light step; and as the younger man walked along the portico Harshaw's eyes, glancing out sharply from under the brim of his slouch hat, identified him. There was no one by to note how they should meet; the significance of the encounter might have rejoiced the lovers of sensation. Kinsard was about to pass without salutation, but Harshaw, whirling half round on his light heel, paused, and with a bantering smile on his dimpled pink face showing in the gaslight above their heads, "Great news!" he exclaimed. "They've appointed a committee to investigate 'the jedge'!"

Kinsard experienced a sharp pang of dismay for Gwinnan's sake.

"And I suppose now you are satisfied," he said, bitterly.

"Oh, no, my dear little sir. I am not half satisfied!" cried Harshaw, with

his liquid rotund laugh. His foreshortened shadow swayed on the blocks of white limestone, as if it could scarcely contain itself for laughter.

He had lost the poise which he had endured so much to maintain that day. He was intoxicated with his triumph; and indeed he could afford to indulge it, for he felt that there was nothing now at stake.

"And that is the reason," continued Harshaw, "that I feel I owe you an obligation which I must not let pass without acknowledgment. In your able and cogent speech, this afternoon, you did more to effect Judge Gwinnan's impeachment than, unaided, I could possibly have compassed. Let me beg you to accept my thanks — ha! ha! ha!"

Deeply wounded by this thrust, and conscious of the injury he had done Gwinnan's interests, Kinsard turned upon him, but not without dignity.

"Mr. Harshaw," he said, "if I believed you to be sincere in this matter, if I thought you were not ingeniously perverting the facts and the law, I should most willingly coöperate with you. But I know your motives to be a rancorous jealousy and an insatiable spite. And if I have not done anything to nullify them, it is not because I am without the will."

He looked at his interlocutor from head to foot, as if he found a source of surprise in his very embodiment.

"I cannot imagine how a soul so petty should be so corpulently lodged. It might appropriately animate some tiny writhing worm that, showing venom, could be crushed by a foot."

"Look here, youngster," said Harshaw, sneering and showing his strong white teeth, his eyes gleaming under the brim of his hat, "I know you mean you'd take my life, if you could defy the consequence. But you'd better mind how you go to extremes in Gwinnan's service. I have a contempt for you, but a pity, too. I know you are

only his miserable tool, his abject creature."

Kinsard sprang forward with the suddenness of a tiger. A stinging thrill ran through Harshaw's face before he could realize that with an open palm he had been struck upon the cheek.

It was the impulse of the moment, — he never could afterward explain it to his will, he never could justify it to his policy; he was shocked with an extreme surprise when the keen, abrupt tone of a pistol rang upon the chill night air, and he became conscious that he was shaking a smoking weapon in his right hand, jarred in some manner by the discharge. The young man had flung himself upon him; he saw as in a dream Kinsard take one convulsive step backward, and fall from the verge of the great portico to the stones below. There was a moment of intense silence. Harshaw looked wildly to the doors, the windows, expecting the issuance of startled men, roused from their deliberations. It was strange; if the pistol-shot had been heard, it had doubtless been accounted some violation of the ordinance prohibiting target-practicing within the corporate limits. Hardly a moment had elapsed when Harshaw ran down the long flight to where the man lay, half in the shadow and half in the light, at the foot of the stone wall.

"Are you hurt?" he cried in an agonized voice, as he bent over the motionless figure. "Are you dead — already?"

He took one of the listless white hands, — very listless it was, and chill.

As he moved the submissive figure he felt the pistol in the pocket; he drew it forth, glad at least that the man was armed. As he turned it in his hands he saw in despair that it was unloaded. What theory of self-defense could this bear? The next moment his quick eye noted that the bore and make were the same as his own weapon. He slipped in a cartridge, two, three, and replaced

it in Kinsard's pocket. Then he rose to his feet to summon help. He turned as he was about to ascend the steps, and looked back fearfully over his shoulder.

The sudden remembrance of his vision smote him. He gazed upon the scene as if he had before beheld it. The man lay there at the foot of great rocks, motionless and with an averted face.

He had braced himself as well as he might to endure the shock of public reprehension, surprise, repulsion, reacting on his own nerves, sensitive to every variation of popular opinion, when he should go to his associates, his weapon in his hand, the report of his own foul deed upon his lips. And yet, strong as he was, he faltered, he tottered, he fell almost fainting against the door at which he entered. He had a vague idea of the startled faces turned toward him, the expectant stillness, the sound of his hoarse, disconnected words in an appalled staccato, the sudden rush, the wild clamor. He hardly recognized the two men who-disengaged themselves from the turmoil and came to him, — the best friends he had in the world, he might be sure now. He was only aware of what he had said and how well he had said it, when he was supported between them to a carriage, and was driving with them, and with the officer who had been summoned at his request, to the magistrate's house. His friends were talking together in respectful undertones of this "unfortunate affair," and arranging the details, — a little complicated because of the late hour, — that there might be naught more unseemly than giving speedy bail. Neither intruded on his reserve. The officer was silent, unofficial, respectfully null, effaced. The stars were bright in the dark sky. The horses' hoofs flashed fire.

The magistrate, roused to the fact that justice may not sleep when wrongs are to be righted, made the necessary inquiries in so grave and courteous a

tone that it seemed he recognized that the occasional killing of a gentleman may be lamentable to the deceased and inconvenient to the surviving, but nothing to unduly stretch the limits of his elastic impartiality and abeyance of harsh opinion. He promptly accepted the proffered bail, and Harshaw's friends left him only at his bedroom door, where they shook hands gravely and kindly with him, and in response to some muttered thanks declared they proposed to see him through.

He found beneath the door the cards and notes of other friends, who, hearing some wild rumor of the trouble, had called to proffer services. His lip curled triumphantly as he scanned them one by one. They represented the estimation in which he was held. They intimated a reliance on his good faith and motive in any deed.

"But I tell you, Mr. Harshaw," he said ceremoniously to himself, "'t would have been mighty different if 't was n't for your own smartness!" For he could hardly thank his craft enough for the timely expedient of slipping the cartridges into Kinsard's empty pistol.

He slept badly in the earlier part of the night, but toward day he fell into a deep and dreamless slumber, and woke refreshed. It was later than usual, and he was solitary at breakfast save for the presence of strangers. The corridors were well-nigh deserted when he came out, with his unfolded newspaper in his hand,—he would not look at it earlier. Most of the members who sojourned at the same hotel had gone to the Capitol. The reading-rooms were quite empty, but for the presence of the sunlight in glittering white blocks upon the carpet. He had lighted a cigar and flung himself into a chair, nerving himself to read the accounts of the shooting and the comments, when suddenly one of his bondsmen came into the room with so precipitate a manner, so perturbed a face, that the trouble so cleverly ma-

nipulated assumed anew an indefinitely threatening aspect. He felt his muscles tighten, his pulses quicken, as he asked hastily, "What's up?"

He could not disguise the nature of the look the man bent on him; it made him tingle from head to foot. And yet his errand was the last offices of friendship.

"You're too quick on the trigger in more ways than one, Harshaw," he said. "Kinsard was not hit."

If Harshaw's conscience had suffered one pang, this announcement might have weighed more with him than all that was to come. The extreme surprise told only on his nerves: his heart thumped heavily; his breath was short, his face flushed; he looked at his interlocutor with eyes that seemed lidless in their intentness.

"Kinsard was not shot. He lost his balance, and was stunned by the fall. They have been working with him all night long, but the doctor says he'll pull through now." The man faltered a little. It was hard to look into another man's eyes and say this. "He revived once before you left. He saw you, in the gaslight, load his pistol with your cartridges. And then he fainted again. I thought I'd tell you. The whole town's talking."

It was admirably managed,—Harshaw's long amazed stare, the slow rising from the chair, the rotund, resonant laughter filling the room. It renewed his friend's faith in him.

"Lie, eh?" he asked anxiously.

"Go away!" Harshaw bluffly waved him off. "I'm done with you. Coming to *Me* with a cock-and-bull story like this,—the visions a stunned man saw between his faints!"

As he took his way boldly down into the rotunda, amongst the crowds of men assembled there, the effect of his presence, his manner, his bluff, hilarious voice, as he canvassed the story, did much to annul the belief in it: in fact, might have

destroyed it but for the recollection of the clerk's declaration — silently pondered — that the pistol loaned was new, had never been discharged; that the box of cartridges was unopened in his possession; that Kinsard went straight from him to the Capitol; that the shooting occurred within fifteen minutes.

The subtle perception of this mental reservation had no effect on Harshaw's capable swagger and burly ridicule, but as he noted it he was saying again and again to himself, "You're a mighty smart man, Bob Harshaw. You're just a little mite *too* smart. There's no mistake this time. It is you who are dead, — politically as dead as Hector."

No action was taken in the matter by the legislature, for it bristled with unprecedented difficulties. The session was drawing to a close. Harshaw's usefulness had already ceased. Whatever measures he had advocated were tainted with suspicion and encountered disfavor. Bereft of the influences of his enmity toward Judge Gwinnan, the committee appointed to investigate the charges against him deliberated, and dawdled, and finally reported adversely to the resolution to prefer articles of impeachment. Their doubt of the jurisdiction of the legislature was said to be the determining cause of their action. It was a perplexed and a troublous question. And thus they washed their hands of it.

It had been in this cause that Harshaw had flung himself away, and it was in this result that he experienced the extremest rigors of defeat. It added to the helpless chagrin with which he watched his future, coming on so fast that already its coarsened grotesque features were wearing the immediate aspect of the present. A fine contrast he was, to be sure, to the man whose seat on the bench he had sought to shake, still serenely immovable, while he, the loiterer about the tavern at Shaftesville, beginning to drink heavily now,

although his habits had been temperate, telling idle stories to the other loiterers with the zestful skill acquired as a politician, useless now, must needs watch all the interests that he had spent his life to conserve dwindle by degrees, till, case after case withdrawn from him, he should become a mere hanger-on in those courts in which he had aspired to preside.

And then there came to him news for which he felt he had no commensurate capacity for astonishment. Gwinnan, aggrieved by the indecision of the legislature, was clamoring for a vindication. It was nominally at the relation of a third party that the attorney-general brought a suit in the chancery court to test his title to office; and in the interval before the trial Mr. Harshaw had a great deal to say about judicial whitewashing, and speculated much concerning the probable result of the case, and pondered deeply on Gwinnan's motives in encountering its hazards.

Sometimes he was half minded to accredit their probity, and then, ambitious of all that may serve to lift, he fell envious again, and railed at his harsh penalty, that, being not all base, one crafty deed — sequence of how many crafty thoughts! — should determine his future and affix his life sentence.

XXIX.

It seemed to Mink Lorey, trudging on toward the mountains, as if they had been suddenly caught up in the clouds. The horizon had fallen from their invisible summits to the levels of the cove, and where the flat stretches of the perspective met the nullities of the enveloping vapors the scene had all the prosaic, denuded desolation of prairie distances. Yearning for the sight of the blue peaks, he felt as if it were in rebuke, in alienation, that they had hidden their faces from him, had drawn the tissues of the

air about them and veiled their heads. As the day unfolded hour by hour, as the distance lessened mile by mile, he sought if perchance in a rent of the mist he might not glimpse some dome, the familiar of his early life, unchanged through all the vicissitudes that time had wrought for him. Once he was not sure if it were mountain or cloud outlined in individual symmetry amongst the indeterminate, shapeless masses of vapor. Then the haze thickened, and he lost the semblance, whether of earth or air.

It was before dawn that he had escaped from the haven he had found, and Mrs. Purvine, throughout the day, keeping watch over these snug quarters, guarded an empty nest. After the first deep, dreamless slumber of exhaustion he had silently slipped out, taking his way toward the Great Smoky, the thought of Alethea heavier than all his calamities. He knew naught of the report of his pardon; he hardly cared now what might betide him. He would see her and tax her with her fickle heart, and then he would flee whither he might. Sometimes, as he toiled along, he would raise his arm with a frantic gesture, and again and again his lips moved unconsciously as he forecast in sibilant mutters the words that he would say.

There was little danger at this early hour of meeting any traveler along the deserted road, but he hardly felt safe until he reached the base of the Great Smoky, and was amongst the dense laurel of those mighty forests, still veiled with the mists and effaced from the day. He turned back often, despite the numbing clutch of despair in his heart and the turbulence of his rage, hoping that he might see again Chilhowee with the sunshine on it; with the circuit of birds in the adjacent domains of the sky; with the detached flakes of mist, like stole-clad figures, in airy processional pacing the summit to elusive evanescences; with its colors of bronze-green,

and anon purple, and, stretching far away, more finely, softly azure than the heaven it touched. Alas, no, — this he might remember. And yet he had chance rencontres with old familiars. A torrent, gray-green, glassy, whitely foaming, darted out from the vapors suddenly, and was suddenly withdrawn into the blank spaces. And was he akin to the balsam firs; could he have met brethren with more joy? Even when they towered undistinguishably above him, they whispered to him a word now and then, and filled the air with the cordial, inspiriting sense of their presence. And what was this? He stood still to listen, staring into the white vagueness of the invisible woods. A fitful, metallic tinkling. Was he so high up the great steeps that already he could distinguish the bells of the herds, or was this a stray? He heard a hoof struck upon the ground presently, the sound of munching teeth, and suddenly a horse's head was thrust forward amongst the mists, showing a black mane and wide brilliant eyes and the arch of a clay-bank neck.

"Thar ye be, Grasshopper! At it agin, air ye?" Mink called out, with the rancorous formula of an old reproach.

It was a horse that he knew, and knew well, — one of the charges of the herders during the previous summer, — a wild young creature, with a proclivity for breaking bounds and straying. The animal pricked up his ears at the sound of his name, and his eyes met Mink's with seeming recognition. The young mountaineer reflected that it was he who had usually salted the animals. With a hope of bettering his plight he held out his hand.

"Cobe! Cobe!" he called seductively. The horse looked dubiously at him, as he stood, one hand thrust in his leather belt, his white hat — an old one belonging to Jerry Price, which Mrs. Purvine had loaned him — perched on the back of his head, his red hair limp with

the moisture of the damp day. The creature approached gingerly, snuffing at the empty hand. He moved back abruptly, detecting the deception; but Mink had caught him by the halter which he wore, and sprung upon his back.

"Gimme a lift up the mounting, Grasshopper," suggested Mink placidly.

The stray reared and plunged and kicked, striving to unhorse the rider, who, although without saddle or bridle, contrived to maintain his seat, but could neither govern nor guide the animal, that at last bolted off through the woods, running as rapidly as the nature of the ground would admit. On he went, invading the mists; piercing the invisibilities of the wilderness; up hill and down; among bowlders and gigantic trees, dimly looming; fording streams and standing pools and morasses; pausing to kick and rear and plunge anew, and away once more. Mink waited calmly till the stray should exhaust his energies. This proved longer than he had anticipated. But after several delusive intimations of abating speed the horse fell into a canter, then into a trot, and as Mink pulled on the halter the comity with his rider was renewed once more, and he lent himself to guidance. Looking about him, the young mountaineer could hardly say where he had been carried. Once, as the mist shifted, he saw through the limbs of stunted trees a great peak, a mile away perhaps, appearing and disappearing elusively among the rifts. He began to understand that he was on the summit of the ridge, in the interval between two great uprising domes. Often he must needs lie flat on the horse's back, lest the low boughs of the ancient dwarfed trees sweep him to the ground; as it was, they played cruel havoc with his old jeans coat, and once snatched his hat away. He drew up with difficulty, and as he clapped it on his head he heard again, in the momentary silence of his horse's

hoofs, the tinkling of bells other than the one which the nomadic Grasshopper wore at his neck. He rode toward the sound. It led him into a limited open space, where the trees, struck and burned by the lightnings, had fallen charred upon the earth; two or three cows were pausing to crop in the lush grass, despite the crack of a whip and the call of a herder. Mink recognized the voice of his old comrade, Doaks.

The mounted figure of the fugitive loomed, half discerned, gigantic in the mist, as Ben Doaks stood and stared. The horse, restive, freakish, rose upon his hind feet, pawing the air. The young mountaineer, half doubting the policy of revealing himself, his prudent fears returning, hesitated, then leaned forward and waved his hand. He did not speak, for Doaks suddenly, with a wild, shrill cry of terror, turned and fled.

Mink sat his horse motionless, staring in amazement. An angry flush rose to the roots of his hair.

"Ben's 'feared ter hev enny dealin' with law-breakers an' sech," he sneered. "Feared the law mought take arter him."

He rode along for a few moment's pondering his jeopardy and the long imprisonment to which he was sentenced. If this demonstration were any indication of the feeling against him, he would be taken again here amongst the herders, or at his home in Hazel Valley, or in Wild-Cat Hollow.

"I ought n't ter go ter see Lethe," he said to himself. "I ought jes'ter hustle over inter North Car'liny, whar they dunno me, an' git in with some o' them folks ez lives lonesome, — the herders, or them Injuns at Quallatown, — till the sher'ff gits tired o' huntin' fur me. Nobody 'lows but what I'm dead 'cept Mis' Purvine, an' she ain't a-goin' ter tell on me. I dunno 'bout Lethe; mebbe she'll 'low 't ain't right, 'specially sence she air so powerful pleased with the jedge. I'll git cotched sure ef I keep a-roamin'

'round nyar like a painter, or that thar harnt o' a herder ez rides on Thunderhead."

With the words there flashed upon him a new interpretation of Ben Doaks's sudden flight. He recollected the significance of an equestrian figure here, strangely silent, looming in the mist. As he looked about him, catching vague glimpses of the neighboring peaks, he recognized the slopes of Thunderhead.

"Ben mus' hev been over ter s'arch fur strays, an' I reckon ye air one of 'em, Grasshopper," he said.

His lips were curving, and his eyes brightening beneath the brim of the old wool hat. His prudent resolves vanished. He leaned forward, and deftly divested the horse of the bell. He tossed his head gayly as he struck his heels against the flanks of the animal, with an admonition to get up.

"Ef I don't ride up thar an' skeer them herders on Thunderhead inter fits, I'm the harnt Ben takes me fur, that's all."

That misty morning was long remembered on Thunderhead. To the herders, busy with their simple, leisurely, bucolic avocation on the great elevated pastures, as aloof from the world, as withdrawn from mundane influence, as if they herded on lunar mountains, there appeared, veiled with the mist and vague with a speedy gait, the traditional phantom horseman: more distinct than they could have imagined, more personally addressing its presence to the spectators, silently waving its hand, and then leaning forward and clutching at the empty air, as if it would fain reach them, and once assuming an aggressive aspect and leveling an unseen weapon.

The cattle had not all arrived at their summer pastures from the coves and the "flat woods." To-day young Bylor, whose father was a farmer on the slopes below, had driven up a "bunch" of cows, and while he was standing quite alone, at some distance from the cabin,

engaged in readjusting a brass tag which had been lost from the horn of one of the animals, he heard the sound of an approach, and glanced about him in the fleecy white nullity that had taken the place of the erased world. He did not recognize in the dim figure of the horseman the terrible ghostly herder, the steed rearing and plunging, the erect figure looming gigantic, merging with no distinct outlines into the enveloping uncertainty of the mist. He stood stolidly gazing for a moment; then he hailed it.

"Howdy, stranger!" he cried.

The figure paused; the horse fell upon his haunches and pawed the air with his forefeet, while the rider leaned forward, beckoning slowly as Bylor approached. What monition induced him to pause he could hardly have said. The significance of the insistently beckoning apparition flashed upon him in the moment. He turned precipitately, stumbling over the roots of a tree and falling prone upon the ground; then, recovering himself, he ran at full speed through the blinding fog toward the cabin. He swore afterward that he heard behind him the tramp of a horse's hoofs and a voice laughing mockingly.

At the herders' cabin he found Ben Doaks and his partner from Piomingo Bald, pallid and shaken, among the other herders who had gathered there, all panic-stricken, and each arguing to shift to his partner the responsibility of the care of the cattle, that he might leave the weird, haunted summits, and find rest and peace and reassuring human comradeship in the prosaic depths of the cove.

"From what I hev hearn tell 'bout that thar herder," said Doaks, with his facile credulity, "none o' we-uns air a-goin' ter hev sense enough ter keer fur cattle 'n' nuthin' else fur a year an' a day. Leastwise that hev been the 'spe-rience o' other folks ez hev viewed the harnt."

He laid on another stick of wood, for the day was chill, and the great fire crackled and sparkled, and the red and yellow flames darted up the rude and tremulous chimney, and gave the one bright element of illuminated color to the dark interior. The bearded men grouped about the fire were seated, one on a keg of salt, three on a log, and Ben Doaks had dropped on a saddle flung down upon the hearth. The door was closed; once it came unbuttoned, and every face turned quickly to scan the shivering mists, pallid and cold and opaque, crowding to the entrance, to be shut out summarily into the vast vagueness of the outer world.

"I dunno ez I feel ennywise lackin'," observed another, after a long introspective pause. He rubbed his hand meditatively over his beard. "I never 'lowed ez I war special gifted, but I ain't a spang fool yit."

"I reckon we hain't hed time ter 'spe-riunce it," said Doaks, as he settled himself to wait for the dreaded doom, a little astonished, subacutely, to be conscious of no diminution of mental power.

"I seen him so close!" cried Bylor. "I wish ter goodness I hed shot at him!"

"Bullet would jes' hev gone through him," said Doaks, " 'thout interruptin' him none."

"Waal," rejoined Bylor, "I hev hearn some folks 'low ef ye shoots at a harnt they don't like it, an' sorter makes tharse's sca'ce arter that. I dunno what ailed him ter take arter me. I never herded with him on Thunder-head. I ain't no herder, an' never war. I hate powerful ter go down inter the cove ter driv' fur a year an' a day. I never done no work, sca'ce, las' year, through feelin' sorter keerless 'bout'n it. An' ef I hed drempt, 'bout'n this hyar harnt a-takin' arter me, I'd hev put in my work then."

"Waal, ye can't git the time back," said Ben Doaks; and many an idler be-

fore and since Bylor has learned this melancholy truth.

He sat silent for a time, ruefully pondering upon his blasted industrial prospect. Then he broke forth fretfully once more:—

"I war fool enough ter go so close. I seen the very hat he wore,"—his tones were full of a despairing regret,— "a big white hat sot onto the back o' his head."

"That war jes' Josh Nixon," said the eldest of the herders, gravely shaking his head. "That war the very kind o' hat he wore, an' set the same."

Three of the five hats in the room were of that exact description; in fact, it was a fashion common enough in the region for Jerry Price to have two alike, and the old one which Mrs. Purvine had lent the fugitive was hardly distinguishable from Mink's own, floating down the Tennessee River.

It did not shadow a face altogether appreciative of his own pranks, as Mink drew it down over his brow and rode away in the mist, when convinced that the herders were likely to come out no more for the present.

"I can't take no sure enough enjyemint in nuthin'," he complained. "I feel so badgered an' hunted."

He looked about him doubtfully. A few strides of his horse and he would be across the state line, and safer than for many a day. He stood drearily contemplating the vacancy of the clouds above the Carolina side, as unresponsive to the imagination as his future, which in vain he sought to forecast. He suddenly wheeled.

"I'm bound ter see Lethe, though! I'm bound ter tell her I hev fund her out. She'll know what I think o' her afore I'm done."

He pressed the horse, broken now to a steady gait, into the elusive ways of the herder's trail through the weird, stunted woods along the ridge to the great Pioningo Bald; thence into a path

that led down into Wild-Cat Hollow. He noted its well-worn and smooth curves.

"Ben Doaks hev made a reg'lar turn-pike, a-travelin' ter see Lethe Sayles," he said, with some half-scornful pity that would not bestir itself to be jealous.

He made a wide detour of the little house, nestling in the great cleft of the mountain, occasionally becoming dimly visible as the mist shook out its gauzy folds in long pervasive shivers, and anon obliterated as it dropped its denser curtain. Over the valley it was torn into fringes, a slant of sunlight gilding it, the blue of the sky showing through.

One of the sudden precipitous ascents from the deep depression of the hollow was distinctly imposed against the horizon. There were great rocks, with herbs and grasses growing in niches, on either side of a narrow gorge. Two splintered cliffs amongst them were like a rude and gigantic gateway, giving access to the higher verdant slopes of the mountain. His eyes, turning mechanically toward the opening vista, were arrested by the sight of Alethea high up the gorge, standing in the clifty gateway. Her sun-bonnet, still tied under her chin, had fallen on her shoulders; her yellow hair was like the golden sunlight denied to the dreary heights; her familiar brown homespun dress was distinct against the tender green of the slope; a basket of herbs was on her arm. Now and then she moved a step and plucked a sprig from a niche, and again she would pause looking down upon the valley, where the white glisten of the mist united with the suffusion of yellow sunshine beyond in a gauzy, splendid sheen, that now and then parted to reveal the purple mountains, the blue sky, the silver river, the fields as radiantly green as the meadows of the blest. His heart beat with emotions he hardly comprehended, as he noted her luminous, grave, undimmed eyes, her fair, delicately tinted face.

He dismounted, and hitched the horse by the halter to a tree. She did not see him; she heard nothing; she silently looked about her, and plucked the herb she sought. He took his way softly up the gorge among the fallen fragments of rock; he was standing still in the great rift that simulated a gateway when she turned slowly, and her eyes, widening with fear, with surprise, with rapture, fell upon him.

His heart could but thrill at her loud, wild cry of joy. He had meant to upbraid her. She was sobbing on his shoulder, and he held her in his arms.

The mists flickered and faded about them; the sunshine slanted down through the clouds. The wind lifted its wings, for they heard the flutter of the breeze, and beside some hidden nest amongst the gray old rocks a mocking-bird was suddenly singing — singing!

"Ye war pardoned! I know it!" she cried. "I know it!"

He had for once a thought for her, — a vain regret to annul her joy. When had Alethea looked thus? — the radiant spirit of love, the triumphant delight of the spring.

He delayed replying. He stooped to gather up the herbs that had fallen on the ground; for the old hound that followed her had smelt the basket, and was thrusting his intrusive muzzle among them.

"What be ye a-doin' of, Lethe?" asked Mink, restoring them, and setting the basket up on a boulder.

To detail the simple domestic errand relaxed the tense agitation of their meeting, and it was a relief to him to listen.

"A-getherin' wild sallet fur dinner," she drawled, her happy smiles and tears together in her eyes. "Our turnip patch never done nuthin', sca'cely, an' ez we-uns ain't got no turnip-greens I 'lowed I'd gether a mess o' wild sallet. The chillen hone so fur suthin' green."

There was no quivering sense of deprivation in her voice; the hardships of

poverty would wear to-day the guise of triumphant expedient.

"I hev got about enough," she said, smiling up at him. "Ye kem on ter the house, an' I'll gin ye a soon dinner. Ye mus' be tired an' hongry with yer travels. They'll all make ye welcome."

He hesitated. In the supreme pleasure of the moment, his face had in a measure lost the lines that anxiety and suffering had drawn. But now, as he stood doubtful of what he should say, she noted his changed expression.

"Reuben," she cried, in tender commiseration, laying her hand on his arm, "what makes ye look like that? What hev happened ter you-uns?"

"Waal," said Mink, leaning against the wall of rock behind him, "right smart o' different things, — fust an' last."

The simple heart's-ease in being near her again, — he had not realized how dear he held it, — in hearing her voice, full of solicitude for him, in the renewing of his unconscious reliance upon her love, had begun to give way to the antagonism inevitable between them, with their widely opposing views of life and duty, their uncongenial characters and aims.

He laughed satirically. "Ye talk 'bout pardon! I hain't got no pardon. I 'low ye wimmin-folks hev got no feelin' nor pride nuther. I would n't hev no pardon off'n Gwinnan. I would n't take a favior from him, — not ter save him from hell, nor me nuther. But I hev got no pardon."

"Ye air foolin' me, Reuben, ain't ye?" she exclaimed hopefully.

He shook his head.

She gazed gravely at him. "How'd ye git away?"

"Bruk an' run."

She stood still; her heart sank; her eyes filled with tears. "Oh," she cried, with all the despair of a relinquished hope, "I could n't but b'lieve yestiddy, when Jacob Jessup kep' a-lookin' so secret an' m'licious, ez thar war good news

ez he would n't lemme hear, — more 'n he told 'bout what Jedge Gwinnan said when he rid up ter the house, whilst we war all away ter the church-house ter the revival. An' I b'lieved 't war ez you-uns war pardoned. I hev drempt of it! I hev prayed fur it! I'd hev died fur it!"

"Look hyar, Lethe Sayles!" he exclaimed, tense and erect again. "That thar ain't a true word ez ye air a-tellin' me, — ez that thar man hev kem ter Wild-Cat Hollow!" His eyes blazed upon her.

She was deprecating and downcast. Her intuition warned her that it behooved her to be careful. She was too deliberate. He broke out vehemently:

"He hev! An' 't war ter see you-uns."

"I know 't war, Reuben, but" —

"I swear ter Heaven," he cried, lifting his clenched right hand, "ez the Lord never afore built sech a fool ez me!" His self-pity and self-contempt were pathetic. "Ain't I jes' now been down yander ter Mis' Purvine's, an' hear her tell how that man — oh, curse him, curse him! — air nigh dead in love with ye, an' ye hed promised ter marry him!"

"No, Reuben, no! 'T ain't true. It air jes' one o' aunt Dely's notions."

"An' I kem hyar fit in mind ter kill ye dead," he went on. "An' the minit I see ye I furgit it all, an' ye twist me round yer finger the same ez I war a bit o' spun truck! G' way, Lethe!" — his voice broke; "don't ye tech me." He moved away, that she might not lay her remonstrant hand on his shoulder. "I wait on yer word like a child. Ye got me inter all this trouble through heedin' yer wisdom ez turned out folly fur me. The foolishness o' them ez air bereft air wise ter me! Ye done it!"

He struck his hands despairingly together as he thought of his forlorn past. Perhaps he was the happier that his reflective moods were so rare.

"I know, Reuben,—I know I did. But I never meant it. I jes' wanted ye ter do what war right."

"Yes, but I hev got ter abide by the consequences o' what *ye* think air right, — don't ye know it?" he demanded.

"Ef I could hev suffered fur it, stid-dier you-uns," she declared, in tears. "I'd hev gone ter jail happy—happy."

His manner changed suddenly. He was at once shocked and displeased. "What air ye talkin' 'bout, Lethe?" he said, in stern rebuke. "Don't ye know thar ain't no 'spectable wimmin in jail?"

This had not occurred to her. She only sighed, and looked away at the shifting mist over the sunlit valley, the heavier masses of cloud dropping down upon the mountain above. A great eagle, near enough to show the gallant spread of his broad wings, swept from their midst, poised in the sunlight high above the cove, and swooped to the slopes below. Mink's gaze followed the bird, his easily diverted interest quickening. Alethea strove to take advantage of the moment. "I jes' want ter tell ye, Reuben" — she began.

"I don't want ye ter tell me nuthin'!" he cried, fixing on her his brown fiery eyes, with a bright red spark in their pupils. "Ye make a fool out'n me. Ye don't let me hev no mind o' my own. I reckon it air kase I be in love with ye,—an' nobody else. All the t'other gals war in love with me."

There was none of his jaunty self-sufficiency as he said this,—only a dreary recognition of the fact.

"Ye hev cut me out'n a heap, Lethe; enny one o' 'em would hev been mighty willin' ter put up with me an' my ways. They never harried me none, ez ef I could n't do nuthin' right. I reckon I'd hev been happy an' peaceable married ter enny o' them."

"I know, Reuben, an' that's the reason I wanter tell ye"—She paused, expecting to be interrupted. But he was looking at her coolly and calmly,

waiting and listening. He was saying to himself that he might safely hear; it was best that he should know. He would be on his guard. He would not blindly fall again under her influence. He felt with secret elation, stern and savage, the handle of a pistol in his pocket. He had thought it no harm to borrow Jerry Price's for the purpose of resisting arrest, finding it on the shelf in the spare room at Mrs. Purvine's; the less because it was he who had given it to his friend, with his wonted free-handedness,—but indeed he had won it lightly, shooting for it at a match.

He stood with one hand on his hip, the other laid against the rock. His head was a little thrown back, his hair tossing slightly in the renewing breeze; he looked at her with dissent and doubt in every line of his face.

"Ye see, he kem hyar ter ax me 'bout Sam Marvin. Ye know I tole on the trial 'bout him moonshinin'."

Mink nodded. The thought of those terrible alternations of hope and despair and remorse was very bitter to him still.

"An' he 'lowed I knowed whar Marvin be now."

"What's he want along o' Marvin?" demanded Mink, surprised.

"He wanted Marvin, but mostly Jeb Peake, ter testify fur him, kase he 'lows thar air goin' ter be some sort'n trial agin him. Mr. Harshaw got it up, Jacob Jessup said. Jacob 'lowed the jedge war powerful outed ter find out ez Jeb war s'pected o' hevin' kilt a man, kase he war feared nare one o' 'em could be tolled out ter testify fur him. Au' Jacob tole him ez Marvin hed quit this mounting, but he hed hearn ez down on one o' them ridges nigh Thunderhead thar war a strange man ez war a-moonshinin', — Jacob's mighty apt ter know sech ez that,—an' he hed tuk old man Craig's house, what he hed lef' ter go ter North Car'liny ter live with his son. An' from the account Jacob hearn o' these folks, he would n't be s'prised none

ef them war Sam an' Jeb. An' the jedge knowed the house an' whar it be. An' he jes' lit out ter ride over thar an' see. He went yestiddy evenin', an' he air kemin' back hyar ter-day. Kase he tole Jacob ef he could n't toll Sam or Jeb ter testify, thar 'd be no witnesses but his enemies. He 'lowed he 'd stay all night at Bylor's house, though Jake tole him ter be mighty keerful how he talked about Sam an' Jeb thar, fur old man Bylor air runnin' fur office,—sher'ff, or constable, or jestic, or suthin',—an' would n't ax no better 'n ter git a chance ter harry law-breakers. An' the jedge 'lowed ez things hed come ter a pretty pass with him, an' rid off."

She looked up at Mink gravely, earnestly. She had sat down on one of the rocks, beside the basket; her hand toyed with a sprig of the herbs within; her dense golden hair, heavily undulating, was all the brighter for the contrast with the dark green vine that draped the gray rocks behind and above her, the delicate coloring of her face the finer, the tint of the saffron kerchief knotted beneath her chin the more intense. Her brown gown lay in straight, simple folds about her lithe figure; the gaunt old hound sat down at her feet and leaned his head on her knee.

Mink had not always been definitely aware of her beauty,—it was not of the type which most appeals to the rural admirer; but its subtle, unrealized fascinations had swayed him unconsciously. Now he looked at her critically, speculatively, striving to behold her as she appeared to Gwinnan, to adjust his estimate to Mrs. Purvine's report of the florid judicial compliments. He cared naught for the rumor of the impending trial. He felt no gratulation that Harshaw had been able to compass the jeopardy, if not the disgrace, of the man he hated. He gazed at her with sedulous attention, to see her with Gwinnan's eyes.

"Lethe," he said, suddenly,—he had

dropped down upon the ground near her feet, and leaned back against the rock,— "did Jedge Gwinnan say ennything ter you-uns 'bout me?"

She was in a tremor instantly.

He did not seem to notice. He was affecting to offer the dog a morsel in a deceptive bit of stone, and as the creature, with a dubiously wrinkling and sniffing nose, would attempt to take it he would snatch it away. "Did he?" he persisted, looking up at her from under the brim of the old white hat.

"Whenst I talked ter him an' begged him ter git ye a pardon or suthin'," she said. She was not without the tact to avail herself of discreet ellipses; but she forecast with dread that with this he would not be content.

"What did he say?" He was suffering the hound to lick the stone in baffled reproach, and turn away disdainful. Mink's lip was curling with fierce sarcasm, as he reiterated, "What did he say?"

"I could n't undertake ter remember all he said, Reuben. 'T war down yander at the post-office at Locust Levels. Me an' Jerry Price rid thar in the wagin ter see ef thar war enny letter fur Mis' Purvine."

"I'll be bound I kin tell ye suthin' *ye* said!" exclaimed Mink. "Ye tole him ez he war powerful good ter hold no gredge agin me."

She turned her despairing eyes upon him. He could read the truth in their clear depths.

"An' he tole ye ez ye war too good ter marry me."

There was no need to answer.

"An' ye b'lieved him!"

"Oh, Reuben, ye know better 'n that!" she exclaimed, reassured to speak freely. "He jes' talked 'bout'n ye like my stepmother, an' aunt Dely, an' Jake Jessup's wife; none o' them air gamesome, an' they don't set store on gamesome ways. 'T war jes' sech talk ez theirs."

He listened, his chin in his hand, his elbow on the rock. She should not delude him again; he would not succumb to her influence. He felt the handle of the pistol in his pocket. There was affirmation in its very touch.

"Gamesome ain't what *he* said. He 'lowed I war m'licious."

Once more he glanced up to read the truth in her eyes.

He slowly pulled himself to his feet. He stood for a moment, erect and jaunty, his hand thrust in his leather belt, his eyes bright and confident, his hair tossing back as he moved his head.

"Ye tole him how good he war," his merciless divinations went on.

She cowered beneath his serene and casual glance.

"You don't deny it, an' yit ye expect me ter not b'lieve what the whole kentry air a-sayin', — ez ye hev promised ter marry him, an' hev gin me the go-by."

He turned abruptly away. "Reuben," she cried, "air ye goin' agin, when ye hev jes' kem back?" She laid her importunate hands upon his arm. His resolution was strong now; he could afford to be lenient and to humor her.

"'Bleegeed ter, Lethe," he said softly, looking down upon her with the calmness of finality. She did not loose her hold. "Ef ye keep me a-foolin' hyar longer'n I oughter stay, I mought git cotched agin," he warned her — "fur twenty year! Jake Jessup would ez soon arrest me ez not."

She relaxed her grasp, looking fearfully about her in the mist and at the summit of the great rocks. She followed him, the old hound by her side, down to the spot where the horse still stood hitched.

"But ye'll kem back agin, Reuben?" she said, her heart-break in her voice, her eyes full of tears.

"Laws-a-massy, yes; times an' times. I kin whistle plumb like a mocking-bird, an' whenever ye hear one a-singin' the

same chune three times, ye kem out 'mongst the rocks, an' ye 'll find me."

Once more he held her at arm's length, and looked searchingly at her tearful face. Suddenly he mounted his horse and rode away.

XXX.

He did not maintain this sedulous semblance of calmness, as he galloped the wild young horse along the mountain slopes in the mist. His eyes burned; his teeth were fiercely set; sometimes he lifted his right hand and shook it clenched, as if he held his vengeance within his grasp and would not lightly let it go. — Over and again he cried aloud a curse upon the man he hated, and then he would fall to muttering his grudges, all unforgotten, all registered indelibly in his mind despite its facile laxity, despite its fickle traits. He reviewed the events since the morning that Alethea had stood by the judge's desk, and he laid down his pen to gaze, to the afternoon when, amongst the blossoms and the sunshine and the birds, they had talked together, and she had asked a futile thing to beguile the hour, and he had warned her solemnly.

"I ain't goin' ter North Car'liny, an' leave 'em hyar tergether," he declared vehemently. "I'll meet up with him somewhar this side o' the Craig house. I'll dare him ter fight, an' ef he don't kill me I'll kill him, an' kiss the hand that does the deed!"

The mists shivered to listen; the rocks repeated the threat, and again in hesitant dread, and still once more a word in an awed and tremulous staccato. On and on he went, — never abating speed, flying over the broken ground; deaf to the sound of horn and hounds, borne fitfully from the slopes below on some hardly perceptible current of the air, and again dying to the dumbness of the shrouded woods; blind to the burly

apparition of a bear trotting out of the clouds and in again, although the horse reared and pawed the air; callous to the keen chill of the torrent, swollen out of its banks with the spring rains till it surged about his limbs as he forded through. Over and again the mountain water-courses intercepted his path, but only once his attention was attracted to his surroundings, and this was because there seemed here a check upon his progress, and he must needs take heed of his way. The stream known as Gran'dad's creek showed in the thickening mist a turbulent volume, a swollen breadth, covering rocks and brush and gullies, and washing the boles of trees far from its normal channel; he hardly knew where he might safely take the ford. Now the water elusively glimmered, swift, foaming, full of enormous boulders, and with trees standing in its midst; and as he went down to the verge in a cleft of the rock the vapors closed again, and it seemed to recede into invisibility. The horse had become restive. He resisted and snorted, and finally deliberately faced about, as he was recklessly urged to enter the stream. The rider had forced him again to the margin, when suddenly Mink thought he was dreaming. The fluctuating vapors parted once more, and in the rifts he saw on the opposite bank the man he sought. He stood in numb surprise; a strange overwhelming sense of hatred possessed him with the image thus palpably presented; he quivered with a recollection of all his wrongs. This was no dream. It was Gwinnan returning from the moonshiners' house. He rose from his stirrups and waved his hand with a smile. Mink heard his ringing halloo. Then Gwinnan pressed his roan colt down to the margin of the water and took the ford.

"Saved us wettin' our feet agin, Grasshopper," Mink observed. He was very distinct as he sat on the bareback stray, his feet dangling without stirrups,

his big wool hat, his flaunting auburn hair, his keen, clear-cut face, all definitely painted on the opaque white background of the mist; a bole was barely outlined here and there behind him, or a towering crag, as if there were other elements of the picture barely sketched in. More than once Gwinnan lifted his grave eyes toward him. But when the mist came between them, surging in a great cloudy volume, Mink drew the pistol from his pocket.

"Ye don't kerry straight. I 'member yer tricks. I reckon he hev got a six-shooter, but I'll resk ye, ennyhows. I'll wait till he kems across, an' then dare him to fight."

As he waited it might have seemed that he was the only human creature in the world, so desolately vacant were the barren mists, so unresponsive to the sense of the landscape that they hid, so null, so silent, save for the river, forever flowing on like life, resistless as eternity. The interval was long to his impatience, — so long that, alarmed at last lest his revenge be snatched from him by some mischance, at this supreme moment when it had seemed the fierce joy he had craved was vouchsafed, he hastily rode along the clifty bank above the tumultuous current. Once more the mist lifted. Suddenly he saw the roan colt, his full eyes starting from his head, his scream almost human in its frantic terror, pawing the cliffs, to the base of which the encroaching waters had risen; finding no footing, no shallows, only the forbidding inaccessibilities of the rocks. The saddle was vacant. The rider had been swept away by the wanton vagaries of the current.

The young mountaineer stared stolidly and uncomprehendingly for a moment. In a sort of daze he dismounted from his horse. He hardly realized what had happened, until, as he climbed deftly down among the splintered crags, lithe, agile, sure-footed as a deer, he saw clinging to a bramble growing from a

fissure, and supported on a ledge of the rock, the unconscious figure familiar to his dream of vengeance. It was forestalled! The wild freak of the mountain torrent had given him his heart's desire, and yet his hands were clean. The wolves, the wild dogs, and the vultures would not leave the man to creep away, were there yet life left in him.

And there was life. He noted the convulsive fluttering of breath, the trembling clutch of the fingers; for the nerves remembered the saving boughs that the senses had forgotten.

As Mink stood looking down he suddenly lifted his head with a quick start, as if a word had been spoken to him from out the silence. Why this gratuity of pity, this surging fellow-feeling, this clamorous instinct to aid? Was a hand held out to him in his hour of need? Nay, he might have known rescue and release, his future might now be fair and free, but for the craft of this man who had bestirred himself to thwart the friendly mob. Was not his hope attained, his prayer? Here was a sublimated revenge. His enemy would die at his feet, and yet his hands were clean.

And at this moment he was muttering, "I'll be bound ef he hed a leetle wild-cat whiskey now 't would save his life ez respons'ble ez ef 't war ez legal ez the taxed corn-juice."

He stood thinking for a moment. There was Marvin's still at the Craig house, as Alethea had said, two miles away; the man would be dead of exhaustion before help could come thence. But not a quarter of a mile below, on one of the divergent ridges of Thunderhead, was Bylor's home. Mink started with affright. The old man was a candidate for office. The certainty of arrest awaited him there, whatever his mission. It was a decision swift as an impulse. It meant twenty years' imprisonment at hard labor, and he realized it as he sprang upon the bare back of his horse.

"I reckon I kin make a break an' run, or tunnel out, or suthin'," he said, with his preposterous hopefulness; "leastwise, I can't leave him thar ter die that-a-way, half drowned and harried ter death by wolves an' painters an' buzzards. Ef the darned critter," he cried out, in a renewal of despair, "would hev jes' stood up an' been shot like healthy folks!"

Mink never reached his destination.

It was not held to be a strange nor an unjustifiable action that young Bylor was led to do. He said afterward that that day, as he made his way home in the midst of the clouds that begirt the mountain, he was affrighted to behold again, evolved from their expressionless monotony, the equestrian figure of the mystic herder that rides on 'Thunderhead. His nerves were shaken, for before that morning he had seen him, and at close quarters. He noted the wildly beckoning hand vague in the mist; he heard, or thought he heard, a shrill, insistent hail; he quickened his pace, pursued by the thunderous hoofs of the spectre, riding him down, as he feared. He faced about in desperate terror and fired his rifle.

Then he knew what he had done, for the figure lurched from the horse and fell, and the animal dashed past him, running at full speed. It was Mink Lorey whom he found upon the ground, — strong enough only to gasp out his errand; and though Bylor rose instantly to obey his behest and go to succor Gwinnan, Mink was dead before he left.

No great loss, the countryside said, and indeed it was suspected for a time that Gwinnan's straits had resulted from his wanton mischief. When the facts became known, one or two reflective souls — recognizing in his deed that universal vital spark of better possibilities alight within him, insistently militant, enlisting every sterling trait common to humanity — were moved to say that he was not all mink.

No one in the mountains, however, fully appreciated the impulse that had controlled him except Alethea. To her it served as a sacred apotheosis, and she adored his memory for what he might have been, and forgot what he was. Often, when the spring bloomed, or the summer was flushing with the wild roses and the roseate dawns and the red sunset tides, she hearkened to the mocking-bird's singing, thrice, thrice the mystic strain; and she was wont to go and search for her lover at their tryst among the crags. And when she would come back, her face so full of peace, her eyes softly luminous, her drawling formula, "Jest been talkin' with Reuben 'mongst the rocks," pervaded with tranquil joy, her stepmother and Mrs. Jessup would whisper apart and look askance upon her, and start at any sudden jar or sound, as if it were instinct with her spectre lover's freakish presence.

And so, patient drudge though she was, they listened to Mrs. Purvine's eager insistence to have her bide in the cove; and although she went to live with this cheery soul, it was with tears and sighs and sadness to leave the clifty gorges that he haunted.

But she found the mocking-bird singing there thrice, thrice the mystic strain, amongst the rocky banks of the Scolacutta River. And so she smiled again.

Except for this delusion she gave little indication of the unsettling of her mind. She was placidly happy with her aunt, though the two women were much alone, for Jerry Price presently married Sophy Griff. He became the sole dependence of the miller and his grandchildren, but a measure of Mrs. Purvine's jaunty prosperity seemed to follow him. Old Griff's little log cabin took on a more pretentious guise, and

there was a slipshod thrift within. Jerry lifted the millstones and rebuilt the mill, and the whirl began anew as if it had never left off; and the old miller sat without the door, and listened, and grew garrulous and cheerful and dusty with meal and flour, and brightened into some faint reflection of his old imperative self. Tad never reappeared from the moonshiners' lair, and they still successfully elude the law.

The failure to secure their testimony proved no disaster to Gwinnan, as the chancellor held that a duel is a matter of deliberate and formal arrangement between men who recognize both the nature of the proceeding and the law infringed.

Nevertheless, Gwinnan was not satisfied. He had never regarded the matter as a duel; he had forgotten even the circumstances. Once brought forcibly to his mind, he dissented from the decision of the case, which he had watched more as if from the bench than from the bar. He resigned when reinstated.

The relinquishment of his ambition was very bitter to him. He had infused into it much of the essence of his identity; it had amply promised the end for which he had rejoiced to labor; it had borne a lofty and isolated existence. And yet, as he brooded upon his despoiled life, his trained mind, applied to moral discernment, could but perceive at length that it had been sheerly a technical excellence toward which he had bent his energies, a selfish end he had held in view. Without a high, ennobling purpose, without a dominant hope to dispense benefit, his unsanctified ambition had only lured with a wish to rise, and despite the heights to which it had attained it had been held to earth by its own inherent weight.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.¹

THIS book comprises the pages numbered 451 to 694, both inclusive, of the third volume of the Comte de Paris's *History in the American edition*. It contains, in addition to the appendices to the larger volume, which have been revised and improved, a return of the casualties in both armies in the battle of Gettysburg. Unfortunately, but one map is added, and that is the one which illustrates the campaign of General Pope, and is found opposite page 249 of the second volume of the *History*. When we say that this map does not reach to the upper Potomac, we have said enough to point out its utter insufficiency for the use of the reader in a study of the movements of the Federal and Confederate armies, in Maryland and Pennsylvania, which led to the great struggle at Gettysburg. These manœuvres were most interesting and of prime importance; the count describes them at length; yet the reader who has incautiously purchased this book as presumably a complete guide to the whole campaign finds himself reduced to the necessity of borrowing some school atlas, if he would arrive at any understanding of the text. This is, in our judgment, simply inexcusable on the part of the publishers.

We have long ago, in the pages of *The Atlantic* for September, 1883, expressed our general views on the count's third volume, from which, as we have said, this book is taken. We desire again to bear testimony to the freshness and animation of the count's style, and to the general impartiality of the narrative as respects the contending parties. At the same time, the faults which we pointed out in our former notice strike us on a second

reading quite as forcibly as they did at the first. What we particularly refer to now regards the count's treatment of the part played by General Meade in the whole affair.

To begin with, the count's portrait of General Meade (page 72) is hardly to be recognized. "Quiet, modest, reticent, but possessing a correct judgment, a mind clear and precise, with a coolness which never faltered in the midst of danger," etc., — all this is a picture of a very different sort of person from General George G. Meade. Meade was a quick, active, energetic, masterful man, possessing great decision of character, and by no means devoid of ambition; prompt in everything, brave to a fault, even rash so far as his personal conduct was concerned; exacting with his subordinates and never sparing of himself; having exceedingly clear ideas of what he intended to do, and an exceedingly vigorous determination to do himself, and to see to it that other people did, what he had planned should be done. With all this, he was yet a prudent man in the management of the army, and sooner than fight a battle against his judgment would brave the indignation of the people and the government at his supposed irresolution or indifference. In fact, Meade was anything but an irresolute man; still less was he lukewarm in the cause. His Gettysburg campaign proves this; nor does "the campaign of manœuvres" in the autumn of 1863, when really understood, show anything to the contrary.

Besides this difficulty of misunderstanding the character of General Meade, under which the count labors, he is also evidently under the influence of a sort of romantic admiration for General Hooker. There was, as every one knows, a great deal of this feeling

¹ *The Battle of Gettysburg.* From the *History of the Civil War in America.* By the COMTE DE PARIS. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

in the army, and it was deserved, to a large extent, certainly. Yet who that knows the miserable story of Chancellorsville can feel any doubt of Hooker's incapacity to command the army? Let any one recall that ill-starred campaign, where the army was compromised by the hesitations of the commanding general before the first shot was fired; where the most promising initiative was willfully renounced and the Northern forces were ordered to retire into the thickets of the Wilderness, only to be pounded at Lee's convenience until they recrossed the Rappahannock, — let any one, we say, recall all this, and he will marvel at the count's references to General Hooker as to an officer whose boldness and capacity furnish a telling contrast to the over-caution of his successor. This attitude of the count's is the more extraordinary as he seems to be in possession of all the facts necessary to a correct judgment.

For example, the count is speaking of Hooker's plan, after he had crossed the Potomac, of marching upon Harper's Ferry and Sharpsburg with one corps, supported by the Harper's Ferry garrison under French, thus menacing Lee's line of communications. This movement was abandoned by Hooker as soon as he learned that Halleck refused to allow him to make use of the garrison of Harper's Ferry; but it might have been taken up again by Meade, to whom Halleck permitted what had been refused to Hooker, — the disposal of French's command. Meade, however, had his reasons for adopting another course, — that of marching northward. He thought it more probable that the enemy would cross the Susquehanna, occupy Harrisburg, and move on Philadelphia. If this was really in contemplation, Lee, it was plain, must have arranged to drop his communications, and a march to Sharpsburg or Williamsport would have no effect whatever in checking the invasion of the North. Hook-

er said the Susquehanna could not be crossed, — Lee had left his bridge-equipment behind, — but Meade, as the count says, "did not agree with Hooker on this point; and very justly, for it now appears that Lee, taking advantage of the shallow waters of the Susquehanna, was ready to make a portion of his army cross to the other side of the river to seize Harrisburg. The possession of this city would in fact have secured him a permanent pass, together with the means of penetrating to the very heart of Pennsylvania." Here, then, we have, clearly stated, a difference of opinion between the two officers, and it appears that, in the judgment of our historian, Meade was right and Hooker mistaken on the point at issue. It is therefore not only surprising, but even astonishing, to find the count saying in the very next sentence, "But, although he could freely dispose of French's troops, Meade did not dare to follow out the bolder and more promising plan his predecessor had conceived, the execution of which Halleck had prevented." The peculiar thing about this piece of criticism is that the count admits that Hooker's plan was based upon erroneous information, and that, had it been carried out, there was nothing to prevent Lee from knocking at the gates of Philadelphia, while the Army of the Potomac, at Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, was vainly awaiting his return into Virginia. Yet he still calls Hooker's plan "bolder and more promising," and his very reprehensible choice of words seems to intimate that it was a lack of courage on Meade's part which led him to reject it. This insinuation is utterly unwarranted; and we are free to say that we consider the making of it no light matter. It springs from the count's originally mistaken notion of General Meade, which leads him wrongly and most unfairly to attribute his refusing to take a certain step to timidity, while in reality his action was dictated by a

correct knowledge of the facts, a clear head, and a spirit of prompt and wise decision.

A similar tone pervades the count's narrative of the events of the 1st of July. It is a tone of disparagement, frequently of manifestly unjust disparagement, of General Meade. Thus, while the count, when treating directly (pages 79, 80) of the orders of June 30th, which directed the first and eleventh corps toward Gettysburg, speaks of this as judicious, he yet, in criticising (page 122) the events of the 1st of July, says that "the dispatch of two army corps to near the town [Gettysburg] was an error which could only be excused on the score of his [Meade's] ignorance of the latest movements of the enemy." Now, even if this opinion of the count's were correct, he entirely fails to convict Meade of any "error;" for he does not pretend that he showed any lack of diligence in ascertaining "the latest movements of the enemy," and if he acted wisely on the information he had he is not chargeable with "error." But in point of fact, Meade's dispositions were abundantly adequate. Had Reynolds not been killed, or had Howard not committed the fatal mistake of keeping his own corps (the eleventh) out in the open, when he saw that its right would inevitably be rolled up by Early's troops advancing from York,—a mistake the consequences of which were rendered yet more serious by his folly and obstinacy in not ordering promptly a retreat of the first corps to Cemetery Hill the moment the eleventh had given way,—the first day's fight would without doubt have been a success for the Federal arms. There was nothing to prevent Howard's retiring the two corps, unbroken and in perfect order, to the strong hills back of the town, where there was not the least question of their ability to hold their ground until the rest of the army came up. The count does indeed remark

(pages 115, 116) on Howard's bad judgment, but he does not make it so clear as he should do that the loss of the battle was due entirely to Howard's incapacity.

Again, what can the count mean by this? "From the moment that Meade hesitated about taking the advance against Lee with all his forces," etc. How, with the itinerary before him of the various corps of the Army of the Potomac, can the count accuse Meade of having hesitated to advance? The charge is simply absurd.

Furthermore, with the too evident purpose of minimizing Meade's share in the campaign, the count, referring to the concentration of the army, says (page 130), "The concentration, thus commenced by the initiative action of the several chiefs, even before it had been decided on by Meade," etc. But the count himself has just said (page 130), "There was no necessity of making any changes *in the orders already issued*¹ to enable the whole army to march upon Gettysburg, except in two instances, the fifth and sixth corps." There is nothing whatever to show that any of the corps commanders did anything but obey Meade's orders; yet it is more than implied that it was due to their sagacity, and not to Meade's, that the army was got together in season.

But the count is chargeable, not only with willfully ignoring General Meade's directing hand in the movements which led to the concentration of the army, but with making the unaccountable and gratuitous suggestion that Meade's orders to his corps commanders, and especially to Sickles, were contradictory.

Speaking of Sickles at the moment when, about noon of the 1st of July, he heard from Howard of the action then in progress at Gettysburg, he says (page 127), "His marching orders, dated the day previous, directed him to make preparations to occupy the town; Meade's in-

¹ The italics are ours.

structions, on the contrary, forwarded in the morning, marked out for him a retrograde march toward Pipe Creek. In short, he learned that, subsequently to the sending of these instructions, a battle had commenced, in which two corps might have to struggle against the whole of the enemy's army. Among so many contradictory directions, Sickles, always eager for a fight, could not hesitate; he determined to hasten to the assistance of his comrades." This is a most misleading statement, plainly intended to glorify Sickles, who, in the face of his orders, as the count would have us believe, marched to the sound of the cannon. But there is no truth whatever in this pretense about Meade's orders being contradictory. It is certainly the fact that, to use the count's language, the circular order of July 1st "marked out for him [Sickles] a retrograde march toward Pipe Creek," but that order contained this explicit direction: "The time for falling back can only be developed by circumstances. Whenever such circumstances arise as would seem to indicate the necessity for falling back, and assuming the general line indicated [that of Pipe Creek], notice of such movement will at once be communicated." No such notice had been communicated to General Sickles; he was therefore to continue his march on the Emmitsburg road; and his obedience to Howard's urgent call, so far from being prompted by exceptional zeal or insight, was the most obvious of all military obligations. The circular order of July 1st was a preparatory order only, and was carefully worded accordingly. No one reading it with attention can regard it as anything else. The retrograde movement was not to commence until due notice thereof should have been communicated to all the corps commanders. We are therefore surprised and pained at this statement of the count's; it does gross injustice to General Meade, and it is really difficult to see how it can

represent the sincere opinion of the historian.

The count's treatment of the famous controversy regarding Sickles's conduct at Gettysburg in posting his corps out on the Emmitsburg road is extremely unsatisfactory, to say the least of it. Sickles, like Hooker, is one of the count's heroes, for whom every excuse must be made. The facts, as the count gives them, are these: On the evening of the 1st of July, Geary's division held the extreme left of our line, and (page 134) two of his regiments occupied Little Round Top; on his right was that portion of the third corps (Sickles's) which had arrived. The next morning at five o'clock, Geary, acting under orders, left his position for one on the right of the line, and at seven o'clock Sickles was directed to take the position which Geary had left. Soon afterwards the rest of his corps came up. "Towards nine o'clock Sickles occupied the position designated by Meade, but as he had only deployed one of his two divisions, he could not reach beyond the base of the Little Round Top, and did not set foot upon the hill itself" (page 141). At this point the reader, naturally expecting either some reason why Sickles deployed only one of his two divisions, or some criticism on him for this course, is surprised to find the count blaming Meade for "having entrusted a line of too great an extent to a single corps." The count then goes on to tell us that Sickles, dissatisfied with the tactical points of the line he was holding between Little Round Top and the southern extremity of the line of the second corps, informed Meade that he desired to advance all his forces to the Emmitsburg road. Meade "merely repeated [page 153] to Sickles the order to remain in the positions taken before by Geary, and, according to an eye-witness, he even pointed out to him with his finger the hillocks of the Round Tops as the point on which he should align him-

self." One would suppose that this would satisfy our historian, but it apparently does not, judging by the following rather peculiar sentence: "This was an error on his [Meade's] part; for if he entertained any confidence in Sickles's sagacity, he should have taken his objections into consideration, and in the contrary case, to control them [*sic*] without delay." Meade, however, at Sickles's request, sent Hunt, the chief of artillery, with him to examine the line. But this officer refused "to pronounce a formal opinion regarding the occupation of this new line," which Sickles was so desirous to adopt, and on his return to headquarters told Meade he ought to go over the ground himself before approving Sickles's proposed movement. It is, therefore, perfectly clear from the count's own narrative that Sickles knew that he had obtained no permission from Meade to advance to the road. Yet the count concludes with this extraordinary statement: "Being left *in a state of uncertainty*¹ by Hunt's departure, he [Sickles] determines at last to take possession of the Emmitsburg road as far as the Orchard, with his whole corps, a little before two o'clock."

Such an unexpected conclusion fills one with bewilderment, not to say distrust. One may fairly enough try to enter into Sickles's state of mind: he unquestionably thought the line he was holding was a very weak one; he expected to be attacked shortly; the Peach Orchard and the Emmitsburg road looked very attractive; he no doubt acted as he thought was best. But to gloss over the fact, as the count does, that, in doing as he did, Sickles disobeyed orders, that he took a most serious step, for taking which he had several times in vain requested authority

The italics are ours.

from the commander in chief, is really inexcusable. The truth is, Sickles, acting on his own responsibility, and in direct disobedience to General Meade, took up an untenable position, and in consequence not only lost half of his own corps, but for hours imperiled the safety of the army.

It is, however, satisfactory to find that in his final summary the count admits (page 238) that Meade "turned to excellent account" the strong position near Gettysburg, and that "he knew how to use all the forces under his command." He makes, to be sure, several criticisms on his conduct, some of which seem to us to be far-fetched, and others very questionable, while one or two offer interesting matter for discussion and investigation. But we have not complained, and we do not intend to complain, of the count for criticising General Meade's measures, but only for the fault-finding and grudging tone in which he makes his criticisms. Meade's position was one of great responsibility and difficulty; his task was rendered specially hard by the recentness of his own appointment to the command of the army, by the inexcusable and very serious mistakes of Howard and Sickles, — to which alone the losses and defeats of the first two days were due, — by the protraction of the terrible contest throughout three days of hard fighting, and lastly by the loss of several of his ablest and most energetic corps commanders.

To our thinking, General Meade's intelligent, consistent, firm, and courageous management of the army during that trying week deserves cordial and grateful recognition, and we are sorry that our distinguished foreign historian has, in our judgment, failed to do him full justice.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHICH is harder to bear, ignorant praise or undeserved censure? To the common run of people the latter evil no doubt seems the worse. There is a degree of discomfort, of course, in feeling shame-faced and foolish, as the least sensitive of us must do on finding ourselves tricked out with borrowed plumes; it is better, we all admit, to pass for what we really are; but to be falsely accused, to suffer under outrageous misrepresentation, — this is a misfortune of quite another grade.

So the average man reasons; and even for those of us who do not rank under that head, who value ourselves on having something of the philosophic spirit, — even for us, I say, it is not easy always to feel that instantaneous and utter loathing for an undeserved compliment which on all sound moral theories we ought to feel. Praise — shall we own it? — praise is praise, be it never so incompetent. It must be poor indeed not to carry a savor of sweetness, though it be only a bitter-sweet.

Still, it is better to be eulogized with a moderate degree of discrimination; and when I say "moderate" I am not to be understood in any oblique, ironical sense. Let my good qualities be spoken of discriminatingly, by all means; but not *too* discriminatingly. In such a cause I can tolerate a slight tendency to overstatement, a benignant elasticity of phrase, better than a super-conscientious adherence to literal exactness. I am resigned to having my faults kept a little in the shade and my good points made the most of. I would not have my critics, much less those who love me, contemplate my character or my work in too dry a light. A judge should know how to wink, else he is no judge for me.

What I deprecate is nothing of this

innocent and wholesome sort, but rather that reckless disregard of fact and proportion which comes not of kindly exaggeration (in this wicked world there are few things better than that), but of downright lack of intelligence or a congenital deficiency of sense.

Natural as the appetite for the good opinion of our fellows is (and whoever is without it is not fit to live), there are few of us, I suspect, but are often put to shame by its excessive and misdirected cravings. We lecture ourselves on the folly of minding what other people think of us. To check our own pride we call our brother mortals fools. Why should we care for the approbation of such a pack of dunces? Yet so strong and unreasonable is our passion that we find to our sorrow that the most undeserved commendation, from some most benighted admirer, has power to tickle us into a momentary pleasure. Here, if I mistake not, is one of the most deplorable features of praise ignorantly bestowed. We have absolutely no respect for the judgment of our flatterer; honest and well-meaning as he probably is, it is plain as day that he knows nothing about the matter in hand; yet for all that, we are made happy by his inane applause. How can we respect ourselves after such weakness! In the end we scarcely know which we more despise, the fool without or the fool within.

I have often thought that no class of persons have more to endure in this respect than clergymen. There is hardly one of them, it is safe to say, but has his bevy of feminine worshipers, who take his lightest word for law and gospel, and admire him most loudly for his least excellent gifts. In all probability, he is subjected at the same time to inordinate praise and unmitigated censure. Cold winds and hot blow upon him from

opposite quarters: the one set pleasant but miasmatic, the other very uncomfortable but not altogether insalubrious. A minister must receive many compliments which turn quickly to wormwood, — compliments quite undeserved, or, if deserved, so much the worse for him; such, at any rate, as no preacher of righteousness ought to count worthy of his notice for an instant. What kind of an artist is it that blushes with pleasure on hearing some boor extol the frame in which his picture is hung?

But nothing is easier than to grow sarcastic over the foibles of other people. How is it with ourselves? When the *Evening Daybeam* reviewed our last book, crying it up without stint for the space of half a column, were we not gratified? Yea, there is no denying it, though it provoked us to see that the reviewer had never read the work, — however he might have thrown his eye over the pages, as De Quincey would have said, — and was lauding it in terms a full half of which were wide of the mark.

And again, to come a little nearer home, when your first thin volume of *Poems* appeared (I was very near misplacing that mensural adjective), and was greeted with so significant and painful a silence, were you not elated out of measure (blush as you may at this reminder of the fact) by a certain notice which was printed in the *Daily Annunciator*, and which made up for its tardiness by its unqualified admiration? To be sure, it was evidently the production of some blind personal friend, or else of some (poetical) ignoramus. Yet it was praise, and that of the most ungrudging sort. As such it was no more than your due; only it was very unfortunate that it should not have been more elegantly and judiciously expressed. Even for you, interested as you were, — interested and young, — it was a trifle too much when your anonymous eulogist declared that in your poems were

combined “the martial enthusiasm and fiery passion of Wordsworth, the ineffable grace and delicacy of Byron, and the tender and homely simplicity of Shelley.” It was well enough to link your name with theirs; time would no doubt ratify so much of the verdict; but somehow it had to be confessed that the details of the comparison might have been more felicitously put. But what then? You were allowed to possess fire and grace, fervor and simplicity. What more could a young poet ask?

Well, well, it is cruel to revive such memories. You are no longer in love with your juvenile *Poems*, and the recollection of the *Daily Annunciator's* encomium is a temptation to profanity. Let it pass. Who knows but in the same manner you may once more outgrow yourself (I am no longer sarcastic), and come to reckon the compliments which now titillate your sensibilities as only so much idle breath?

Ignorant praise is bad, very bad, — let us pray to be delivered from it; but, after all, it is better than none.

— It is a very pathetic thing to see the efforts some of our industrious young poets make to write something good. They appear to gird up their loins, and rake the dictionary, and crowd their verses with all the choicest kind of language, all to no avail. “*Majora canamus!*” they constantly exclaim, but they somehow continue to be minor poets.

It has occurred to me that they might do well to risk an opposite course. Instead of attempting any longer to make their verse mean something (for in this they do not seem fitted by nature to succeed), let them try to enrich it with passages of melodious idiocy. Like the wretched prisoners in the elevator, since the thing won't go up, why not try it down?

For it has been borne in on me lately that people like a little *Mother Goose* in their poetry. I notice that some of the stanzas most quoted from our best

poets are those of whose real meaning the quoters plainly have not the remotest idea. It is not merely that the verse is liked in spite of its having, to them, no meaning, but just because of this fact. I can remember that I used to be fond of chanting,

"Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonnie,"

before I had any notion whatever of the sense of "*rigs*." Since the time of learning the meaning of the word, I observe that I do not seem to care half so much for the song. There is a verse of Maud that I used to rave over continually when a boy. It runs:—

"The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
And the pimpernel dozed on the lea."

Now this pimpernel was not a flower familiar to my childhood, and I actually supposed it was a bird. I can see now the picture as my innocent youthful mind conceived it,—the pimpernel standing gravely on one long and stilt-like leg at the margin of the lake, well out of the cold wind, on "the lee" side, fast asleep, and probably dreaming of more polliwogs. When this halcyon bird flapped his wings of fancy and soared away on a gale of truth, the charm of the stanza was gone for me. Is there any line of Auld Lang Syne that simple people sing with such appreciative fervor as that of, "Pu'ing" the "gowans fine"? And what idea have they when they declaim of "shuffling off this mortal coil"? And what feline melodiousness is suggested to them by Milton's "Eagle mewing her mighty youth"? And how nonplused they would be if suddenly called on to expound in their true relation to the thought those lines, so charming in their "simplicity,"—

"For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem"!

How many times have we heard some poem of Browning or of Emerson de-

livered with ingenuous enthusiasm as a "selection" at some reading club, or "circle," when to have stopped the reader and naively inquired the meaning would have brought on a most painful situation! Depend upon it, there is nothing that so lends charm to verses as the line that is perfect nonsense to us, so long as we do not notice that it lacks sense. Even passages that are frankly and avowedly nonsense meet a felt want. Is it not one of the charms of the old ballads that they refresh our intellects now and again with their "Oh and's" and "Oh but's," and their "Hey no nonny's?" What a terrible line is that in the "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens,"—

"And gurly grew the sea"!

These meaningless refrains and unintelligible words are like the parenthetical twirls and "warbles" of the bagpipe, or like the banjoist's strum and stamp. As the bumper of milk refreshes the weary pedestrian, so do these dashes of nonsense the mind, by a return to the diet of infancy.

One of the most impressive songs I ever heard was a ditty which used to be sung, or rather strummed and stamped, by an old frosty-pated ducky on the village street-corner. It consisted only of the words, "Wi' goose ——— how long?" All the rest was banjo and the flat of his foot, filling in the pause of three or four measures where I have placed the dashes. (Wi' goose ——— tink-a-tink-a-slap, tink-a-tink-a-slap, tink-a-tink-a-slap, — how long?) At first it had for me only the pure and unadulterated nonsense-interest. But by and by, as I used to listen sleepily to it from my window on a summer evening, I came to fancy a meaning in it. Was it not the song of some dumb heart-break of slavery, listening to the far-off, lonely cry of the wild geese flying away northward, and calling out in a repressed agony of impatience, "*Wi' goose ——— how long?*"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

History and Biography. Ancient Cities from the Dawn to the Daylight, by W. B. Wright (Houghton), is a quick, incisive sketch of certain great centres of antiquity, a study of whose conditions has a bearing upon the general study of the development of humanity. The cities are Uz, Nineveh, Babylon, Memphis, Alexandria, Petra, Damascus, Tyre, Athens, Rome, Samaria, Susa, Jerusalem, closing with a significant chapter on the New Jerusalem. Mr. Wright, in his modest preface, disclaims any title to learning, but resorting to the best authorities, some of them unfamiliar, he has written a little book which is instinct with life, and in many cases picturesque and striking. It will do much towards giving people a fresh and animated conception of antiquity. — George Ide Chace, LL. D., a Memorial, edited by James O. Murray. (Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge.) The form which this Memorial takes is a fit one. In the first place, Dr. Murray has collected the reminiscences and estimates of eminent pupils of this eminent teacher, deftly weaving them into a slight biographic sketch; and then follow several addresses and essays given by Professor Chace, and indicative of the character and scope of his mind. We doubt whether any men in this world receive such reverent admiration as strong, single-minded teachers. — The cruise of the Alabama, by One of the Crew (Houghton), is a sailor's yarn. In its facts it is corroborated by the historians of the quarter-deck, but as it does not undertake to say much about the gentlemen who managed the Alabama, so neither do those historians really tell much about Jack. Jack now speaks for himself, and to read this book is to get a good notion of what bilge-water is to a delicate nostril. It is wise for one to put his head into the fore-castle of such a craft as the Alabama, if he would understand what the vessel was. — Shaftesbury, by H. D. Traill, in Lang's English Worthies (Appleton), is a brief biography of the first earl, spirited, clever, and making the most of a somewhat unpalatable subject. — Madame Roland, by Mathilde Blind (Roberts), is the latest in the Famous Women Series. Miss Blind has the quality of admiration which makes a biographer interesting; perhaps it also makes her a little blind, as where she seems to fancy Roland himself a hero in his manner of death. — The German Soldier in the Wars of the United States, by J. G. Rosengarten. (Lippincott.) The larger part of this little book, which is an expansion of an earlier one, is given to the Germans in the last war, but the element in the former wars is also treated, though not so fully as by Greene and Kapp. — Albany and its Place in the History of the United States, by Berthold Fernow. (Charles Van Benthuysen & Sons, Albany.) Mr. Fernow, who is the custodian

of the colonial records of the State of New York, was the historian appointed at the recent two hundredth anniversary of the founding of Albany, and in this sketch he aimed at a series of chronological studies which should be something more than a merely local glorification. — The Destruction of Rome is a brief letter from Herman Grimm (Cupples, Upham & Co.), translated by Miss Adams, in which the distinguished author points out how remorselessly the Italians are robbing Rome of those features which give it its greatest claim upon the world's interest. — The Olden Time Series, edited by Henry M. Brooks (Ticknor), has advanced to the fourth and fifth numbers: the former devoted to Quaint and Curious Advertisements, and the latter to Strange and Curious Punishments. Mr. Brooks's method is to cull from the old newspapers striking passages, and to add occasional brief comments or explanation of his own. We like his plan, for it provides readers and students with the means for coming close to the objects which illustrate the manners and customs of their ancestors.

Books for Young People. Silver Rags, by W. B. Allen (Lothrop), is a slightly sentimental and diffuse story-book, in which rather well-worn tales are told over again by a story-book uncle to story-book children, while story-book incidents carry forward the slight plot. At any rate, the author writes without the help of noxious slang. — The Children of Old Parks Tavern, by Frances A. Humphrey (Harpers), is a bright story of old colony life some fifty years ago. The author, with two young people for her chief characters, has managed to introduce Daniel Webster as a subordinate, and to incorporate a great deal of local historical allusion in a dexterous fashion. The sensational portions are used to increase the interest of the story, and are not intensified too much. Altogether the little book is very near a success in a most difficult field. — Rolf House, by Lucy C. Lillie (Harpers), is a quasi-sequel to a book by the same author, entitled Nan, but the reader's interest does not depend on her acquaintance with the previous work. The book is a small novel in its way, built upon the sort of day-dreams for supporting themselves and families which girls of fifteen may be supposed to enjoy. — Into Unknown Seas, or The Cruise of Two Sailor Boys, by David Ker (Harpers), is a succession of incredible adventures, told with the most cheerful confidence in the reader's credulity. The book has an honesty of sensationalism about it which is truly refreshing. — The Riverside Museum, by Jak (Crowell), is a healthy, lively book, in which the best side of boy nature is presented, with a good deal of familiar and not obtrusive instruction in natural history.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

SUPPLEMENT.

THE ORATION BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, AND THE POEM BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, DELIVERED IN SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 8, 1886, ON THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

ORATION.

It seems an odd anomaly that, while respect for age and deference to its opinions have diminished and are still sensibly diminishing among us, the relish of antiquity should be more pungent and the value set upon things merely because they are old should be greater in America than anywhere else. It is merely a sentimental relish, for ours is a new country in more senses than one, and, like children when they are fancying themselves this or that, we have to play very hard in order to believe that we are old. But we like the game none the worse, and multiply our anniversaries with honest zeal, as if we increased our centuries by the number of events we could congratulate on having happened a hundred years ago. There is something of instinct in this, and it is a wholesome instinct if it serve to quicken our consciousness of the forces that are gathered by duration and continuity, if it teach us that, ride fast and far as we may, we carry the Past on our crupper, as immovably seated there as the black Care of the Roman poet. The generations of men are braided inextricably together, and the very trick of our gait may be countless generations older than we.

I have sometimes wondered whether, as the faith of men in a future existence

grew less confident, they might not be seeking some equivalent in the feeling of a retrospective duration, if not their own, at least that of their race. Yet even this continuance is trifling and ephemeral. If the tablets unearthed and deciphered by Geology have forced us to push back incalculably the birthday of man, they have in like proportion impoverished his recorded annals, making even the Platonic year but as a single grain of the sand in Time's hour-glass, and the inscriptions of Egypt and Assyria modern as yesterday's newspaper. Fancy flutters over these vague wastes like a butterfly blown out to sea, and finds no foothold. It is true that, if we may put as much faith in heredity as seems reasonable to many of us, we are all in some transcendental sense the coevals of primitive man, and Pythagoras may well have been present in Euphorbus at the siege of Troy. Had Shakespeare's thought taken this turn when he said to Time,

Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight?

But this imputed and vicarious longevity, though it may be obscurely operative in our lives and fortunes, is no valid offset for the shortness of our days, nor widens by a hair's breadth the horizon of our

memories. Man and his monuments are of yesterday, and we, however we may play with our fancies, must content ourselves with being young. If youth be a defect, it is one that we outgrow only too soon.

Mr. Ruskin said the other day that he could not live in a country that had neither castles nor cathedrals, and doubtless men of imaginative temper find not only charm but inspiration in structures which Nature has adopted as her foster-children, and on which Time has laid his hand only in benediction. It is not their antiquity, but its association with man, that endows them with such sensitizing potency. Even the landscape sometimes bewitches us by this pathos of a human past, and the green pastures and golden slopes of England are sweeter both to the outward and to the inward eye that the hand of man has immemorially cared for and caressed them. The nightingale sings with more prevailing passion in Greece that we first heard her from the thickets of a Euripidean chorus. For myself, I never felt the working of this spell so acutely as in those gray seclusions of the college quadrangles and cloisters at Oxford and Cambridge, conscious with venerable associations, and whose very stones seemed happier for being there. The chapel pavement still whispered with the blessed feet of that long procession of saints and sages and scholars and poets, who are all gone into a world of light, but whose memories seem to consecrate the soul from all ignobler companionship.

Are we to suppose that these memories were less dear and gracious to the Puritan scholars, at whose instigation this college was founded, than to that other Puritan who sang the dim religious light, the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, which these memories recalled? Doubtless all these things were present to their minds, but they were ready to forego them all for the sake of

that truth whereof, as Milton says of himself, they were members incorporate. The pitiful contrast which they must have felt between the carven sanctuaries of learning they had left behind and the wattled fold they were rearing here on the edge of the wilderness is to me more than tenderly — it is almost sublimely — pathetic. When I think of their unpliant strength of purpose, their fidelity to their ideal, their faith in God and in themselves, I am inclined to say with Donne that

We are scarce our fathers' shadows cast at noon.

Our past is well-nigh desolate of æsthetic stimulus. We have none or next to none of these aids to the imagination, of these coigns of vantage for the tendrils of memory or affection. Not one of our older buildings is venerable, or will ever become so. Time refuses to console them. They all look as if they meant business, and nothing more. And it is precisely because this College meant business, business of the gravest import, and did that business as thoroughly as it might with no means that were not niggardly except an abundant purpose to do its best, — it is precisely for this that we have gathered here to-day. We come back hither from the experiences of a richer life, as the son who has prospered returns to the household of his youth, to find in its very homeliness a pulse, if not of deeper, certainly of fonder, emotion than any splendor could stir. "Dear old Mother," we say, "how charming you are in your plain cap and the drab silk that has been turned again since we saw you! You were constantly forced to remind us that you could not afford to give us this and that which some other boys had, but your discipline and diet were wholesome, and you sent us forth into the world with the sound constitutions and healthy appetites that are bred of simple fare."

It is good for us to commemorate this

homespun past of ours; good, in these days of a reckless and swaggering prosperity, to remind ourselves how poor our fathers were, and that we celebrate them because for themselves and their children they chose wisdom and understanding and the things that are of God rather than any other riches. This is our Founders' Day, and we are come together to do honor to them all: first, to the Commonwealth which laid our corner-stone; next, to the gentle and godly youth from whom we took our name, — himself scarce more than a name, — and with them to the countless throng of benefactors, rich and poor, who have built us up to what we are. We cannot do it better than in the familiar words: "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us. The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through his great power from the beginning. Leaders of the people by their counsels, and, by their knowledge of learning, meet for the people; wise and eloquent in their instructions. There be of them that have left a name behind them that their praises might be reported. And some there be which have no memorial, who are perished as though they had never been. But these were merciful men whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance. Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes."

This two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of our College is not remarkable as commemorating any memorable length of days. There is hardly a country in Europe but can show us universities that were older than ours now is when ours was but a grammar-school, with Eaton as master. Bologna, Paris, Oxford, were already famous schools when Dante visited them, as I love to think he did, six hundred years ago. We are ancient, it is true, on our own continent, ancient even as compared with several German universities more renowned than

we. But it is not primarily the longevity of our Alma Mater upon which we are gathered here to congratulate her and each other. Kant says somewhere that, as the records of human transactions accumulate, the memory of man will have room only for those of supreme cosmopolitical importance. Can we claim for the birthday we are keeping a significance of so wide a bearing and so long a reach? If we may not do that, we may at least affirm confidently that the event it records and emphasizes is second in real import to none that has happened in this western hemisphere. The material growth of the colonies would have brought about their political separation from the Mother Country in the fulness of time, without that stain of blood which unhappily keeps its own memory green so long. But the founding of the first English college here was what saved New England from becoming a mere geographical expression. It did more, for it insured, and I believe was meant to insure, our intellectual independence of the Old World. That independence has been long in coming, but it will come at last; and are not the names of the chiefest of those who have hastened its coming written on the roll of Harvard College?

I think this foundation of ours a quite unexampled thing. Surely never were the bases of such a structure as this has become, and was meant to be, laid by a community of men so poor, in circumstances so unprecedented, and under what seemed such sullen and averted stars. The colony, still insignificant, was in danger of an Indian war, was in the throes of that Antinomian controversy which threatened its very existence, yet the leaders of opinion on both sides were united in the resolve that sound learning and an educated clergy should never cease from among them or their descendants in the commonwealth they were building up. In the midst of such fears and such tumults, Harvard College was

born, and not Marina herself had a more blustering birth or a more chiding nativity. The prevision of those men must have been as clear as their faith was steadfast. Well they knew and had laid to heart the wise man's precept, "Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; for she is thy life."

There can be little question that the action of the General Court received its impulse and direction from the clergy, men of eminent qualities and of well-deserved authority. Among the Massachusetts Bay colonists the proportion of ministers, trained at Oxford and Cambridge, was surprisingly large, and, if we may trust the evidence of contemporary secular literature, such men as Higginson, Cotton, Wilson, Norton, Shephard, Bulkley, Davenport, to mention no more, were, in learning, intelligence, and general accomplishment, far above the average parson of the country and the church from which their consciences had driven them out. The presence and influence of such men were of inestimable consequence to the fortunes of the colony. If they were narrow, it was as the Sword of Righteousness is narrow. If they had but one idea, it was as the leader of a forlorn hope has but one, and can have no other, namely, to do the duty that is laid on him, and ask no questions. Our Puritan ancestors have been misrepresented and maligned by persons without imagination enough to make themselves contemporary with, and therefore able to understand, the men whose memories they strive to blacken. That happy breed of men who, both in church and state, led our first emigration were children of the most splendid intellectual epoch that England has ever known. They were the coevals of a generation which passed on in scarcely diminished radiance the torch of life kindled in great Eliza's golden days. Out of the New Learning, the new ferment alike religious and national, and the New Discoveries

with their suggestion of boundless possibility, the alembic of that age had distilled a potent elixir either inspiring or intoxicating, as the mind that imbibed it was strong or weak. Are we to suppose that the lips of the founders of New England alone were unwetted by a drop of that stimulating draught? — that Milton was the only Puritan that had read Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher? I do not believe it, whoever may. Communities as well as men have a right to be judged by their best. We are justified in taking the elder Winthrop as a type of the leading emigrants, and the more we know him, the more we learn to reverence his great qualities, whether of mind or character. The posterity of those earnest and single-minded men may have thrown the creed of their fathers into the waste-basket, but their fidelity to it and to the duties they believed it to involve is the most precious and potent drop in their transmitted blood. It is especially noteworthy that they did not make a strait-waistcoat of this creed for their new college. The more I meditate upon them, the more I am inclined to pardon the enthusiasm of our old historian when he said that God had sifted three kingdoms to plant New England. .

The Massachusetts Bay Colony itself also was then and since without a parallel. It was established by a commercial company, whose members combined in themselves the two by no means incongruous elements of religious enthusiasm and business sagacity, the earthy ingredient, as in dynamite, holding in check its explosive partner, which yet could and did explode on sufficient concussion. They meant that their venture should be gainful, but at the same time believed that nothing could be long profitable for the body wherein the soul found not also her advantage. They feared God, and kept their powder dry because they feared Him and meant

that others should. I think their most remarkable characteristic was their public spirit, and in nothing did they show both that and the wise forecast that gives it its best value more clearly than when they resolved to keep the higher education of youth in their own hands and under their own eye. This they provided for in the college. Eleven years later they established their system of public schools, where reading and writing should be taught. This they did partly, no doubt, to provide feeders for the more advanced schools, and so for the college, but even more, it may safely be inferred, because they had found that the polity to which their ends, rough-hew them as they might, must be shaped by the conditions under which they were forced to act, could be safe only in the hands of intelligent men, or, at worst, of men to whom they had given a chance to become such.

In founding the College, they had three objects: first, the teaching of the Humanities and of Hebrew as the hieratic language; second, the training of a learned as well as godly clergy; and third, the education of the Indians, that they might serve as missionaries of a higher civilization and of a purer religion, as the necessary preliminary thereto. The third of these objects, after much effort and much tribulation, they were forced to abandon. John Winthrop, Jr., in a letter written to the Honorable Robert Boyle in 1663, gives us an interesting glimpse of a pair of these dusky catechumens. "I make bold," he says, "to send heere inclosed a kind of rarity; . . . It is two papers of Latin composed by two Indians now scollars in the Colledge in this country, and the writing is with their own hands. . . . Possibly as a novelty of that kind it may be acceptable, being a reall fruit of that hopefull worke y^e is begū amongst them . . . testifying thus much that I received them of those Indians out of their own hands, and had

ready answers frō them in Latin to many questions that I propounded to them in y^e language, and heard them both express severall sentences in Greke also. I doubt not but those honorable *fautores Scientiarum* [the Royal Society] will gladly receive the intelligence of such *Vestigia Doctrinæ* in this wilderness amongst such a barbarous people." Alas, these *Vestigia* became only too soon *retrorsum*! The Indians showed a far greater natural predisposition for disfiguring the outside of other people's heads than for furnishing the insides of their own. Their own wild life must have been dear to them: the forest beckoned just outside the College door, and the first blue-bird of spring whistled them back to the woods. They would have said to the president, with the Gypsy steward in the old play when he heard the new-come nightingale, "Oh, Sir, you hear, I am called." At any rate, our College succeeded in keeping but one of these wild creatures long enough to make a graduate of him, and he thereupon vanishes into the merciful shadow of the past. His name—but, as there was only one Indian graduate, so there is only one living man who can pronounce his unconverted name, and I leave the task to Dr. Hammond Trumbull.

I shall not attempt, even in brief, a history of the College. It has already been excellently done. A compendium of it would be mainly a list of unfamiliar names, and Coleridge has said truly that such names "are non-conductors; they stop all interest."

The fame and usefulness of all institutions of learning depend on the greatness of those who teach in them.

Queis arte benigna,
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,

and great teachers are almost rarer than great poets. We can lay claim to none such (I must not speak of the living), unless it be Agassiz, whom we adopted, but we have had many devoted and some

eminent. It has not been their fault if they have not pushed farther forward the boundaries of knowledge. Our professors have been compelled by the necessities of the case (as we are apt to call things which we ought to reform, but do not) to do too much of work not properly theirs, and that of a kind so exacting as to consume the energy that might have been ample for higher service. They have been obliged to double the parts of professor and tutor. During the seventeenth century we have reason to think that the college kept pretty well up to the standard of its contemporary colleges in England, so far as its poverty would allow. It seems to have enjoyed a certain fame abroad among men who sympathized with the theology it taught, for I possess a "Hebrew Accidence," dedicated some two hundred years ago to the "illustrious academy at Boston in New England," by a Dutch scholar whom I cannot help thinking a very discerning person. That the students of that day had access to a fairly good library may be inferred from Cotton Mather's "Magnalia," though he knew not how to make the best use of it, and is a very nightmare of pedantry. That the College had made New England a good market for books is proved by John Dunton's journey hither in the interests of his trade. During the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth centuries, I fancy the condition of things here to have been very much what it was in the smaller English colleges of the period, if we may trust the verses which Gray addressed to the goddess Ignorance. Young men who were willing mainly to teach themselves might get something to their advantage, while the rest were put here by their parents as into a comfortable quarantine, where they could wait till the gates of life were opened to them, safe from any contagion of learning, except such as might be developed from previous infection. I am speaking of a great while ago. Men

are apt, I know, in after life, to lay the blame of their scholastic short-comings at the door of their teachers. They are often wrong in this, and I am quite aware that there are some pupils who are knowledge-proof; but I gather from tradition, which I believe to be trustworthy, that there have been periods in the history of the college when the students might have sung with Bishop Goliath:—

Hi nos docent, sed indocti;
Hi nos docent, et nox nocti
Indicat scientiam.

We have a means of testing the general culture given here towards the middle of the last century in the *Gratulation* presented by Harvard College on the accession of George III. It is not duller than such things usually are on the other side of the water, and it shows a pretty knack at tagging verses. It is noteworthy that the Greek in it, if I remember rightly, is wholly or chiefly Governor Bernard's. A few years earlier, some of the tracts in the Whitfield controversy prove that the writers had got here a thorough training in English, at least. They had certainly not read their Swift in vain.

But the chief service, as it was the chief office, of the college during all those years was to maintain and hand down the traditions of how excellent a thing Learning was, even if the teaching were not always adequate by way of illustration. And yet, so far as that teaching went, it was wise in this, that it gave its pupils some tincture of letters as distinguished from mere scholarship. It aimed to teach them the authors, that is, the few great ones,—the late Professor Popkin, whom the older of us remember, would have allowed that title only to the Greeks,—and to teach them in such a way as to enable the pupil to assimilate somewhat of their thought, sentiment, and style, rather than to master the minuter niceties of the language in which they

wrote. It struck for their matter, as Montaigne advised, who would have men taught to love Virtue instead of learning to decline *virtus*. It set more store by the marrow than by the bone that encased it. It made language, as it should be, a ladder to literature, and not literature a ladder to language. How many a boy has hated, and rightly hated, Homer and Horace the pedagogues and grammarians, who would have loved Homer and Horace the poets, had he been allowed to make their acquaintance. The old method of instruction had the prime merit of enabling its pupils to conceive that there is neither ancient nor modern on the narrow shelves of what is truly literature. We owe a great debt to the Germans. No one is more indebted to them than I, but is there not danger of their misleading us in some directions into pedantry? In his preface to an Old French poem of the thirteenth century, lately published, the editor informs us sorrowfully that he had the advantage of listening only two years and a half to the lectures of Professor Gaston Paris, in which time he got no farther than through the first three vowels. At this rate, to master the whole alphabet, consonants and all, would be a task fitter for the centurial adolescence of Methuselah than for our less liberal ration of years. I was glad my editor had had this advantage, and I am quite willing that Old French should get the benefit of such scrupulosity, but I think I see a tendency to train young men in the languages as if they were all to be editors, and not lovers of polite literature. Education, we are often told, is a drawing out of the faculties. May they not be drawn out too thin? I am not undervaluing philology or accuracy of scholarship. Both are excellent and admirable in their places. But philology is less beautiful to me than philosophy, as Milton understood the word, and mere accuracy is to Truth as a plaster-cast to the marble statue;

it gives the facts, but not their meaning. If I must choose, I had rather a young man should be intimate with the genius of the Greek dramatic poets than with the metres of their choruses, though I should be glad to have him on easy terms with both.

For more than two hundred years, in its discipline and courses of study, the College followed mainly the lines traced by its founders. The influence of its first half century did more than any other, perhaps more than all others, to make New England what it is. During the one hundred and forty years preceding our War of Independence it had supplied the schools of the greater part of New England with teachers. What was even more important, it had sent to every parish in Massachusetts one man, the clergyman, with a certain amount of scholarship, a belief in culture, and generally pretty sure to bring with him or to gather a considerable collection of books, by no means wholly theological. Simple and godly men were they, the truest modern antitypes of Chaucer's Good Parson, receiving much, sometimes all, of their scanty salary in kind, and eking it out by the drudgery of a cross-grained farm where the soil seems all backbone. If there was no regular practitioner, they practised without fee a grandmotherly sort of medicine, probably not much more harmful (*O, dura messorum ilia*) than the heroic treatment of the day. They contrived to save enough to send their sons through college, to portion their daughters, decently trained in English literature of the more serious kind, and perfect in the duties of household and dairy, and to make modest provision for the widow, if they should leave one. With all this, they gave their two sermons every Sunday of the year, and of a measure that would seem ruinously liberal to these less stalwart days, when scarce ten parsons together could lift the stones of Diomed which they hurled at Satan

with the easy precision of lifelong practice. And if they turned their barrel of discourses at the end of the Horatian ninth year, which of their parishioners was the wiser for it? Their one great holiday was Commencement, which they punctually attended. They shared the many toils and the rare festivals, the joys and the sorrows, of their townsmen as bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, for all were of one blood and of one faith. They dwelt on the same brotherly level with them as men, yet set apart from and above them by their sacred office. Preaching the most terrible of doctrines, as most of them did, they were humane and cheerful men, and when they came down from the pulpit seemed to have been merely twisting their "cast-iron logic" of despair, as Coleridge said of Donne, "into true-love-knots." Men of authority, wise in council, independent, for their settlement was a life-tenure, they were living lessons of piety, industry, frugality, temperance, and, with the magistrates, were a recognized aristocracy. Surely never was an aristocracy so simple, so harmless, so exemplary, and so fit to rule. I remember a few lingering survivors of them in my early boyhood, relics of a serious but not sullen past, of a community for which in civic virtue, intelligence, and general efficacy I seek a parallel in vain : —

rusticorum mascula militum
Proles . . . docta . . .
Versare glebas et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes.

I know too well the deductions to be made. It was a community without charm, or with a homely charm at best, and the life it led was visited by no muse even in dream. But it was the stuff out of which fortunate ancestors are made, and twenty-five years ago their sons showed in no diminished measure the qualities of the breed. In every household some brave boy was saying to his mother, as Iphigenia to hers, —

Thou borest me for all the Greeks, not for thyself
alone.

Nor were Harvard's sons the last. This hall commemorates them, but their story is written in headstones all over the land they saved.

To the teaching and example of those reverend men whom Harvard bred and then planted in every hamlet as pioneers and outposts of her doctrine, Massachusetts owes the better part of her moral and intellectual inheritance. They, too, were the progenitors of a numerous and valid race. My friend Dr. Holmes was, I believe, the first to point out how large a proportion of our men of light and leading sprang from their loins. The illustrious Chief Magistrate of the Republic, who honors us with his presence here to-day, has ancestors italicized in our printed registers, and has shown himself worthy of his pedigree.

During the present century, I believe that Harvard received and welcomed the new learning from Germany at the hands of Everett, Bancroft, and Ticknor, before it had been accepted by the more conservative universities of the Old Home. Everett's translation of Buttmann's Greek Grammar was reprinted in England, with the "Massachusetts" omitted after "Cambridge," at the end of the preface, to conceal its American origin. Emerson has told us how his intellectual life was quickened by the eloquent enthusiasm of Everett's teaching. Mr. Bancroft made strenuous efforts to introduce a more wholesome discipline and maturer methods of study, with the result of a rebellion of the Freshman Class, who issued a manifesto of their wrongs, written by the late Robert Rantoul, which ended thus : "Shall FREEMEN bear this? FRESHMEN are freemen!" They, too, remembered Revolutionary sires. Mr. Bancroft's translation of Heeren was the first of its kind, and it is worth mention that the earliest version from Henry Heine into English was made here, and

by a graduate of Harvard. Ticknor also strove earnestly to enlarge the scope of the collegiate courses of study. The force of the new impulse did not last long, or produce, unless indirectly, lasting results. It was premature, the students were really school-boys, and the college was not yet capable of the larger university life. The conditions of American life, too, were such that young men looked upon scholarship neither as an end nor as a means, but simply as an accomplishment, like music or dancing, of which they were to acquire a little more or a little less, generally a little less, according to individual taste or circumstances. It has been mainly during the last twenty-five years that the College, having already the name, but by no means all the resources, of a university, has been trying to perform some, at least, of the functions which that title implies.

Now half appears
The tawny lion, pawing to get free."

Let us, then, no longer look backwards, but forwards, as our fathers did when they laid our humble foundations in the wilderness. The motto first proposed for the college arms was, as you know, *Veritas*, written across three open books. It was a noble one, and, if the full bearing of it was understood, as daring as it was noble. Perhaps it was discarded because an *open* book seemed hardly the fittest symbol for what is so hard to find, and, if ever we fancy we have found it, so hard to decipher and to translate into our own language and life. Pilate's question still murmurs in the ear of every thoughtful, and Montaigne's in that of every honest man. The motto finally substituted for that, *Christo et Ecclesiæ*, is, when rightly interpreted, substantially the same, for it means that we are to devote ourselves to the highest conception we have of Truth and to the preaching of it. Fortunately, the Sphinx proposes her conundrums to us one at a time and at intervals proportioned to our wits.

Joseph de Maistre says that "un homme d'esprit est tenu de savoir deux choses : 1°, ce qu'il est ; 2°, où il est." The questions for us are, In what sense are we become a university? And then, if we become so, What and to what end should a university aim to teach now and here in this America of ours whose meaning no man can yet comprehend? And, when we have settled what it is best to teach, comes the further question, How are we to teach it? Whether with an eye to its effect on developing character or personal availability, that is to say, to its effect in the conduct of life, or on the chances of getting a livelihood? Perhaps we shall find that we must have a care for both, and I cannot see why the two need be incompatible; but if they are, I should choose the former term of the alternative.

In a not remote past, society had still certain recognized, authoritative guides, and the college trained them as the fashion of the day required. But

Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?

That ancient Close Corporation of official guides has been compelled to surrender its charter. We are pestered with as many volunteers as at Niagara, and, as there, if we follow any of them, may count on paying for it pretty dearly. The office of the higher instruction, nevertheless, continues to be as it always was, the training of such guides; only it must now try to fit them out with as much more personal accomplishment and authority as may compensate the loss of hierarchical prestige.

When President Walker, it must be now nearly thirty years ago, asked me in common with my colleagues what my notion of a university was, I answered, "A university is a place where nothing useful is taught; but a university is possible only where a man may get his livelihood by digging Sanscrit roots." What I meant was that the highest office of the somewhat complex thing so named, was to distribute the true Bread

of Life, the *pane 'degli angeli*, as Dante called it, and to breed an appetite for it; but that it should also have the means and appliances for teaching everything, as the mediæval universities aimed to do in their *trivium* and *quadrivium*. I had in mind the ideal and the practical sides of the institution, and was thinking also whether such an institution was practicable, and, if so, whether it was desirable, in a country like this. I think it eminently desirable, and, if it be, what should be its chief function? I choose rather to hesitate my opinion than to assert it roundly. But some opinion I am bound to have, either my own or another man's, if I would be in the fashion, though I may not be wholly satisfied with the one or the other. Opinions are "as handy," to borrow our Yankee proverb, "as a pocket in a shirt," and, I may add, as hard to come at. I hope, then, that the day will come when a competent professor may lecture here also for three years on the first three vowels of the Romance alphabet, and find fit audience, though few. I hope the day may never come when the weightier matters of a language, namely, such parts of its literature as have overcome death by reason of their wisdom and of the beauty in which it is incarnated, such parts as are universal by reason of their civilizing properties, their power to elevate and fortify the mind, — I hope the day may never come when these are not predominant in the teaching given here. Let the Humanities be maintained undiminished in their ancient right. Leave in their traditional pre-eminence those arts that were rightly called liberal; those studies that kindle the imagination, and through it irradiate the reason; those studies that manumitted the modern mind; those in which the brains of finest temper have found alike their stimulus and their repose, taught by them that the power of intellect is heightened in proportion as it is made gracious by

measure and symmetry. Give us science, too, but give first of all, and last of all, the science that ennobles life and makes it generous. I stand here as a man of letters, and as a man of letters I must speak. But I am speaking with no exclusive intention. No one believes more firmly than I in the usefulness, I might well say the necessity, of variety in study, and of opening the freest scope possible to the prevailing bent of every mind when that bent shows itself to be so predominating as to warrant it. Many-sidedness of culture makes our vision clearer and keener in particulars. For after all, the noblest definition of Science is that breadth and impartiality of view which liberates the mind from specialties, and enables it to organize whatever we learn, so that it become real Knowledge by being brought into true and helpful relation with the rest.

By far the most important change that has been introduced into the theory and practice of our teaching here by the new position in which we find ourselves has been that of the elective or voluntary system of studies. We have justified ourselves by the familiar proverb that one man may lead a horse to water, but ten can't make him drink. Proverbs are excellent things, but we should not let even proverbs bully us. They are the wisdom of the understanding, not of the higher reason. There is another animal, which even Simonides could compliment only on the spindle-side of his pedigree, and which ten men could not lead to water, much less make him drink when they got him thither. Are we not trying to force university forms into college methods too narrow for them? There is some danger that the elective system may be pushed too far and too fast. There are not a few who think that it has gone too far already. And they think so because we are in process of transformation, still in the hobbledehoy period, not having ceased to be college, nor yet having reached

the full manhood of a university, so that we speak with that ambiguous voice, half bass, half treble, or mixed of both, which is proper to a certain stage of adolescence. We are trying to do two things with one tool, and that tool not specially adapted to either. Are our students old enough thoroughly to understand the import of the choice they are called on to make, and, if old enough, are they wise enough? Shall their parents make the choice for them? I am not sure that even parents are so wise as the unbroken experience and practice of mankind. We are comforted by being told that in this we are only complying with what is called the Spirit of the Age, which may be, after all, only a finer name for the mischievous goblin known to our forefathers as Puck. I have seen several Spirits of the Age in my time, of very different voices and summoning in very different directions, but unanimous in their propensity to land us in the mire at last. Would it not be safer to make sure first whether the Spirit of the Age, who would be a very insignificant fellow if we docked him of his capitals, be not a lying spirit, since such there are? It is at least curious that, while the more advanced teaching has a strong drift in the voluntary direction, the compulsory system, as respects primary studies, is gaining ground. Is it indeed so self-evident a proposition as it seems to many that "You may" is as wholesome a lesson for youth as "You must"? Is it so good a fore-schooling for Life, which will be a teacher of quite other mood, making us learn, rod in hand, precisely those lessons we should not have chosen? I have, to be sure, heard the late President Quincy (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) say that if a young man came hither and did nothing more than rub his shoulders against the college buildings for four years, he would imbibe some tincture of sound learning by an involuntary process of absorption. The founders of the College

also believed in some impulsions towards science communicated *à tergo* but of sharper virtue, and accordingly armed their president with that *ductor dubitanti* which was wielded to such good purpose by the Reverend James Bowyer at Christ's Hospital in the days of Coleridge and Lamb. They believed with the old poet that whipping was "a wild benefit of nature," and, could they have read Wordsworth's exquisite stanza, —

One impulse from a vernal wood
Can teach us more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can,

they would have struck out "vernal" and inserted "birchen" on the margin.

I am not, of course, arguing in favor of a return to those vapulatory methods, but the birch, like many other things that have passed out of the region of the practical, may have another term of usefulness as a symbol after it has ceased to be a reality.

One is sometimes tempted to think that all learning is as repulsive to ingenuous youth as the multiplication table to Scott's little friend Marjorie Fleming, though this is due in great part to mechanical methods of teaching. "I am now going to tell you," she writes, "the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication table gives me; you can't conceive it; the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7; it is what nature itself can't endure." I know that I am approaching treacherous ashes which cover burning coals, but I must on. Is not Greek, nay, even Latin, yet more unendurable than poor Marjorie's task? How many boys have not sympathized with Heine in hating the Romans because they invented Latin Grammar? And they were quite right, for we begin the study of languages at the wrong end, at the end which nature does not offer us, and are thoroughly tired of them before we arrive at them, if you will pardon the bull.

But is that any reason for not studying them in the right way? I am familiar with the arguments for making the study of Greek especially a matter of choice or chance. I admit their plausibility and the honesty of those who urge them. I should be willing also to admit that the study of the ancient languages without the hope or the prospect of going on to what they contain would be useful only as a form of intellectual gymnastics. Even so they would be as serviceable as the higher mathematics to most of us. But I think that a wise teacher should adapt his tasks to the highest, and not the lowest, capacities of the taught. For those lower also they would not be wholly without profit. When there is a tedious sermon, says George Herbert,

God takes a text and teacheth patience,
not the least pregnant of lessons. One of the arguments against the compulsory study of Greek, namely, that it is wiser to give our time to modern languages and modern history than to dead languages and ancient history, involves, I think, a verbal fallacy. Only those languages can properly be called dead in which nothing living has been written. If the classic languages are dead, they yet speak to us, and with a clearer voice than that of any living tongue.

*Gratis ingenium, Gratis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.*

If their language is dead, yet the literature it enshrines is rammed with life as perhaps no other writing, except Shakespeare's, ever was or will be. It is as contemporary with to-day as with the ears it first enraptured, for it appeals not to the man of then or now, but to the entire round of human nature itself. Men are ephemeral or evanescent, but whatever page the authentic soul of man has touched with her immortalizing finger, no matter how long ago, is still young and fair as it was to the world's gray fathers. Oblivion looks in the face of the Grecian Muse only to forget her errand. Even

for the mastering of our own tongue, there is no expedient so fruitful as translation out of another; how much more when that other is a language at once so precise and so flexible as the Greek? Greek literature is also the most fruitful comment on our own. Coleridge has told us with what profit he was made to study Shakespeare and Milton in conjunction with the Greek dramatists. It is no sentimental argument for this study that the most justly balanced, the most serene, and the most fecundating minds since the revival of learning have been steeped in and saturated with Greek literature. We know not whither other studies will lead us, especially if dissociated from this; we do know to what summits, far above our lower region of turmoil, this has led, and what the many-sided outlook thence. Will such studies make anachronisms of us, unfit us for the duties and the business of to-day? I can recall no writer more truly modern than Montaigne, who was almost more at home in Athens and Rome than in Paris. Yet he was a thrifty manager of his estate and a most competent mayor of Bordeaux. I remember passing once in London where demolition for a new thoroughfare was going on. Many houses left standing in the rear of those cleared away bore signs with the inscription "*Ancient Lights.*" This was the protest of their owners against being built out by the new improvements from such glimpse of heaven as their fathers had, without adequate equivalent. I laid the moral to heart.

I am speaking of the College as it has always existed and still exists. In so far as it may be driven to put on the forms of the university, — I do not mean the four Faculties merely, but in the modern sense, — we shall naturally find ourselves compelled to assume the method with the function. Some day we shall offer here a chance, at least, to acquire the *omne scibile*. I shall be glad, as shall we all, when the young Amer

ican need no longer go abroad for any part of his training, though that may not be always a disadvantage, if Shakespeare was right in thinking that

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. I should be still gladder if Harvard should be the place that offered the alternative. It seems more than ever probable that this will happen, and happen in our day. And whenever it does happen, it will be due, more than to any and all others, to the able, energetic, single-minded, and yet fair-minded man who has presided over the College during the trying period of transition, and who will by a rare combination of eminent qualities carry that transition forward to its accomplishment without haste and without jar, — *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*. He more than any of his distinguished predecessors has brought the university into closer and more telling relations with the national life in whatever that life has which is most distinctive and most hopeful.

But we still mainly occupy the position of a German Gymnasium. Under existing circumstances, therefore, and with the methods of teaching they enforce, I think that special and advanced courses should be pushed on, so far as possible, as the other professional courses are, into the post-graduate period. The opportunity would be greater because the number would be less, and the teaching not only more thorough, but more vivifying through the more intimate relation of teacher and pupil. Under those conditions the voluntary system will not only be possible, but will come of itself, for every student will know what he wants and where he may get it, and learning will be loved, as it should be, for its own sake as well as for what it gives. The friends of university training can do nothing that would forward it more than the founding of post-graduate fellowships and the building and endowing of a hall where the holders of them might be commensals, remember-

ing that when Cardinal Wolsey built Christ Church at Oxford his first care was the kitchen. Nothing is so great a quickener of the faculties or so likely to prevent their being narrowed to a single groove as the frequent social commingling of men who are aiming at one goal by different paths. If you would have really great scholars, and our life offers no prizes for such, it would be well if the university could offer them. I have often been struck with the many-sided versatility of the Fellows of English colleges who have kept their wits in training by continual fence one with another.

During the first two centuries of her existence, it may be affirmed that Harvard did sufficiently well the only work she was called on to do, perhaps the only work it was possible for her to do. She gave to Boston her scholarly impress, to the Commonwealth her scholastic impulse. To the clergy of her training was mainly intrusted the oversight of the public schools; these were, as I have said, though indirectly, feeders of the college, for their teaching was of the plainest. But if a boy in any country village showed uncommon parts, the clergyman was sure to hear of it. He and the Squire and the Doctor, if there was one, talked it over, and that boy was sure to be helped onward to college; for next to the five points of Calvinism our ancestors believed in a college education, that is, in the best education that was to be had. The system, if system it should be called, was a good one, a practical application of the doctrine of Natural Selection. Ah! how the parents — nay, the whole family — moiled and pinched that their boy might have the chance denied to them! Mr. Matthew Arnold has told us that in contemporary France, which seems doomed to try every theory of enlightenment by which the fingers may be burned or the house set on fire, the children of the public schools are taught in answer to the question, "Who

gives you all these fine things?" to say, "The State." Ill fares the State in which the parental image is replaced by an abstraction. The answer of the boy of whom I have been speaking would have been in a spirit better for the State and for the hope of his own future life: "I owe them, under God, to my own industry, to the sacrifices of my father and mother, and to the sympathy of good men." Nor was the boy's self-respect lessened, for the aid was given by loans, to be repaid when possible. The times have changed, and it is no longer the ambition of a promising boy to go to college. They are taught to think that a common-school education is good enough for all practical purposes. And so perhaps it is, but not for all ideal purposes. Our public schools teach too little or too much: too little if education is to go no further, too many things if what is taught is to be taught thoroughly; and the more they *seem* to teach, the less likely is education to go further, for it is one of the prime weaknesses of a democracy to be satisfied with the second-best if it appear to answer the purpose tolerably well, and to be cheaper—as it never is in the long run.

Harvard has done much by raising its standard to force upwards that also of the preparatory schools. The leaven thus infused will, let us hope, filter gradually downwards till it raise a ferment in the lower grades as well. What we need more than anything else is to increase the number of our highly cultivated men and thoroughly trained minds; for these, wherever they go, are sure to carry with them, consciously or not, the seeds of sounder thinking and of higher ideals. The only way in which our civilization can be maintained even at the level it has reached, the only way in which that level can be made more general and be raised higher, is by bringing the influence of the more cultivated to bear with more energy and

directness on the less cultivated, and by opening more inlets to those indirect influences which make for refinement of mind and body. Democracy must show its capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its manifold varieties, or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it do not in some sort satisfy that inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure. Unless it know how to make itself gracious and winning, it is a failure. Has it done this? Is it doing this? Or trying to do it? Not yet, I think, if one may judge by that commonplace of our newspapers that an American who stays long enough in Europe is sure to find his own country unendurable when he comes back. This is not true, if I may judge from some little experience, but it is interesting as implying a certain consciousness, which is of the most hopeful augury. But we must not be impatient; it is a far cry from the dwellers in caves to even such civilization as we have achieved. I am conscious that life has been trying to civilize me for now nearly seventy years with what seem to me very inadequate results. *We* cannot afford to wait, but the Race can. And when I speak of civilization I mean those things that tend to develop the moral forces of Man, and not merely to quicken his æsthetic sensibility, though there is often a nearer relation between the two than is popularly believed.

The tendency of a prosperous Democracy—and hitherto we have had little to do but prosper—is towards an overweening confidence in itself and its home-made methods, an overestimate of material success, and a corresponding indifference to the things of the mind. The popular ideal of success seems to be more than ever before the accumulation of riches. I say "seems," for it

may be only because the opportunities are greater. I am not ignorant that wealth is the great fertilizer of civilization, and of the arts that beautify it. The very names of civilization and politeness show that the refinement of manners which made the arts possible is the birth of cities where wealth earliest accumulated because it found itself secure. Wealth may be an excellent thing, for it means power, it means leisure, it means liberty.

But these, divorced from culture, that is, from intelligent purpose, become the very mockery of their own essence, not goods, but evils fatal to their possessor, and bring with them, like the Niblung hoard, a doom instead of a blessing. A man rich only for himself has a life as barren and cheerless as the serpent set to guard a buried treasure. I am saddened when I see our success as a nation measured by the number of acres under tillage or of bushels of wheat exported; for the real value of a country must be weighed in scales more delicate than the Balance of Trade. The garners of Sicily are empty now, but the bees from all climes still fetch honey from the tiny garden-plot of Theocritus. On a map of the world you may cover Judea with your thumb, Athens with a finger-tip, and neither of them figures in the Prices Current; but they still lord it in the thought and action of every civilized man. Did not Dante cover with his hood all that was Italy six hundred years ago? And, if we go back a century, where was Germany outside of Weimar? Material success is good, but only as the necessary preliminary of better things. The measure of a nation's true success is the amount it has contributed to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation, of mankind. There is no other, let our candidates flatter us as they may. We still make a confusion between huge and great. I know that I am repeating tru-

isms, but they are truisms that need to be repeated in season and out of season.

The most precious property of Culture and of a college as its trustee is to maintain higher ideals of life and its purpose, to keep trimmed and burning the lamps of that pharos, built by wiser than we, which warns from the reefs and shallows of popular doctrine. In proportion as there are more thoroughly cultivated persons in a community will the finer uses of prosperity be taught and the vulgar uses of it become disreputable. And it is such persons that we are commissioned to send out with such consciousness of their fortunate vocation and such devotion to it as we may. We are confronted with unexampled problems. First of all is democracy, and that under conditions in great part novel, with its hitherto imperfectly tabulated results, whether we consider its effect upon national character, on popular thought, or on the functions of law and government; we have to deal with a time when the belief seems to be spreading that truth not only can but should be settled by a show of hands rather than by a count of heads, and that one man is as good as another for all purposes, — as, indeed, he is till a real man is needed; with a time when the press is more potent for good or for evil than ever any human agency was before, and yet is controlled more than ever before by its interests as a business rather than by its sense of duty as a teacher, and must purvey news instead of intelligence; with a time when divers and strange doctrines touching the greatest human interests are allowed to run about unmuzzled in greater number and variety than ever before since the Reformation passed into its stage of putrefactive fermentation; with a time when the idols of the market-place are more devoutly worshipped than ever Diana of the Ephesians was; when the guilds of the Middle Ages are revived among us with the

avowed purpose of renewing by the misuse of universal suffrage the class legislation to escape which we left the Old World; when the electric telegraph, by making public opinion simultaneous, is also making it liable to those delusions, panics, and gregarious impulses which transform otherwise reasonable men into a mob; and when, above all, the better mind of the country is said to be growing more and more alienated from the highest of all sciences and services, the government of it. I have drawn up a dreary catalogue, and the moral it points is this: That the College, in so far as it continues to be still a college, as in great part it does and must, is and should be limited by certain pre-existing conditions, and must consider first what the more general objects of education are without neglecting special aptitudes more than cannot be helped. That more general purpose is, I take it, to set free, to supple, and to train the faculties in such wise as shall make them most effective for whatever task life may afterwards set them, for the duties of life rather than for its business, and to open windows on every side of the mind where thickness of wall does not prevent it.

Let our aim be as hitherto to give a good all-round education fitted to cope with as many exigencies of the day as possible. I had rather the college should turn, out one of Aristotle's four-square men capable of holding his own in whatever field he may be cast, than a score of lopsided ones developed abnormally in one direction. Our scheme should be adapted to the wants of the majority of under-graduates, to the objects that drew them hither, and to such training as will make the most of them after they come. Special aptitudes are sure to take care of themselves, but the latent possibilities of the average mind can only be discovered by experiment in many directions. When I speak of the average mind, I do not mean that

the courses of study should be adapted to the average level of intelligence, but to the highest, for in these matters it is wiser to grade upwards than downwards, since the best is the only thing that is good enough. To keep the wing-footed down to the pace of the leaden-soled disheartens the one without in the least encouraging the other. "Brains," says Machiavelli, are of three generations, "those that understand of themselves, those that understand when another shows them, and those that understand neither of themselves nor by the showing of others." It is the first class that should set the stint; the second will get on better than if they had set it themselves; and the third will at least have the pleasure of watching the others show their paces.

In the College proper, I repeat, for it is the birthday of the College that we are celebrating, it is the College that we love and of which we are proud, let it continue to give such a training as will fit the rich to be trusted with riches, and the poor to withstand the temptations of poverty. Give to History, give to Political Economy, that ample verge the times demand, but with no detriment to those liberal Arts which have formed open-minded men and good citizens in the past, nor have lost the skill to form them. Let it be our hope to make a gentleman of every youth who is put under our charge; not a conventional gentleman, but a man of culture, a man of intellectual resource, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul. This we have tried to do in the past, this let us try to do in the future. We cannot do this for all, at best, — perhaps only for the few; but the influence for good of a highly trained intelligence and a harmoniously developed character is incalculable; for though it be subtle and gradual in its operation, it is as perva-

sive as it is subtle. There may be few of these, there must be few, but

That few is all the world which with a few
Doth ever live and move and work and stirre.

They who, on a tiny clearing pared from the edge of the woods, built here, most probably with the timber hewed from the trees they felled, our earliest hall, with the solitude of ocean behind them, the mystery of forest before them, and all about them a desolation, must surely (*si quis animis celestibus locus*) share our gladness and our gratitude at the splendid fulfilment of their vision. If we could but have preserved the humble roof which housed so great a future, Mr. Ruskin himself would almost have admitted that no castle or cathedral was ever richer in sacred associations, in pathos of the past, and in moral significance. They who reared it had the sublime prescience of that courage which fears only God, and could say confidently in the face of all discouragement and doubt, "He hath led me forth into a large place; because he delighted in me He hath delivered me." We cannot honor them too much; we can repay them only by showing, as occasions rise, that we do not undervalue the worth of their example.

Brethren of the Alumni, it now becomes my duty to welcome in your name the guests who have come, some of them so far, to share our congratulations and hopes to-day. I cannot name them all and give to each his fitting praise. Thrice welcome to them all, and, as is fitting, first to those from abroad, representatives of illustrious seats of learning

that were old in usefulness and fame when ours was in its cradle; and next to those of our own land, from colleges and universities which, if not daughters of Harvard, are young enough to be so, and are one with her in heart and hope. I said that I should single out none by name, but I should not represent you fitly if I gave no special greeting to the gentleman who brings the message of John Harvard's College, Emmanuel. The welcome we give him could not be warmer than that which we offer to his colleagues, but we cannot help feeling that in pressing his hand our own instinctively closes a little more tightly, as with a sense of nearer kindred. There is also one other name of which it would be indecorous not to make an exception. You all know that I can mean only the President of our Republic. His presence is a signal honor to us all, and to us all I may say a personal gratification. We have no politics here, but the sons of Harvard all belong to the party which admires courage, strength of purpose, and fidelity to duty, and which respects, wherever he may be found, the

Justum et tenacem propositi virum,

who knows how to withstand the

Civium ardor prava jubentium.

He has left the helm of state to be with us here, and so long as it is intrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say with Seneca's Pilot, "O Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true."

POEM.

TWICE had the mellowing sun of autumn crowned
 The hundredth circle of his yearly round,
 When, as we meet to-day, our fathers met;
 That joyous gathering who can e'er forget,
 When Harvard's nurslings, scattered far and wide,
 Through mart and village, lake's and ocean's side,
 Came, with one impulse, one fraternal throng,
 And crowned the hours with banquet, speech, and song?

Once more revived in fancy's magic glass,
 I see in state the long procession pass:
 Tall, courtly, leader, as by right divine,
 Winthrop, our Winthrop, rules the marshalled line,
 Still seen in front, as on that far-off day
 His ribboned baton showed the column's way.
 Not all are gone who marched in manly pride
 And waved their truncheons at their leader's side;
 Gray, Lowell, Dixwell, who his empire shared,
 These to be with us envious Time has spared.

Few are the faces, so familiar then,
 Our eyes still meet amid the haunts of men;
 Scarce one of all the living gathered there,
 Whose unthinned locks betrayed a silver hair,
 Greets us to-day, and yet we seem the same
 As our own sires and grandsires, save in name.

There are the patriarchs, looking vaguely round
 For classmates' faces, hardly known if found;
 See the cold brow that rules the busy mart;
 Close at its side the pallid son of art,
 Whose purchased skill with borrowed meaning clothes,
 And stolen hues, the smirking face he loathes.
 Here is the patient scholar; in his looks
 You read the titles of his learned books;
 What classic lore those spidery crow's-feet speak!
 What problems figure on that wrinkled cheek!
 For never thought but left its stiffened trace,
 Its fossil foot-print, on the plastic face,
 As the swift record of a raindrop stands,
 Fixed on the tablet of the hardening sands.
 On every face as on the written page
 Each year renews the autograph of age;
 One trait alone may wasting years defy,—
 The fire still lingering in the poet's eye,

While Hope, the siren, sings her sweetest strain,—
Non omnis moriar is its proud refrain.

Sadly we gaze upon the vacant chair;
He who should claim its honors is not there,—
Otis, whose lips the listening crowd enthrall
That press and pack the floor of Boston's hall.
But Kirkland smiles, released from toil and care
Since the silk mantle younger shoulders wear,—
Quincy's, whose spirit breathes the self-same fire
That filled the bosom of his youthful sire,
Who for the altar bore the kindled torch
To freedom's temple, dying in its porch.

Three grave professions in their sons appear,
Whose words well studied all well pleased will hear:
Palfrey, ordained in varied walks to shine,
Statesman, historian, critic, and divine;
Solid and square behold majestic Shaw,
A mass of wisdom and a mine of law;
Warren, whose arm the doughtiest warriors fear,
Asks of the startled crowd to lend its ear;
Proud of his calling, him the world loves best,
Not as the coming, but the parting guest.

Look on that form,—with eye dilating scan
The stately mould of nature's kingliest man!
Tower-like he stands in life's unfaded prime;
Ask you his name? None asks a second time!
He from the land his outward semblance takes,
Where storm-swept mountains watch o'er slumbering lakes,—
See in the impress which the body wears
How its imperial might the soul declares,—
The forehead's large expansion, lofty, wide,
That locks unsilvered vainly strive to hide,—
The lines of thought that plough the sober cheek,
Lips that betray their wisdom ere they speak
In tones like answers from Dodona's grove.—
An eye like Juno's when she frowns on Jove,—
I look and wonder; will he be content—
This man, this monarch, for the purple meant—
The meaner duties of his tribe to share,
Clad in the garb that common mortals wear?
Ah, rash Ambition, spread thy restless wings,
Beneath whose plumes the hidden æstrum stings;
Thou whose bold flight would leave earth's vulgar crowds,
And like the eagle soar above the clouds,
Must feel the pang that fallen angels know
When the red lightning strikes thee from below!

Less bronze, more silver, mingles in the mould
Of him whom next my roving eyes behold;

His, more the scholar's than the statesman's face,
 Proclaims him born of academic race.
 Weary his look, as if an aching brain
 Left on his brow the frozen prints of pain;
 His voice far-reaching, grave, sonorous, owns
 A shade of sadness in its plaintive tones,
 Yet when its breath some loftier thought inspires,
 Glows with a heat that every bosom fires.
 Such Everett seems; no chance-sown wild flower knows
 The full-blown charms of culture's double rose, —
 Alas, how soon, by death's unsparing frost,
 Its bloom is faded and its fragrance lost!

Two voices, only two, to earth belong,
 Of all whose accents met the listening throng:
 Winthrop, alike for speech and guidance framed,
 On that proud day a two-fold duty claimed.
 One other yet, — remembered or forgot, —
 Forgive my silence if I name him not.
 Can I believe it? I, whose youthful voice
 Claimed a brief gamut, — notes not over choice, —
 Stood undismayed before that solemn throng,
 And *propria voce* sung that saucy song
 Which even in memory turns my soul aghast, —
Felix audacia was the verdict cast.

What were the glory of these festal days
 Shorn of their grand illumination's blaze?
 Night comes at last with all her starry train
 To find a light in every glittering pane.
 From "Harvard's" windows see the sudden flash, —
 Old "Massachusetts" glares through every sash,
 From wall to wall the kindling splendors run
 Till all is glorious as the noonday sun.

How to the scholar's mind each object brings
 What some historian tells, some poet sings!
 The good gray teacher whom we all revered, —
 Loved, honored, laughed at, and by freshmen feared,
 As from old "Harvard" where its light began,
 From hall to hall the clustering splendors ran, —
 Took down his well-worn Æschylus and read,
 Lit by the rays a thousand tapers shed,
 How the swift herald crossed the leagues between
 Mycenæ's monarch and his faithless queen;
 And thus he read, — my verse but ill displays
 The Attic picture, clad in modern phrase:

*On Ida's summit flames the kindling pile,
 And Lemnos answers from his rocky isle;
 From Athos next it climbs the reddening skies,*

*Thence where the watch-towers of Macistus rise.
The sentries of Mesapius in their turn
Bid the dry heath in high-piled masses burn,
Cithæron's crag the crimson billows stain,
Far Ægiplancus joins the fiery train ;
Thus the swift courier through the pathless night
Has gained at length the Arachnæan height,
Whence the glad tidings, borne on wings of flame,
"Ilium has fallen !" reach the royal dame.*

So ends the day ; before the midnight stroke
The lights expiring cloud the air with smoke ;
While these the toil of younger hands employ,
The slumbering Grecian dreams of smouldering Troy.

As to that hour with backward steps I turn,
Midway I pause ; behold a funeral urn !
Ah, sad memorial ! known but all too well
The tale which thus its golden letters tell :

*This dust, once breathing, changed its joyous life
For toil and hunger, wounds and mortal strife ;
Love, friendship, learning's all-prevailing charms,
For the cold bivouac and the clash of arms.
The cause of freedom won, a race enslaved
Called back to manhood, and a nation saved,
These sons of Harvard falling ere their prime
Leave their proud memory to the coming time.*

While in their still retreats our scholars turn
The mildewed pages of the past, to learn
With endless labor of the sleepless brain
What once has been and ne'er shall be again,
We reap the harvest of their ceaseless toil
And find a fragrance in their midnight oil.
But let a purblind mortal dare the task
The embryo future of itself to ask,
The world reminds him, with a scornful laugh,
That times have changed since Prospero broke his staff.
Could all the wisdom of the schools foretell
The dismal hour when Lisbon shook and fell,
Or name the shuddering night that toppled down
Our sister's pride, beneath whose mural crown
Scarce had the scowl forgot its angry lines,
When earth's blind prisoners fired their fatal mines ?

New realms, new worlds, exulting science claims,
Still the dim future unexplored remains ;
Her trembling scales the far-off planet weigh,
Her torturing prisms its elements betray, —
We know what ores the fires of Sirius melt,

What vaporous metals gild Orion's belt;
 Angels, archangels, may have yet to learn
 Those hidden truths our heaven-taught eyes discern;
 Yet vain is Knowledge, with her mystic wand,
 To pierce the cloudy screen and read beyond;
 Once to the silent stars the fates were known,
 To us they tell no secrets but their own.

At Israel's altar still we humbly bow,
 But where, oh where, are Israel's prophets now?
 Where is the sibyl with her hoarded leaves?
 Where is the charm the weird enchantress weaves?
 No croaking raven turns the auspex pale,
 No reeking altars tell the morrow's tale;
 The measured footsteps of the Fates are dumb,
 Unseen, unheard, unheralded, they come,
 Prophet and priest and all their following fail.
 Who then is left to rend the future's veil?

Who but the poet, he whose nicer sense
 No film can baffle with its slight defence,
 Whose finer vision marks the waves that stray,
 Felt, but unseen, beyond the violet ray, —
 Who, while the storm-wind waits its darkening shroud,
 Foretells the tempest ere he sees the cloud, —
 Stays not for time his secrets to reveal,
 But reads his message ere he breaks the seal.
 So Mantua's bard foretold the coming day
 Ere Bethlehem's infant in the manger lay;
 The promise trusted to a mortal tongue
 Found listening ears before the angels sung.
 So while his load the creeping pack-horse galled,
 While inch by inch the dull canal-boat crawled,
 Darwin beheld a Titan form "afar
 Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car,"
 That panting giant fed by air and flame,
 The mightiest forges task their strength to tame,
 Snatched from the grasp of heaven's reluctant sire
 As first Prometheus stole its parent fire.

Happy the poet! him no tyrant fact
 Holds in its clutches to be chained and racked;
 Him shall no mouldy document convict,
 No stern statistics gravely contradict;
 No rival sceptre threatens his airy throne;
 He rules o'er shadows, but he reigns alone.

Shall I the poet's broad dominion claim
 Because you bid me wear his sacred name
 For these few moments? Shall I boldly clash
 My flint and steel, and by the sudden flash

Read the fair vision which my soul describes
Through the wide pupils of its wondering eyes?
List then awhile; the fifty years have sped;
The third full century's opened scroll is spread,
Blank to all eyes save his who dimly sees
The shadowy future told in words like these:

How strange the prospect to my sight appears,
Changed by the busy hands of fifty years!
Full well I know our ocean-salted Charles,
Filling and emptying through the sands and marls
That wall his restless stream on either bank,
Not all unlovely when the sedges rank
Lend their coarse veil the sable ooze to hide
That bares its blackness with the ebbing tide.
In other shapes to my illumined eyes
Those ragged margins of our stream arise:
Through walls of stone the sparkling waters flow,
In clearer depths the golden sunsets glow,
On purer waves the lamps of midnight gleam,
That silver o'er the unpolluted stream.
Along his shores what stately temples rise,
What spires, what turrets, print the shadowed skies!
Our smiling Mother sees her broad domain
Spread its tall roofs along the western plain;
Those blazoned windows' blushing glories tell
Of grateful hearts that loved her long and well;
Yon gilded dome that glitters in the sun
Was Dives' gift,—alas, his only one!
These buttressed walls enshrine a banker's name,
That hallowed chapel hides a miser's shame;
Their wealth they left,—their memory cannot fade
Though age shall crumble every stone they laid.

Great lord of millions,—let me call thee great,
Since countless servants at thy bidding wait,—
Richesse oblige,—no mortal must be blind
To all but self, or look at human kind,
Laboring and suffering,—all its wants and woe,—
Through sheets of crystal, as a pleasing show
That makes life happier for the chosen few
Duty for whom is something not to do.

When thy last page of life at length is filled,
What shall thine heirs to keep thy memory build?
Will piles of stone in Auburn's mournful shade
Save from neglect the spot where thou art laid?
Nay, deem not thus; the sauntering stranger's eye
Will pass unmoved thy columned tombstone by,
No memory wakened, not a tear-drop shed,
Thy name uncared for and thy date unread.

But if thy record thou indeed dost prize

Bid from the soil some stately temple rise,—
 Some hall of learning, some memorial shrine,
 With names long honored to associate thine:
 So shalt thy fame outlive thy shattered bust
 When all around thee slumber in the dust.
 Thus England's Henry lives in Eton's towers,—
 Saved from the spoil oblivion's gulf devours,—
 Our later records with as fair a fame
 Have wreathed each uncrowned benefactor's name.
 The walls they reared the memories still retain
 That churchyard marbles try to keep in vain.
 In vain the delving antiquary tries
 To find the tomb where generous Harvard lies:
 Here, here, his lasting monument is found,
 Where every spot is consecrated ground!
 O'er Stoughton's dust the crumbling stone decays,—
 Fast fade its lines of lapidary praise;
 There the wild bramble weaves its ragged nets,
 There the dry lichen spreads its gray rosettes;
 Still in yon walls his memory lives unspent,
 Nor asks a braver, nobler monument.
 Thus Hollis lives, and Holden, honored, praised,
 And good Sir Matthew, in the halls they raised;
 Thus live the worthies of these later times,
 Who shine in deeds, less brilliant grouped in rhymes.
 Say, shall the Muse with faltering steps retreat,
 Or dare these names in rhythmic form repeat?
 Why not as boldly as from Homer's lips
 The long array of Argive battle-ships?
 When o'er our graves a thousand years have past
 (If to such date our threatened globe shall last),
 These classic precincts, myriad feet have pressed,
 Will show on high, in beauteous garlands dressed,
 Those honored names that grace our later day,—
 Weld, Matthews, Seaver, Thayer, Austin, Gray,
 Sears, Phillips, Lawrence, Hemenway,—to the list
 Add Saunders, Sibley,—all the Muse has missed.

Once more I turn to read the pictured page
 Bright with the promise of the coming age.
 Ye unborn sons of children yet unborn,
 Whose youthful eyes shall greet that far-off morn,
 Blest are those eyes that all undimmed behold
 The sights so longed for by the wise of old.

From high-arched alcoves, through resounding halls,
 Clad in full robes majestic Science calls,
 Tireless, unsleeping, still at Nature's feet,
 Whate'er she utters fearless to repeat,
 Her lips at last from every cramp released
 That Israel's prophet caught from Egypt's priest.

I see the statesman, firm, sagacious, bold,
For life's long conflict cast in amplest mould:
Not his to clamor with the senseless throng
That shouts unshamed, "Our party, right or wrong,"
But in the patriot's never-ending fight
To side with Truth, who changes wrong to right.

I see the scholar; in that wondrous time
Men, women, children, all can write in rhyme.
These four brief lines addressed to youth inclined
To idle rhyming in his notes I find:

*Who writes in verse that should have writ in prose
Is like a traveller walking on his toes;
Happy the rhymester who in time has found
The heels he lifts were made to touch the ground.*

I see gray teachers, — on their work intent,
Their lavished lives, in endless labor spent,
Had closed at last in age and penury wrecked,
Martyrs, not burned, but frozen in neglect,
Save for the generous hands that stretched in aid
Of worn-out servants left to die half paid, —
Ah, many a year will pass, I thought, ere we
Such kindly forethought shall rejoice to see, —
Monarchs are mindful of the sacred debt
That cold republics hasten to forget.

I see the priest, — if such a name he bears
Who without pride his sacred vestment wears;
And while the symbols of his tribe I seek
Thus my first impulse bids me think and speak:

Let not the mitre England's prelate wears
Next to the crown whose regal pomp it shares,
Though low before it courtly Christians bow,
Leave its red mark on Younger England's brow.
We love, we honor, the maternal dame,
But let her priesthood wear a modest name,
While through the waters of the Pilgrim's bay
A new-born Mayflower shows her keels the way.
Too old grew Britain for her mother's beads, —
Must we be necklaced with her children's creeds?
Welcome alike in surplice or in gown
The loyal lieges of the Heavenly Crown!
We greet with cheerful, not submissive mien
A sister church, but not a mitred Queen!

A few brief flutters, and the unwilling Muse,
Who feared the flight she hated to refuse,
Shall fold the wings whose gayer plumes are shed,
Here where at first her half-fledged pinions spread.

Well I remember in the long ago
 How in the forest shades of Fontainebleau,
 Strained through a fissure in a rocky cell,
 One crystal drop with measured cadence fell.
 Still, as of old, forever bright and clear,
 The fissured cavern drops its wonted tear,
 And wondrous virtue, simple folk aver,
 Lies in that tear-drop of *la roche qui pleure*

Of old I wandered by the river's side
 Between whose banks the mighty waters glide,
 Where vast Niagara, hurrying to its fall,
 Builds and unbuilds its ever-tumbling wall;
 Oft in my dreams I hear the rush and roar
 Of battling floods, and feel the trembling shore,
 As the huge torrent, girded for its leap,
 With bellowing thunders plunges down the steep.

Not less distinct, from memory's pictured urn,
 The gray old rock, the leafy woods, return;
 Robed in their pride the lofty oaks appear,
 And once again with quickened sense I hear,
 Through the low murmur of the leaves that stir,
 The tinkling tear-drop of *la roche qui pleure*.

So when the third ripe century stands complete,
 As once again the sons of Harvard meet,
 Rejoicing, numerous as the sea-shore sands,
 Drawn from all quarters, — farthest distant lands,
 Where through the reeds the scaly saurian steals,
 Where cold Alaska feeds her floundering seals,
 Where Plymouth, glorying, wears her iron crown,
 Where Sacramento sees the suns go down,
 Nay, from the cloisters whence the reflux tide
 Wafts their pale students to our mother's side, —
 Mid all the tumult that the day shall bring,
 While all the echoes shout and roar and ring,
 These tinkling lines, oblivion's easy prey,
 Once more emerging to the light of day,
 Not all unpleasing to the listening ear
 Shall wake the memories of this bygone year,
 Heard as I hear the measured drops that flow
 From the gray rock of wooded Fontainebleau.

Yet, ere I leave, one loving word for all
 Those fresh young lives that wait our Mother's call:

One gift is yours, kind Nature's richest dower, —
 Youth, the fair bud that holds life's opening flower,
 Full of high hopes no coward doubts enchain,
 With all the future throbbing in its brain,
 And mightiest instincts which the beating heart
 Fills with the fire its burning waves impart.

O joyous youth, whose glory is to dare,—
Thy foot firm planted on the lowest stair,
Thine eye uplifted to the loftiest height
Where Fame stands beckoning in the rosy light,
Thanks for thy flattering tales, thy fond deceits,
Thy loving lies, thy cheerful smiling cheats!
Nature's rash promise every day is broke,—
A thousand acorns breed a single oak,
The myriad blooms that make the orchard gay
In barren beauty throw their lives away;
Yet shall we quarrel with the sap that yields
The painted blossoms which adorn the fields,
When the fair orchard wears its May-day suit
Of pink-white petals, for its scanty fruit?
Thrice happy hours, in hope's illusion dressed,
In fancy's cradle nurtured and caressed,
Though rich the spoils that ripening years may bring,
To thee the dewdrops of the Orient cling,—
Not all the dye-stuffs from the vats of truth
Can match the rainbow on the robes of youth!

Dear unborn children, to our Mother's trust
We leave you, fearless, when we lie in dust:
While o'er these walls the Christian banner waves
From hallowed lips shall flow the truth that saves;
While o'er these portals *Veritas* you read
No church shall bind you with its human creed.
Take from the past the best its toil has won,
But learn betimes its slavish ruts to shun.
Pass the old tree whose withered leaves are shed,
Quit the old paths that error loved to tread,
And a new wreath of living blossoms seek,
A narrower pathway up a loftier peak;
Lose not your reverence, but unmanly fear
Leave far behind you, all who enter here!

As once of old from Ida's lofty height
The flaming signal flashed across the night,
So Harvard's beacon sheds its unspent rays
Till every watch-tower shows its kindling blaze.
Caught from a spark and fanned by every gale,
A brighter radiance gilds the roofs of Yale;
Amherst and Williams bid their flambeaus shine,
And Bowdoin answers through her groves of pine;
O'er Princeton's sands the far reflections steal,
Where mighty Edwards stamped his iron heel;
Nay, on the hill where old beliefs were bound
Fast as if Styx had girt them nine times round,
Bursts such a light that trembling souls inquire
If the whole church of Calvin is on fire!

Well may they ask, for what so brightly burns
As a dry creed that nothing ever learns?
Thus link by link is knit the flaming chain
Lit by the torch of Harvard's hallowed plain.

Thy son, thy servant, dearest Mother mine,
Lays this poor offering on thy holy shrine,
An autumn leaflet to the wild winds tost,
Touched by the finger of November's frost,
With sweet, sad memories of that earlier day,
And all that listened to my first-born lay.
With grateful heart this glorious morn I see,—
Would that my tribute worthier were of thee!